

UNIVERSITY OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE



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More matter of fact is a letter in the *Post* of February 22nd, in which *Atlanticus* calls attention to a passage in the works of Lord Kames (1695-1782), the Scottish Judge, who when sentencing to death a man with whom he had often played chess observed: "That's checkmate for you, Matthew."

Between the Mother Country and her Colonies the following rule out (ought) to be sacred: that with respect to commodities wanted each should prefer the other before all other nations. . . . But to bar a colony from access to the fountain-head for commodities that cannot be furnished by the Mother Country but at second-hand, is *oppressive*—it is so from degrading the colonists from being *free subjects* to be *slaves*. What right, for example, has Britain to prohibit her colonies from purchasing *Tea* or *Porcelaine* at Canton if they can purchase it cheaper there than in London? It was of Lord Kames that Dr. Johnson made one of his most idiotic remarks. Boswell was dilating on Scotland's great men, and said: "We have Lord Kames." "You have Lord Kames! Keep him! Ha! ha! ha!" cried Johnson.

laid down to himself, mentioned by the ingenious Mr. Boswell, in his Tour through Scotland with the late Dr. Johnson: "To neglect nothing to secure my eternal peace, more than if I had been certified I should die within the day, nor to mind any thing that my secular duties and obligations demanded of me less than if I had been ensured to live fifty years more." To the honour of the professors of the medical art, the greatest discoverers in it, and the most eminent practical physicians, have ever been no less renowned for their piety than for the general extent of their knowledge; and indeed it is no wonder, that those men who by their profession are permitted to pry into the more secret recesses of nature, should be more penetrated with the wisdom and goodness of the divine Author of it. Of physicians the celebrated Dr. Johnson used to say, that they did more for nothing than the professors of any other art or science. The medical art in England has perhaps produced a greater constellation of persons of genius, of wit, and of learning, than any other art or science. It has produced Garths and Arbuthnots, as well as Sydenhams and Harveys. A celebrated modern professor of the art in London having been called upon out of his turn (whilst he was a student at Oxford) to perform an usual exercise in that University (the repeating by heart some passage of a classical author), and not having any passage ready, was fined by the Tutor, who happened to be a man much addicted to drinking. It being, however, really his turn the next day to repeat, he took from Tully that passage in the Second Philippic, in which he paints in the strongest colours the crapula of Marc Antony, and the effects of it upon him in a public situation. The Tutor having been excessively drunk the night before, felt the force of this reproof, and took off the fine.





Samuel Johnson, L.L.D.

Born at Lichfield, September 18th, 1709.

Died in London, December 13th, 1784.

Buried at Westminster Abbey, December 20th, 1784.

Aged 75 Years.

From an Original Painting owned by Archdeacon Cambridge.

Bi-Centenary of the Birth of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Commemoration Festival

AT LICHFIELD,
SEPTEMBER 15TH TO 19TH, 1909.

Reports Reprinted from "The Staffordshire Advertiser."

Edited by J. T. RABY, J.P.,

Past Vice-President of the Institute of Journalists, and Member of the
Johnson Birthplace Committee.

"Far from me, and from my friends, be such frigid philosophy as should conduct a man indifferent or unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue."—*Johnson*.



JAN 14 1949

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PREFACE.

In the bead-roll of Staffordshire Worthies, Dr. Samuel Johnson deservedly occupies the foremost place. Lichfield, his native city, which he loved so well and to which he was so constantly drawn, does itself honour in paying homage to its illustrious citizen. "He was a good man, as he was a great man," said the famous Lord Brougham, "and he had so firm a regard for virtue that he wisely set much greater store by his worth than by his fame." It is because of this that "he being dead yet speaketh." Thomas Carlyle, with his usual vigour and truth, emphasizes the fact: "To estimate the quantity of work that Johnson has performed, how much poorer the world were had it wanted him, can, as in all such cases, never be accurately done; cannot, till after some longer space, be approximately done. All work is a seed sown; it grows and spreads and sows itself anew, and so in endless palingenesia, lives and works. To Johnson's writings, good and solid and still profitable as they are, we have rated his life and conversation as superior. By the one and by the other, who shall compute what effects have been produced, and are still, and into deep Time, producing?" Who?—who, indeed, will hazard such a computation? Certain it is that Dr. Samuel Johnson still lives, still moves, and has his being amongst us two hundred years after his birth, and a hundred and twenty-five years after his death. This was made abundantly clear at the Celebration of his Bi-Centenary in his native city. Thither all manner of people wended during the memorable week to worship at his shrine, and to pay tribute to his memory. All parts of the British Islands were represented, flags from all the British Dominions beyond the Seas and the American Stars and Stripes, decorated his Birthplace, and greetings came by cablegram from the Johnson Club of Brisbane on the confines of the British Empire in Queensland. The English-speaking race the world over watched with interest the celebration. And the Festival proved worthy of the occasion—of the great and

good man who was honoured—and of the little city which gave him birth and organized the Commemoration. It is to preserve the Records of the Celebration—so unique in the annals of the ancient and loyal City of the Triple Spires—so honourable to its citizens—so pleasurable to the visitors, many of whom travelled such long distances to attend—that this little Book is issued. To the Editor, long associated with the movement for the preservation of Dr. Johnson's Birthplace, its compilation has been a labour of love, and he thanks all who have assisted him to make it accurate and complete, more especially the publishers, whom for more than a quarter of a century it has been his pleasure and satisfaction to serve.

THE EDITOR.

The Tower House, Lichfield,
Oct. 28, 1909.

Bi-Centenary of the Birth of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

From Wednesday, Sept. 15, to Sunday, Sept. 19, 1909, Lichfield gave itself up with great enthusiasm and *éclat* to the celebration of the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of its most illustrious citizen, Dr. Samuel Johnson. For months before the preparations had been going on, and they culminated in great and brilliant gatherings which will without doubt be historic in the annals of the ancient and loyal City. The arrangements were carried out under the auspices of the Johnson Birthplace Committee by a sub-committee of ardent Johnsonians. Unfortunately, the Chairman of the Committee (Alderman A. C. Lomax) was unable, through advanced years and physical infirmities, to take an active part in the work; but he and his wife evinced the keenest interest in the important matters connected with the undertaking. In his enforced absence from committee meetings the lead was taken by Alderman H. M. Morgan (Mayor), and Councillors W. A. Wood (Sheriff), W. R. Coleridge-Roberts (vice-chairman), and J. T. Raby, Mr. A. D. Parker, Mr. Herbt. Russell (town clerk), and Mr. Walter Brocksom (assistant to the Town Clerk). The Mayor, as a direct descendant of Major Morgan, —who was Sheriff in 1767 and Bailiff in 1799, and to whom the executors of Samuel Johnson let the bookseller's shop in the Market-square, where Johnson was born—had a deep personal interest in the promotion of the celebration; and was enthusiastically supported by the Sheriff, Mr. W. A. Wood, a keen Johnsonian, and by Mr. Coleridge-Roberts, who throughout officiated as Chairman of the Sub-Committee. Messrs. Wood and Raby, with Mr. Walter Brocksom, acted as honorary secretaries, and devoted themselves with energy to the work. The Executive received loyal assistance from other members of the Corporation and a large body of stewards, who showed praiseworthy activity in promoting the success of the celebration.

List of Dignitaries and Officials.

THE DIOCESE OF LICHFIELD.

Bishop: The Right Rev. the Hon. AUGUSTUS LEGGE, D.D.

Dean: The Very Reverend HENRY EDWIN SAVAGE, D.D.

Organist of Cathedral: Mr. JOHN BROWNING LOTT, Mus. Bac.

THE COUNTY OF STAFFORD.

Lord - Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum : The Right Hon. WILLIAM HENEAGE, Earl of DARTMOUTH.

High Sheriff : Sir THOMAS SALT, Bart.

Chairman of Quarter Sessions and County Council : The Rt. Hon. EDWARD GEORGE PERCY, Baron HATHERTON, C.M.G.

THE CITY AND COUNTY OF LICHFIELD.

Mayor : Alderman HERBT. MAJOR MORGAN, J.P., V.D.

Recorder : Mr. STAMFORD HUTTON.

Sheriff : Councillor WILLIAM ARTHUR WOOD.

Town Clerk and Clerk of the Peace : Mr. HERBT. RUSSELL.

Chairman of the Johnson Birthplace Committee : Alderman ALFRED CHARLES LOMAX, J.P.

Sub-Committee, Responsible for the Bi-Centenary Celebration Arrangements : Councillor W. R. COLERIDGE-ROBERTS, J.P., Acting-Chairman ; Alderman H. M. MORGAN, J.P., Mayor ; Councillor W. A. WOOD, Sheriff ; Councillor J. T. RABY, J.P. ; Mr. ALFRED D. PARKER, Mr. HERBT. RUSSELL (Town Clerk), and Mr. WALTER BROCKSOM (Assistant to Town Clerk).

Honorary Secretaries : Messrs. J. T. RABY, W. A. WOOD, and W. BROCKSOM.

The Johnson Club, London.

List of Members for 1909.

Mr. ARTHUR JACOB ASHTON, K.C.

Right Hon. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, K.C., LL.D., M.P.

Mr. OSCAR BROWNING, M.A.

Mr. J. B. ATLAY.

Mr. EDWARD CLODD.

Mr. JEAN GENNADIUS.

Sir FRANCIS CARRUTHERS GOULD, Kt.

Mr. J. FREDK. GREEN.

Mr. JNO. HENDERSON.

Mr. SPENCER LEIGH HUGHES.

Sir ROBT. ARUNDELL HUDSON, Kt.

Mr. SIDNEY LEE, D.Litt., LL.D.

Sir W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, M.A., LL.D.

Mr. JOSEPH PENNELL.

Mr. JNO. O'CONNOR, M.P.

Mr. GEO. H. RADFORD, LL.B., M.P.

Mr. JNO. SARGEAUNT, M.A.

Mr. H. S. SCOTT.

Mr. THOS. SECCOMBE.

Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER.

Mr. F. SIDGWICK.

Mr. WALTER SICHEL.

Mr. ARTHUR H. SPOKES, LL.B.

Mr. L. C. THOMAS.
 Mr. JAMES TREGASKIS.
 Mr. T. FISHER UNWIN.
 Mr. HOWARD UNWIN.
 Mr. JNO. WESTROPE.
 Mr. GEO. WHALE.
 Mr. H. B. WHEATLEY.

Honorary Member :

Mr. J. PASSMORE EDWARDS.

Officers for 1908-9 :

Prior : Mr. THOS. SECCOMBE.

Sub-Prior : Mr. JOHN WESTROPE.

Bursar : Mr. T. FISHER UNWIN.

Scribe : Mr. J. FREDK. GREEN, 40, Outer Temple,
 Strand, W.C.

Official Programme.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 15.

Visits to Places of Interest.

Exhibition at the Art School, open from 1 p.m.

12 Noon.—The Mayor, Sheriff, and Corporation to receive the Right Honourable the Earl of Rosebery, K.G., at the Birthplace, and proceed to the Exhibition at the Art School.

12 30 p.m.—At the Guildhall. The Earl of Rosebery to inaugurate the Celebration.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 16.

Exhibition and Birthplace open 10 a.m. to 6 30 p.m.

Visits to Places of Interest connected with Dr. Johnson and his friends.

Address by Mr. J. Sargeaunt, M.A., of Westminster School, and a member of the Johnson Club, at the Grammar School on the occasion of the distribution of prizes there.

8 p.m.—Performance in Saint James's Hall of Goldsmith's comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," by local amateurs, organized by the Sheriff and Mr. A. D. Parker.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 17.

Exhibition and Birthplace open from 10 a.m. to 6 30 p.m.

Visits to Places of Interest.

3 30 p.m.—Lecture in the Guildhall on "Johnson, Garrick, and Shakespeare," by Mr. Sidney Lee, D. Litt., LL.D., Chairman of the Shakespeare Birthplace Trustees, the Very Rev. the Dean of Lichfield presiding.

8 p.m.—Performance in St. James's Hall of Goldsmith's comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer."

SATURDAY, SEPT. 18.
(Johnson's Birthday.)

Exhibition and Birthplace open from 10 a.m. to 6 30 p.m.

12 Noon.—Great gathering of citizens in the Market-square, when the Children of the schools of the City will assemble to take part in the celebration.

Tableaux illustrative of the genius of Dr. Johnson will be placed in prominent positions in the Market-square, representing "Literature," "Poetry," and the "Drama."

Address by the Sheriff.

Presentation of silver and bronze medals to the scholars of the respective schools in the City. The medals will be awarded for proficiency in the English language, English history and biography, general knowledge, and good conduct. Two hymns of Joseph Addison, the famous essayist, son of Lancelot Addison, Dean of Lichfield, and one of the eminent scholars of Lichfield Grammar School, will be sung on the occasion.

Visits to Places of Interest.

Visit of Johnson Club.

4 p.m. to 6 p.m.—Reception by the Mayor and Mayoress in the Guildhall.

7 30 p.m.—The Anniversary Johnson Supper, at the George Hotel. Speaker, Mr. W. Pett Ridge.

YE BILLE OF FAYRE.

Clear Soup.

Boiled Turbot.

Ye olde Beef Steake Puddynge,

with Kidneys, Oysters, and Mushrooms.

Ye Haunch of Mutton, and ye Saddle of Mutton, with
ye Red Currant Jelly.

Ye Apple Pye with Cream mounted in ye Olde Style.

Ye Tastie Cheese, yclept ye Cheshire, and stewed
before ye gridlie fire.

Oat Ale.

Ye Red Wine of France.

Punch.

Ye Churchwarden Pipe, and Goodly Fellowship to
follow.

TOAST LIST.

"The King."

Proposed by the Mayor.

"The Immortal Memory of Dr. Samuel Johnson."

Proposed by Mr. W. Pett Ridge.

"The Johnson Birthplace Committee."

Proposed by Mr. T. Fisher-Unwin.

Responded to by Councillor Coleridge-Roberts.

"The Johnson Club."

Proposed by the Sheriff.

Responded to by Mr. T. Seccombe, Prior.

"The Visitors."

Proposed by Councillor Raby.

Responded to by Col. Sir Robert White-Thomson, K.C.B., Mr. A. M. Broadley, and Mr. Bernard Biggs, Mayor of Darlington.

"The Mayor."

Proposed by Mr. Stamford Hutton, the Recorder.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 19.

11 a.m.—Service at St. Mary's Church, where Johnson was baptised. Preacher, the Rev. Douglas Macleane, M.A., Historian of Pembroke College, Oxford.

Te Deum, Smart in C.

Hymns—"When all Thy Mercies, O my God," and "The spacious Firmament on High," Addison.

3 30 p.m.—Service at the Cathedral. Preacher, the Rev. Canon Beeching, M.A., D.Litt. The Mayor, Sheriff, and Corporation will attend in civic state. The "Johnson" anthem, specially composed at the request of the Mayor, Sheriff, and Corporation of the City for the Celebration, by Mr. Arthur B. Plant, Mus. Doc., Oxon., will be sung by the Choir.

Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, A. D. Parker in G. Anthem—"What doth the Lord require of thee?"

(Plant).

[The Search for Wisdom.]

What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with Thy God.

The Lord's voice crieth into the city, and the man of wisdom shall see thy name; hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it.

[Fear of Death.]

When the waves of death compassed me, the floods of ungodly men made me afraid.

In my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried to my God: and He did hear my voice out of His temple, and my cry did enter into His ears.

[Dr. Johnson's Last Prayer.]

Almighty and most merciful Father, grant that my hope and confidence may be in Jesus' merits, and Thy mercy. Confirm my faith, stablish my hope, enlarge my charity, pardon my offences, and receive me at my death to everlasting happiness; for the sake of Jesus Christ.

[Thanksgiving.]

The Lord liveth; and blessed be my rock; and exalted be the God of the rock of my salvation.

Therefore will I give thanks unto Thee, and I will sing praises unto Thy Name, O Lord. Amen.

Hallelujah! Amen.

Hymn 166—"All people that on earth do dwell."

By permission of the Dean and Chapter, the offertory will be given to the Ladies' Charity School for Girls, in which Dr. Johnson took special interest.

Official Guide to Places of Interest.

(COMPILED BY THE SHERIFF AND HONORARY SECRETARIES.)

JOHNSON BIRTHPLACE.

7th O.S. Samuel Johnson born here 18th N.S. Sept., 1709.

Son of Michael and Sarah Johnson.

Michael here carried on the business of a book-seller.

The house had been erected upon waste land of the Corporation, and was purchased by Michael Johnson. On the original lease expiring, the Bailiffs and Citizens of a Common Hall ordered that a lease should be granted to Samuel Johnson, Doctor of Laws, of the encroachments at his house for a term of 99 years, at the old rent, which was five shillings, and that without paying any fine. This was granted as a record of the respect and veneration which the Corporation of Lichfield, in the year 1767, had for the merits and learning of Dr. Johnson.

Michael died here in 1731; his wife in 1759; and their son Nathaniel in 1737.

Having been purchased in 1887 for £800 by Mr. James Henry Johnson, of Silverdale, Lancashire, to save it from the hands of the spoilers, he directed his executors, on his death, to offer it to the Corporation of Lichfield for £250. The late Alderman John Gilbert generously came forward with the amount required and made a free gift of the house to his native City, with the object of preserving it for ever as a Memorial of Lichfield's greatest son. It was presented to the Corporation by Alderman Gilbert on Johnson's Birthday in September, 1900, and, in recognition of the gift, the donor was made the first Honorary Freeman of the City. The house was dedicated to public uses on July 6, 1901, by the late Mr. George Birkbeck Hill, LL.D., the eminent Johnsonian Scholar, and has since been maintained by the Corporation as a Johnson Library and Museum.

THE JOHNSON STATUE.

This was erected in August, 1838, and presented to the City by the late Rev. James Thomas Law, Chancellor of the Cathedral. The panels on the base record three well-known episodes in the life of Dr. Johnson. The sculptor was Richard Cockle Lucas.

THE BOSWELL STATUE.

This was designed, executed, and presented to the City by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A., in September, 1908, and unveiled on Dr. Johnson's Birthday by Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH AND REGISTER.

Michael Johnson was Churchwarden of this parish for several years.

The Register contains the record of the Baptism of the two sons of Michael and Sarah Johnson, as follows :—

Sept., 1709.—Bapt. Sam., son of Mich. Johnson, gent., 7.

Octr., 1712.—Bapt. Nathaniel, son of Mr. Michl. Johnson, 14.

On Sunday, March 24, 1776, Dr. Johnson accompanied Mrs. Cobb, of The Friary, to this church.

The present structure was erected in 1870 as a memorial to Bishop Lonsdale.

" THREE CROWNS."

Visited often by Johnson during his many stays in Lichfield.

Kept then by a man named Wilkins.

In 1776, when Boswell accompanied Johnson, Boswell says "Here he was now monarchising with no fewer than 'Three Crowns' over his royal brow."

Boswell says :—"I saw here for the first time oat ale, and oat cakes, not hard, as in Scotland, but soft, like a Yorkshire cake."

Canon Seward and the Rev. J. B. Pearson supped with Boswell and Johnson here in 1776.

ELIAS ASHMOLE'S HOUSE.

An inscription on the front of the house reads as follows :—

Priests' Hall.

The Birthplace of

Elias Ashmole,

Windsor Herald to Charles II.

Founder of the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.

Born 1617.—Died 1692.

Educated at Lichfield Grammar School.

He was taught Latin at the Grammar School, and became a chorister in the Cathedral Church.

He presented a large chased silver cup and cover to the City in 1666, which is still in use.

The interior of the house contains several interesting features, including a massive staircase in chestnut, and a moulded ornamental plaster panel, dated 1666.

DAME OLIVER'S SCHOOL, DAM-STREET.

Johnson was first taught to read English here, where Dame Oliver, a widow, kept a school for young children. When Johnson was going to Oxford she came to take leave of him, and brought him a present of gingerbread, saying he was the best scholar she ever had. Johnson delighted in mentioning this early compliment.

An inscription on the house reads :—

On this site stood

Dame Oliver's infant School,

Where

Dr. Samuel Johnson was taught English, 1714.

Born 1709.

Died 1784.

THE CATHEDRAL.

Johnson visited the Cathedral on many occasions. The first recorded instance was when he was taken as a child, scarcely three years old, to hear Dr. Sacheverel preach. Particular attention is called to the bust of Johnson and to that of David Garrick, in the south transept. The tablet to Garrick was erected by his widow, and concludes with the well-known words of Dr. Johnson :—

“ His death eclipsed the gaiety of nations,

And impoverished the publick stock of harmless pleasure.”

Capt. Garrick, David's father, is buried in the Cathedral Close, his grave being on the south side of the Cathedral.

Attention is also called to the memorial tablets here to Dean Addison ; Gilbert Walmesley ; his wife Magdalen ; Saville, the lay-vicar, one of the admirers of Anna Seward ; and also to that of Mrs. Gastrell.

THE PALACE.

The main building was erected in 1687, at the cost of Bishop Wood, who was non-resident during the whole of his episcopate, as a fine for waste committed on the property of the See. The two wings and the chapel were added during the episcopate of Bishop Selwyn.

The Palace was let by successive bishops, while they themselves lived at Eccleshall Castle, twenty-six miles away. Bishop Selwyn (1868–1878) was the first bishop to take up his residence here. Since his day his successors have always resided at the Palace. Here had formerly lived Gilbert Walmesley, Registrar of the Diocese and Johnson's patron and friend.

In 1776 Johnson visited the Palace, then inhabited by the Rev. Canon Seward. Canon Seward's wife was the daughter of Mr. Hunter, Johnson's school-master. Their daughter was the celebrated Anna Seward, “ The Swan of Lichfield,” who lived here for more than half a century.

Garrick's earliest recorded appearance on any stage was when, at the age of 11, he played "Sergeant Kite," in Farquhar's "The Recruiting Officer," in the large hall of the Palace.

Honora Sneyd lived with her cousin, Miss Seward, for some time; but for parental discouragement, she might have become the wife of Major John André, the unfortunate officer who was afterwards hanged as a spy, under a warrant from Washington, in the American War of Independence. Honora Sneyd married Mr. Edgeworth, of Stowe House.

THE DEAN'S WALK.

It was here that Major John André paid his addresses to Miss Honora Sneyd during her stay at the Palace with Anna Seward.

It is also the spot where Farquhar let his Aimwell, in the "Beaux' Stratagem," pretend to swoon as he approached Lady Bountiful's house.

THE PARCHMENT COTTAGES.

Michael Johnson, being a man of good sense and skill in his trade, acquired a reasonable share of wealth, but he afterwards lost the greater part of it by here engaging unsuccessfully in the manufacture of parchment.

The two cottages now standing are converted out of the old factory. The thatch of the old building was unfortunately removed during a recent "restoration."

JOHNSON'S WILLOW.

Near this place stood a large willow tree which Johnson much admired.

It is interesting to note the genus of the Johnson Willow. It belonged to the species which has been named *Salix Russelliana*, by Smith (Fl. Br. p. 1045). Dr. Trevor Jones, a physician of Lichfield, drew up an account of the tree in 1781, at which time the trunk rose to the height of 12 feet 8½ inches, and then divided into fifteen large ascending branches, which, in very numerous and crowded sub-divisions, spread at the top in a circular form, not unlike the appearance of a shady oak, inclining a little towards the east. The circumference of the trunk at the bottom was 15 feet 9½ inches; in the middle, 11 feet 10 inches; and at the top, immediately below the branches, 13 feet. The entire height of the tree was 49 feet, and the circumference of the branches, at their extremities, upwards of 200 feet, overshadowing a plane not far short of 4,000 feet.

The Johnson Willow was blown down in 1829 or 1830. It had previously experienced a fire which had the effect of burning out the decayed wood; the accident(?), in the opinion of competent persons, actually prolonging its life. The fire was caused by two boys, named Barnes and Parker, who had

made a bonfire outside the tree, sparks from which were blown on to the "touchwood" in the hollow trunk. The Conduit engine was called into play and the fire extinguished. A large number of snuff boxes, &c. were manufactured from the wood, whilst not a few of the slips were planted and cared for. The original willow has had two legitimate successors. The one was blown down in 1881; another is standing on the reservoir embankment.

A writer says of this tree:—"Near the Close was a famous willow, the delight of Johnson's 'early and waning life' (I use his own words), and even still more of Miss Seward's; it was the ornament of Stowe Valley—the subject of every writer, the gratification of every naturalist, and the admiration of every traveller. Dr. Johnson never visited this City, but he proceeded to his favourite willow, a description of which, drawn up by Dr. Jones, at the desire of Dr. Johnson, is in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1783."

ST. CHAD'S CHURCH.

Here is buried Lucy Porter, Johnson's step-daughter. The inscription on her tablet is:—

"In a Vault near this Place are deposited the Remains of Lucy Porter, who died the 13th of January, 1786, aged 70 years—To whose Memory, in Gratitude for her liberal Acts of Friendship conferred on him, this Monument is erected by the Rev. J. B. Pearson."

Here lies also Catherine Chambers, Mrs. Johnson's maid-servant. She was buried on Nov. 7, 1767. On Johnson's visit to Lichfield in 1767 he took affectionate leave of her on her death-bed. She had buried his father, brother, and mother.

The Rev. Prebendary Graham, Rector from 1854 to 1893, has left a memorandum to say that in 1855 a man named Millington, at that time over 90 years old, told him that he had often seen Dr. Johnson at Stowe; and that before coming into the church the Doctor always stood in the porch, took off his hat, and remained a short time in prayer, whether it was a time of service or not.

STOWE HILL.

Here lived Sir Thomas Aston, one of whose daughters, Margaret or Magdalen, married Gilbert Walmesley, Johnson's great friend. Mrs. Elizabeth Aston and Molly Aston were also his daughters. The latter became the wife of Capt. Brodie, of the Navy. Of Molly Aston, Johnson used to speak with the warmest admiration.

Johnson, writing to Mrs. Thrale, says:—"The sisters of Stowhill gave me good words, and cherries, and strawberries." It was along a gravel walk here that Dr. Johnson ran the celebrated race with

Admiral Brodie's Scots niece who, long afterwards, entertained him in the Hebrides. And it was at this place "that he climbed over the unlocked gate that he corpulently climbed for the sake of the old times when he used to climb it locked."

The two sisters, Mrs. Aston and Mrs. Gastrell, lived at Stowhill, writes "Urbanus Sylvan." The former was a maiden lady, the latter a widow—widow indeed of that famous clergyman who cut down Shakespeare's Mulberry tree to vex his neighbours. According to Boswell, they had each a house and garden prettily situated upon Stowhill, a gentle eminence adjoining to Lichfield. Thither Dr. Johnson used to "climb up" once a day on every visit to Lichfield, and when he was in town sent them joint letters and barrels of oysters. The last preserved of the letters is one of the last he ever wrote, and is not one of the least touching in the language:—

"Mr. Johnson sends his compliments to the Ladies at Stowhill, of whom he would have taken a more formal leave, but that he was willing to spare a ceremony which he hoped would have been no pleasure to them, and would have been painful to himself."

In "Johnsoniana" it is recorded that Johnson would sit at a table in the window of one of the houses, writing at his "Lives of the Poets," while these ladies and their sisters chatted round him.

The house is now occupied by Mr. F. H. Lloyd, J.P.

STOWE HOUSE.

Mrs. Gastrell lived here at the time of Johnson's and Boswell's visits in 1776. She was the wife of the Stratford clergyman who, with gothic barbarity, cut down Shakespeare's Mulberry tree, with her approval. Mrs. Gastrell invited Boswell to dinner on his visit to Lichfield.

Here lived Thomas Day, author of "Sandford and Merton." Richard Lovell Edgeworth, the father of Maria Edgeworth, and a writer of his day, also lived here.

Day resided here with his two wards: one, a brunette, he named Lucretia, the other, a blonde, he named Sabrina Sidney. He brought them up on his own educational principles, and designed the more promising maiden to be the future Mrs. Day, but neither could pass this incredible gentleman's tests. Lucretia failed first. Still hopeful for Sabrina, Day dropped hot sealing wax on her bare arms and fired pistols at her petticoats. She screamed. She was only thirteen, but Roman virtue should be Roman at thirteen, and it was

plain that she could never develop into a fit mother for little Days.

Mrs. Robey Thorpe now owns and occupies the house, with Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey R. Benson.

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH AND REGISTER.

Michael Johnson, father of the Doctor, died December, 1731, aged 75 years, lies here.

Nathaniel Johnson, brother of Samuel, born 1712, died 1737, was buried here.

Sarah Johnson, widow of Michael Johnson, was buried here in January, 1759, in her 90th year.

The inscription for the tombstone of his father, mother, and brother was written by Dr. Johnson in 1784, shortly before his death, and may be seen in the centre aisle.

At the west end of the church is a tablet to Mary Cobb, of the Friary, who died in 1793.

LUCY PORTER'S HOUSE.

This house was built by Lucy Porter, Johnson's step-daughter, her brother, a Captain in the Navy, having left her a fortune of £10,000—about a third of which she had laid out in building a stately house and making a handsome garden, in an elevated situation in Lichfield. Dr. Johnson, when here by himself, used to live at her house. She revered him, and he had a parental tenderness for her. She died here on Jan. 13, 1786, in her 71st year.

The house is now called "Redcourt," and is occupied by Mr. G. W. Homan, M.R.C.S., &c.

GEORGE-LANE.

Johnson was put to nurse as an infant to a woman named Marclew, otherwise called Bellison, who lived in George-lane.

Johnson says:—"My mother visited me every day, and used to go different ways, that her assiduity might not expose her to ridicule."

Dr. Swinfen was of opinion that the scrofulous sores which afflicted Johnson proceeded from the bad humours of the nurse, whose son had the same distemper. His mother thought his diseases were derived from her family.

In 1767 Johnson, when on a visit to Lichfield, discovered the house after some difficulty.

The house now (1909) cannot be located.

LEVETT'S FIELD.

It is recorded that in 1781 Dr. Johnson went round Mr. Levett's field in search of a rail that he used to jump over when a boy at the Grammar School, and, said the Doctor, in a transport of joy, "I have been so fortunate as to find it." He gazed at it with rapture, because it brought back

remembrances of his boyish sports and pastimes, and he determined to try his skill. "I laid aside my hat and wig, pulled off my coat, and leapt over it twice."

OLD GRAMMAR SCHOOL AND HOUSE.

On the site of the large building in the garden stood the original Lichfield School, founded by Edward VI. To this school Johnson went in 1717, under Mr. Hawkins.

Two years afterwards he rose to be under the care of Mr. Hunter, the headmaster. He left Lichfield School when he was about 15.

Boswell said that "tho' Hunter might be too severe, the school of Lichfield was very respectable in Johnson's time."

Johnson said, "My master whipt me very well. Without that I should have done nothing."

At this school many celebrated men received their education, including:—Elias Ashmole, founder of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford; Joseph Addison, the great essayist and writer, whose father was Dean of Lichfield; David Garrick; and five boys, who afterwards became Judges of the High Court and sat together at the same period, their names being Lord Chief Justice Willes, Lord Chief Justice Wilmot, Lord Chief Baron Parker, Mr. Justice Noel, and Sir Richard Lloyd, Baron of the Exchequer.

The old building, erected in 1577, in which Johnson received his education, was pulled down and the present building was erected in 1849, and the school carried on here until 1903, when the establishment was transferred to new and excellent up-to-date school buildings situate at Borrowcop.

The house, formerly the residence of the headmaster, probably built in 1577, was refaced in 1692, and is now occupied by Alderman Morgan, J.P. Many of the original features of the house still exist.

THE FRIARY.

This was anciently a convent, belonging to the Order of Franciscans, or Grey Friars. The present structure is stated by Harwood to have been erected in 1545.

On Sunday, March 24, 1776, Johnson and Boswell breakfasted here with Mrs. Cobb ("Moll Cobb") and her niece Miss Adey.

The present owner and occupier is Col. H. D. Williams, J.P.

GEORGE HOTEL.

Boswell, accompanied by Col. Stuart, stayed here in 1779—

"We found at the George as good accommodation as we could wish to have."

This place was the scene of several events in Farquhar's comedy, "The Beaux' Stratagem," 1707, and several of the characters are drawn from occupants of the house.

Farquhar himself stayed here, being at Lichfield as a recruiting officer.

SWAN HOTEL.

Johnson, with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, stayed here from July 6 to July 9, 1774, when they were proceeding on their tour to North Wales.

PROBATE COURT.

On this site stood the house where lived Capt. Garrick, father of the famous David Garrick, the great ornament of the British stage.

David Garrick was born at Hereford, in 1716, while his father and mother were on a recruiting tour in that city. Lichfield, however, was his home, and Garrick owed the nurture of the first 20 years of his life to it.

Garrick's mother was Arabella Clough, daughter of a lay singer in the Lichfield Cathedral choir.

A tablet on the wall reads as follows:—

" On this site stood
The home of David Garrick.
Born 1716.
Died 1779.

Pulled down in 1856.

Educated at Lichfield Grammar School.

Buried at Westminster Abbey."

In 1776 there was some suggestion of Garrick standing as Parliamentary candidate for Lichfield, but he said " The seat of Lichfield is too costly a one for me."

ERASMUS DARWIN'S HOUSE.

Here lived Erasmus Darwin, and a tablet placed on the wall reads as follows:—

" The Residence of
Erasmus Darwin, M.D., F.R.S.
Born 1731 (From 1756 to 1781.) Died 1802.
Author of ' The Botanic Garden, ' &c."

Darwin and Johnson had one or two interviews, but never afterwards sought each other. Mutual and strong dislike subsisted between them. " Where Dr. Johnson was, Dr. Darwin had no chance of being heard therefore he shunned him."

Erasmus Darwin was the grandfather of the great Charles Darwin, author of " The Origin of Species."

EDIAL.

In 1736 Johnson here set up his private Academy. In the " Gentleman's Magazine " for 1736 there

is the following advertisement:—"At Edial, near Lichfield, in Staffordshire, young gentlemen are boarded, and taught the Latin and Greek languages by Samuel Johnson." But only eight pupils were put under his care, two of these being David Garrick and his brother George.

He did not keep the Academy more than a year and a-half, the lack of pupils causing the venture to be unsuccessful.

It was here that Johnson commenced his tragedy of "Irene." The tragedy was finished in Lichfield in 1737.

Lucy Porter, a daughter of Mrs. Johnson by her first husband, lived with them at Edial.

Gifts to Johnson Birthplace.

Many additions were made to Johnson's Birthplace in honour of his bi-centenary. The most notable of these was a highly-valuable collection of autograph letters and relics presented by Alderman A. C. Lomax (the Chairman of the Johnson House Committee), who recently attained his 81st birthday, and was too infirm in health to take any active part in the proceedings. Nevertheless, he showed his keen Johnsonian interest by the gift of this important and valuable collection. Mr. Lomax had a beautiful oak case specially made in which the collection was displayed. The inscription is as follows:—"These Johnsonian relics, collected mainly by Mr. Thos. George Lomax, were given with the case, 18th Sept., 1909, by his son, Alderman Alfred Charles Lomax, J.P., in memory of the residence of his family in the city of Lichfield since 1809, and of the birth of Dr. Johnson, 18th Sept., 1709." The following is a list of Alderman Lomax's gifts:—Collection of autograph letters from Dr. Johnson, Nathaniel Johnson, Francis Barber, Boswell, Day, Edgeworth, Langton, La Fayette, Piozzi, Seward, Siddons, Talleyrand, and others; Mrs. Johnson's wedding-ring (it was worn by Dr. Johnson after his wife's death, and was afterwards given by him to Francis Barber, who had it enamelled and engraven with the following:—Saml. Johnson, LL.D. O.B. 13 Dec., 1784, Æ 75); Dr. Johnson's stick, Dr. Johnson's tablet, in morocco case; Dr. Johnson's ivory tablet, two silver teaspoons, Dr. Johnson's silver bib-holder; Davies's "Life of David Garrick" (Dr. Johnson's copy from the author); Dr. Johnson's Book of Common Prayer, with pencil notes by him in Latin, mentioned in his "Prayers and Meditations," p. 102 (edition 1860); Visscher's Ancient Atlas, indexed and paged by Dr. Johnson; "Dictionary of the Bible" (Dr. Johnson's notes); Common Prayer Book, 1725 (bought at Mrs. Johnson's shop); "New Week's Preparation," Mrs. Johnson's copy

(her name written by the Doctor); Mrs. Johnson's Prayer Book, afterwards Mrs. Barber's; "Dictionary of Heathen Gods" (corrections and names by Dr. Johnson); Fell's "Life of Hammond" (Dr. Johnson's ink and pencil notes); "Novum Testamentum Latinum" and English Psalms, 1652, Dr. Johnson's copy; Lichfield tokens, Dr. Johnson, 1796 and 1797; Lichfield tokens, D. Garrick, 1778; Richard Greene, collector of the Museum, 1800; Dr. Johnson's chair; Dr. Johnson's breakfast-table.

The late Dean of Lichfield had bequeathed to the Birthplace the interesting portrait of Dr. Johnson in his early days, with a copy of his Lichfield play, "Irene," in his hands, and reputed to be the work of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The portrait is well known by the engraving of Zobel, and constitutes a valued addition to the house.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, the donor of the Boswell statue last year, sent a collection of 50 or 60 volumes of books relating to Johnson and Garrick, some of them rare editions, and all of them of great interest.

Memorial Exhibition at the Art School.

The Johnson exhibition arranged at the Art School, Dam-street, was one of the distinctive features of the bicentenary celebration, embracing as it did many highly-interesting pictures, manuscripts, books, portraits, paintings, engravings, and Johnsonian relics of all kinds, many of them of much intrinsic value and of the greatest interest to all Johnsonians. The Earl of Rosebery, who evinced the keenest interest in the celebration, apart from his own personal visit, contributed "Johnson's last Prayer," "a letter from Johnson to Cave the publisher, signed 'Impransus,'" seeking employment as a dinnerless author, and brooch worn by Johnson's wife, with a miniature portrait of the Doctor. A valuable and interesting collection emanated from Mr. R. Harrison, of Brighton, numbering no fewer than 160 exhibits, and including many of the rarest editions of Dr. Johnson's works. This collection extended the full length of the School, and was of quite unique interest. There were also three important letters, written and signed by Dr. Johnson, from Col. W. N. Congreve, V.C., D.S.O., of Chartley Castle, who is a direct descendant of Charles Congreve, a schoolfellow of Johnson at Lichfield Grammar School. Mr. Alexander Boswell, of Ashbourne, Derbyshire, who is a lineal descendant of Boswell, the inimitable biographer of Johnson, contributed a mezzotint of Johnson by Watson—after Sir Joshua Reynolds; a print on silk of the same subject; Dr. Johnson in travelling dress, as described in Boswell's tour; eight prints attributed to Rowlandson, on the tour to the Hebrides and a likeness (autotype) of Jas. Boswell's uncle.

In the collection supplied by Mr. Arthur S. Hoole, of the Oratory, Birmingham, there was the "European Magazine" for September, 1790, giving J. Hoole's narrative of Johnson's last days. Mr. Hoole is a direct descendant of John Hoole, who was so closely identified with Johnson at various periods of his career. This collection also included Johnson's draft for the dedication of Hoole's translation of "Tasso" to the Queen; Johnson's letter to John Hoole, criticizing his play, "Cleonice;" and a letter to Macpherson, dictated to John Hoole, and attested in Johnson's writing, unsigned. The Dean and Chapter of Lichfield Cathedral contributed 12 original editions of Johnson's works and copies of old Gentleman's Magazines, with views of Dr. Johnson's Birthplace, Lichfield Grammar School, and the Johnson Willow in the Gaia Fields. A collection of autograph letters of Johnson, of great value and of supreme interest, was shown by Mr. A. M. Broadley, of The Knapp, Bradpole, Bridport. Mr. Broadley is known as one of the most diligent and enterprising of collectors, and is publishing a book on Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale, which will throw a vast amount of new light on Johnson's tour to Wales in the company of the celebrated brewer and his wife. There were in this splendid collection some of the original prayers of Johnson, Mrs. Piozzi's private copy of her "Letters to and from Samuel Johnson," containing her notes, and several letters not hitherto given to the public; an original caricature of the ghost of the poet Blackmore appearing to Dr. Johnson while writing the "Lives of the Poets;" Dr. Johnson's Jest Book, with frontispiece showing Dr. Johnson at tea with Mrs. Thrale in Deadman's-place, Southwark, London, 1790; complete set of plates to illustrate Mr. Broadley's work on "Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale," many of them from unique originals, together with other extracts and letters from Johnson's diary. Alderman A. C. Lomax, Lichfield, contributed a valuable engraving of Dr. Johnson awaiting his audience with Lord Chesterfield, a portrait of Johnson in 1770, by James Watson after Sir Joshua Reynolds, a model of Dr. Johnson's statue, an oil-painting by an itinerant artist for his friend Jimmy Wickens, with fine engravings and sketches. Mr. G. Birch, St. John-street, Lichfield, showed "Telemachus," an original manuscript by Anna Seward. "Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese," the haunt of Johnson at Wine Office Court, Fleet-street, sent several highly-valuable contributions, including the original oil-painting portrait of Dr. Johnson (copy of the original portrait in the National Gallery, by Sir Joshua Reynolds), three old prints, a framed wax bas-relief model of Dr. Johnson, a dictionary, 1st edition, and an oil-painting of a family group in which Dr. Johnson figures. Councillor

J. T. Raby, Lichfield, was responsible for the display of a number of very interesting exhibits, which included a fine line engraving of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," 1786; Johnson's Willow in 1828, from sketch by John Hewitt; engraving of Edial Hall in 1805; Dr. Johnson awaiting audience of Lord Chesterfield; Dr. Johnson reading the MSS. of "The Vicar of Wakefield;" first edition of Johnson's smaller dictionary, 1756; "Johnsoniana," first folio edition, with series of choice engravings and portraits, including one of Michael Johnson, published in 1836; the "Works of Samuel Johnson," with essay on his life and genius by Arthur Murphy, 1816; "Louisa" and other poems by Miss Anna Seward, bearing her signature; "Memoirs of the Life of Dr. Erasmus Darwin," by the same writer; and a *fac-simile* copy of the catalogue of sale of Dr. Johnson's Library by Christie in 1785. One of the most interesting features of the exhibition was the display of the Parish Registers, which by the kind permission of the incumbents and churchwardens were placed on view. These comprised the register of Johnson's baptism at St. Mary's Church on the day of his birth, and of his brother Nathaniel, three years later; of the burial of his father, brother, and mother at St. Michael's Church in 1731, 1736-7, and 1759 respectively; and of the interment of Lucy Porter at St. Chad's Church in 1786. Other interesting contributions were made by Messrs. H. B. Allenson, Limited, Racquet Court, Fleet-street, London; Mrs. A. Bell, Marlborough Avenue, Hull; Mr. Geo. W. Bain, Sunderland; Mr. E. J. H. Bold, Pike Low, Leek; Mr. H. W. Bruton, Bewick House, Gloucester; Miss Bond, Dam-street, Lichfield; Messrs. Barclay, Perkins, and Co., Southwark, S.E.; Miss J. Banham, Leyton, London, E.; Miss Mary Barker, Hereford; Col. E. A. Bulwer, Weeford, Lichfield; Mr. A. Campbell, Stone; Mr. Richard Cotton, of Newcastle, Staffordshire; Mr. C. H. Clarke, Whitley Bay, Northumberland (a silver kettle and spirit-lamp and stand, made 1745, formerly the property of Dr. Johnson); Mrs. L. Chandler, Merton Park, S.W.; Mr. A. E. Chinn, The Close, Lichfield; Mr. Henry Evans, Govan, N.B.; Dr. J. S. Gettings, Chase Lodge, Walsall; Mr. John Hopkins, Little Boundes, near Tunbridge Wells; Sir Thomas Hewitt, Queen's Gate, S.W.; Mr. William Jaggard, Dale-street, Liverpool; Mr. J. H. Kilgour, Queen-street, Edinburgh; Mrs. D. King, Kingston-on-Thames; Mr. Albert E. Lee, Hooley Bridge, Heywood; Mrs. Evelyn Lawrence, Brompton-square, S.W.; the Ladies' Charity School, Notting Hill, London (in which Dr. Johnson took a very great interest); Mrs. Kate Mitchell, Scarborough; Mr. A. L. Marsh, Bromley, Kent; Miss Florence G. Moger, Croydon; Messrs. Maggs Brothers, The Strand, London; Mrs. Ellen S. Parker, Great

Crosby, Liverpool; Mr. S. Pheysey, Sutton Coldfield; Miss Power, South Kensington; Mr. F. Grove Palmer, Brixton; Mr. George Potter, Highgate, London; Mr. E. E. Rogers, Four Oaks, near Birmingham; Mr. F. H. Rivington, London, N.W.; Mr. Lionel R. M. Strachan, Carnsbury; Mr. John Salt, Hanley; the Rev. W. W. Sandford, Shrewsbury; Mr. David R. Tomson, Vernon House, St. Neots, Hunts; Mr. F. J. Tucker, Bordesley Green, Small Heath; Sir John Thursby, Bart., Burnley; Mr. Fisher Unwin, Adelphi Terrace, London; Mr. Henry T. Wake, Fritchley, Derby; Mrs. E. Woolley, Shenstone Wood End; Mr. H. N. Wood, Aylesbury; Mr. J. E. H. Williams, Mrs. Walmesley, Lichfield; Messrs. Henry Young and Son, Liverpool; and the Johnson Club, Outer Temple, London. The exhibits were admirably arranged and attractively displayed by the stewards, under the direction of Mr. Spencer Madan, chairman, and Mr. W. Morrison, hon. secretary, with Mr. J. S. Brown assistant secretary.

By the kind permission of Lord Rosebery, the casket and scroll presented to him by the City were placed on view in the exhibition from Wednesday afternoon until Saturday evening, and they were inspected with much interest by all visitors.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF DR. JOHNSON.

The three letters shown by Col. W. N. Congreve, of Chartley Castle, above alluded to, are of great local interest, and have been sent for publication by Miss Schomberg, of Oxford, who has taken much pains in transcribing them. The first is addressed by Dr. Johnson "To the Rev. Mr. Congreve at Leacroft, near Lichfield," and runs as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—There is a kind of restoration to youth in the revival of old friendships. Your letter revived many ideas which time had not indeed obliterated, but had thrown back from recollection and hidden under later occurrences. The occasion of your letter is very honourable to you, and is, therefore, in a particular manner pleasing to me. You will not expect that after so many years I should be able to give much positive evidence about the little debt that you mention. I can only say that I know not that it was ever discharged, and promise that if you pay it to my mother I will return it, if it should appear by any future proof to have been paid twice.

"I fully persuade myself that I shall pass some of the winter months with my mother. I would have come sooner, but could not break my Shackles. It will be an additional pleasure to meet you. Where is your brother Charles? I once received a letter from him, but I think without direction how to answer it. It is wrong in those who have been early acquainted to suffer time and place to destroy that

friendship, which is not easily supplied by any subsequent acquisitions.—I am, Sir, your affectionate humble Servant.

“SAM: JOHNSON.

“Oct. 16, 1755.”

In connection with this letter, it is interesting to recall that the brother, Charles Congreve, to whom allusion is made by Dr. Johnson, was one of his schoolfellows at the Lichfield Grammar School. They were in the same form, and evidently friends in their youth. Charles Congreve afterwards became chaplain to Archbishop Boulter, Swift's powerful adversary in Dublin.

The second letter is addressed to “Mr. Congreve, of Christ Church, Oxford, by London,” and is as follows :—

“Great Haywood, June 25, 1735.

“Dear Sir,—The Excess of Ceremony with which you are pleased to address an old Acquaintance I should fear would have portended no great Sincerity to our future Correspondence, had You not taken care by a very important kindness to obviate the omen. Our former familiarity which you show in so agreeable a Light was embarrass'd with no forms, and we are content to love without complimenting each other. It was such as well became our rural Retreats, shades unpolluted by Flattery and falsehood! thickets where Interest and Artifice never lay conceal'd! To such an acquaintance I again invite you, and if in your early Life you received any pleasure from my conversation shall now expect you to repay it by a frank and unreserv'd communication of your Judgment, reflexions, and opinions. Solitude is certainly one of the greatest obstacles to pleasure and improvement, and as he may be justly said to be alone who has none to whom he imparts his thoughts, so he, who has a friend, though distant, with whom he converses without suspicion of being ridicul'd or batray'd, may be truly esteem'd to enjoy the advantages of Society.

“It is usual for Friends that have been long separated to entertain each other at their first meeting with an account of that interval of Life which has passed since their last interview, a custom! which I hope you will observe, but as little has happen'd to me that you can receive any pleasure from the relation of, I will not trouble you with an account of time not always very agreeably spent, but instead of past disappointments shall acquaint You with my present scheme of Life.

“I am going to furnish a House in the Country and keep a private boarding-school for Young Gentlemen whom I shall endeavour to instruct in a method somewhat more rational than those commonly practised which you know there is no great vanity

in presuming to attempt. Before I draw up my plan of Education I shall attempt to procure an account of the different ways of teaching in use at the most celebrated Schools, and shall therefore hope You will favour me with the method of the Charterhouse, and procure me that of Westminster.

"It may be written in a few lines by only mentioning under each class their Exercise and Authors.

"You see I ask new favours before I have thank'd You for those I have receiv'd, but however I may neglect to express my gratitude, be assur'd I shall not soon forget my obligation either to Mr. Reppington or Yourself.

"I am,

"Dear Sir,

"Your humble Servant,

"SAM: JOHNSON."

"Be pleased to direct me at Tho Whitby's Esqr of Great Haywood, near Lichfield."

Respecting this letter, Mr. Aley Lyell Reade, the well-known Johnsonian genealogist, has pointed out that it is of unusual interest in confirming a theory he has formed in reference to Johnson's association with the Whitby family. He says:--

"Nearly twenty-five years ago T. J. M. (Mr. Mazzinghi, of the Salt Library, Stafford) communicated to *Notes and Queries* (6 S. X 421-2) the discovery of a letter dated 'Stafford, May 10,' from the Rev. John Addenbrooke (1713—76), afterwards Dean of Lichfield, to 'Thomas Whitby, Esqr., at Haywood,' making arrangements for Mr. Whitby to engage 'Mr. Johnson' as tutor to his son. An endorsement of this letter, written by Thomas Whitby's grandson in 1824, attributed it to a period soon after Johnson's leaving Market Bosworth in the summer of 1732; and this conjecture has not been disputed. But on looking into the matter, I found that it must almost certainly be incorrect. Addenbrooke asks to know Mr. Whitby's 'resolution to-morrow; because I am obliged to go to Sudbury on Monday, where I shall stay all the week.' This clearly pointed to the letter having been written on a Saturday; and taking the whole period to which it could possibly be attributed, I found that the 10th of May fell on a Saturday only in 1735 and 1740. The new letter, written by Johnson to Congreve from Thomas Whitby's house at Great Haywood on June 25, 1735, leaves small room for doubt that Addenbrooke's letter belongs to the preceding month; and gains interest from the fact that it was written only a fortnight before Johnson's marriage to Mrs. Porter. It seems clear now that Addenbrooke's reference to Johnson's affairs not giving him leave to be with Mr. Whitby's son so long as half a year forecasts his approaching marriage, and his intention of establishing the private school at Edial, on the lines suggested in

the letter to Congreve. Thomas Whitby was born in 1673 and died in 1747. The son to whom Johnson's tutoring was to be 'of more service than a year spent in the usual way at the University' must have been John (born 1716), who on March 19, 1735-6, matriculated from University College, Oxford; he became a barrister of the Middle Temple in 1742, and died early in 1751 of the small-pox. Johnson's correspondent must have been Richard Congreve, who matriculated from Christ Church on March 17, 1732-3, aged eighteen, and took his B.A. in 1736. His elder brother was Johnson's schoolfellow, Charles Congreve. There is one point relating to the date of Addenbrooke's letter which calls for a satisfactory solution. According to Cox's 'Derbyshire Churches,' Vol. III., p. 318, he did not become Rector of Sudbury until August 14th, 1736. For this reason, until now, I was disposed to attribute the letter to 1740, as there would seem no reason for his going to Sudbury for a week in 1735. It is possible, so far as our knowledge of Johnson's life extends, that he was at Mr. Whitby's in May, 1740, as well as in 1735; but it does not seem very probable. Yet we know that he was in Staffordshire in January, 1740, on a visit of some duration. Any letter belonging to this obscure period of Johnson's life is especially welcome. This one corroborates the common view that his earlier manhood held so much of failure and humiliation as to seal his lips concerning it when established fame bred biographical curiosity in his admirers."

The third letter was written by Dr. Johnson to "Mr. Gilbert Repington in Peckwater, Christchurch, Oxford, by London," who, with his brother Mr. John Repington of Exeter College, seemed to have been the younger sons of Mr. Gilbert Repington, of Amington, Tamworth. The "Mr. Taylor" alluded to in the letter was afterwards Dr. Taylor, Rector of Market Bosworth, Prebendary of Westminster, Rector of Lawford, Essex, Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster; and Chaplain to the Duke of Devonshire. "Mr. Congreve" was another "former schoolfellow," and it was to him the two previous letters reproduced above were written. The group of old schoolfellows brought together in this one short letter includes the great Doctor; the country gentleman of good "old family" before the Conquest; Dr. Taylor, the successful man of the world; and Mr. Spicer, who had taken such faithful charge of the books that everyone was marked off at Oxford as agreeing with the list made at Lichfield by the anxious owner.

The letter is in the following terms :—

"Sir,—

"I hope you will not imagine from my Silence that I neglected the kind offer which You (r) Brother was

pleased to make, that You would take some care about my Books ; I had wrote much sooner. but that I did not know till to-day whither to direct.

" The Books (of which I have written a Catalogue on the other side) were left with Mr. Taylor, from whom I had reason to expect a regard to my Affairs. There were in the same box, which I left lock'd, some papers of a very private nature, which I hope fell into good hands. The Books are now, I hear, with Mr. Spicer, of Chhist [sic] Church. I beg you, Dear Sir, that you will be pleased to collect them with what care you can, and transmit them directed to me at the Castle in Birmingham, Warwickshire, to which a Carrier goes weekly from Oxford. I will very thankfully repay the expenses of Boxes, Porters, and Letters to your Brother, or whoever [sic] else You shall think fit to receive them. I am sorry to give You this trouble which I hope You'll excuse from a former Schifellow. Be pleased to answer this by the next post, for I long to know in what condition my affairs stand. If Mr. Congreve be in College pray pay my compliments to him, and let him know I should think his correspondence a pleasure, and would gladly write to him, if I was [sic] informed what college he is of. I have many other Acquaintance in the University whom I remember with Pleasure, but shall not trouble You with messages, for I shall esteem You sufficiently kind if You manage this Affair for,

" Dear Sir,

" Your humble Servant,

" Lichfield, May 18, 1735. "SAM: JOHNSON.

" My humble Service to Mr. Spicer."

On the other side of the letter, as indicated, is given a list of about ninety works, mostly ancient writers and classics.

DR. JOHNSON AND HIS EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE.

The original documents exhibited by Mr. F. H. Rivington, of Dartmouth Park-road, London, are connected with the financial arrangements between Jacob Tonson and Samuel Johnson in respect to the publication of the latter's edition of Shakespeare's plays. These papers are of considerable literary interest, as containing authoritative information respecting Johnson's remuneration for his editorial labours. Boswell tells little about the publication of Johnson's edition of Shakespeare, and Mr. Henry B. Wheatley, a member of the Johnson Club, has supplied the deficiency. In his communication he says :—

It is stated in Nichols's "Literary Anecdotes" (v. 597) that Johnson received £375 for the first edition (1765), and £100 for the second edition (1768) ; but it will be seen from the following agree.

ment that he must have received much more than this :—

“ June 2nd, 1756.

“ Whereas an Edition of the Dramatick Works of William Shakespeare, corrected and illustrated by Mr. Samuel Johnson, is now preparing by him for the Press which is to be printed on a good Paper and Letter in eight Volumes Octavo.

“ Now it is hereby agreed between the said Mr. Johnson of the first part, and Jacob Tonson of London, Bookseller, in behalf of himself and the rest of the Proprietors of the Copy Right of Shakespeare of the other part as follows :

“ That in consideration of Mr. Johnson's care and trouble in preparing the said Work for the Press, the said Jacob Tonson shall deliver him two hundred and Fifty Setts of the said Work for the use of His Subscribers free of all costs and charges in sheets. And it is also further agreed that if the number of Subscribers shall amount to more than two hundred and fifty, the said Mr. Johnson shall have any additional number of Books, paying to the said Jacob Tonson one Guinea for each Sett in sheets.

“ In consideration of which the said Mr. Johnson doth hereby assign over all his Right Title and Interest to the said Corrections and Illustrations unto the said Jacob Tonson for the Benefit of himself and the rest of the proprietors of the Dramatick Works of Shakespeare.

“ In witness whereof the Parties above mentioned have hereunto sett their Hands the Day and Year above written.

(Signed) “ JACOB TONSON for Self and Co.

“ SAM : JOHNSON.”

From this it will be seen that Johnson was to receive as payment for his labours 250 copies of the work, and for these copies he would receive 500 guineas from his subscribers, and one guinea each for every copy above that number for which he obtained a subscriber. Jacob Tonson was the third of that name. He was the great-nephew of Jacob Tonson (1) Dryden's publisher, and son of Jacob Tonson (2). He died on March 31st, 1767, in his house on the north side of the Strand, near Catherine-street, between the publication of the first and second editions of the book. Johnson found a friend in need in Tonson, and when in February, 1758, the former was arrested for a debt of £40, as appears from the following letter, Tonson settled this at once, and Johnson gave him his note of hand for the amount :—

Sir,

“ An accident has happened to me which Mr. Strahan will tell you, and from which I must try to be extricated by your assistance. The affair is about forty pounds. I think it necessary to assure you

that no other such vexation can happen to me, for I have no other of any consequence but to my friends.

" I am, Sir,
 " Your most humble servant,
 (Signed) "SAM: JOHNSON.

" Feb. 16, 1758.

" Feb. 10, 1758.

" I promise to pay to Jacob Tonson, Esqr., the sum of Forty Pounds, on demand.

" £40 0 0.

"SAM. JOHNSON."

It will be seen that the dates of these two documents vary, but as in the following memorandum of Johnson's indebtedness to the Tonsons the date is given as Feb. 10, we may presume that Johnson's original letter is wrongly dated Feb. 16.

" Mr. Samuel Johnson Dr.
 to J. & R. Tonson.

" 1757.

June 8. By yr note of hand payable to James Clutterbuck or Order £100."

" 1757.

Sept. 10. By yr note hand for money lent £26 5."

" 1758.

Feb. 10. By yr note hand, being money lent you when you was arrested £40."

In the year after the agreement was made the book was described as in the press, but it will be remembered that there were numerous complaints of the delay in publication, and the severe lines in Churchill's "Ghost" (1763) are supposed to have hastened the publication:—

" He for subscribers baits his hook,

And takes their cash—but where's the book?"

The eight volumes appeared in October, 1765, and then occurred the great difficulty of settling with Johnson's subscribers. George Steevens's account, which will be found in Dr. Birkbeck Hill's "Johnsonian Miscellanies" (vol. II. p. 320), is as follows:—

" On the night before the publication of the first edition of his Shakespeare he supped with some friends in the Temple, who kept him up, nothing loth, till past five the next morning. . . . Previous to this convivial meeting Mr. Tonson had desired a gentleman to ask our author if he could ascertain the number of his subscribers? 'No,' replied the Doctor, 'two material reasons forbid me even to press mine on the subject. I have lost all the names and spent all the money. It came in small portions, and departed in the same manner.' " Steevens adds: "There were afterwards receipts for near a thousand copies carried in to Tonson."

If the agreement was carried out and the number here given is correct, Johnson must have received the large amount of £1,312 10s., a much larger

amount than has hitherto been supposed to have been paid to him. This amount is arrived at by calculating 250 copies at two guineas—£525, and 750 at one guinea—£787 10s. It would be interesting if any corroborative evidence of this should come to hand. That Johnson was satisfied with the settlement may be taken as certain, as otherwise he would not have spoken in after years of Tonson as "the late amiable Mr. Tonson."

The two following letters are of interest as bearing upon the same subject. Johnson's handwriting is sometimes difficult to decipher, and one word in the last letter which cannot be read :—

" Sir,—

" Among those that will call for Shakespeare there are a few (perhaps twenty) that have receipts for two guineas, and have therefore nothing to pay. The Guinea which you should receive must therefore be charged to my account. I hope to meet you to-night at Mr. Steevens's, but we shall not perhaps talk there of business. I therefore write now to remove what might otherwise be a little difficulty, and to assure you that your civility during this transaction is very sincerely acknowledged by,

" Sir,

" Your most humble servant

(Signed) " SAM: JOHNSON.

" Johnson's Court, Fleet-street,
Oct. 9th, 1765."

Sir,

I have lately heard, and hear so often that I can hardly any longer refuse credit, that my Edition is sold stitched by the Booksellers (I am afraid at your own shop) for Forty Shillings, that is for four [two ?] shillings under the Subscription. The Subscription was settled with your consent, and your consent alone implied a promise that you would not undersell me. This promise was likewise verbally made by you in my room in Gough Square, when no [word undecipherable] about the Edition. This is the [case ?] as the demand for the Book has been such as left you no temptation to lower the price.

If your Servants have acted without orders, it is time that some direction should be given. If it be done with your knowledge, it is an action which I have a right to resent. But I would willingly think it negligence or mistake.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

(Signed) SAM: JOHNSON.

Johnson's Court,

Fleet-st.,

Oct. 10, 1765.

JOHNSON'S LAST PRAYER.

The Last Prayer of Johnson, exhibited by Lord Rosebery, was composed and used by Dr. Johnson previous to his receiving the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper on Sunday, Dec. 5, 1784. The chair in which he composed it and received his last Communion was presented to the Johnson Birthplace some years ago by Mr. Jno. W. Hoole and his brother, descendants of Jno. Hoole, for whom Johnson wrote the dedication of his translation of "Tasso" to the Queen. The prayer is as follows:—"Almighty and most merciful Father, I am now, as to human eyes it seems, about to commemorate for the last time the death of Thy Son Jesus Christ our Saviour and Redeemer. Grant, O Lord, that my whole hope and confidence may be in His merits and in Thy mercy; forgive and accept my late conversion; enforce my imperfect repentance; make this commemoration valuable to the confirmation of my faith, the establishment of my hope, and the enlargement of my charity; and make the death of Thy Son Jesus Christ effectual to my redemption. Have mercy upon me, and pardon the multitude of my offences. Bless my friends, have mercy upon all men. Support me by the Grace of Thy Holy Spirit in the days of weakness and at the hour of death; and receive me at my death into everlasting happiness, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen." It is upon this last Prayer that the commemoration anthem, specially composed for the occasion by Mr. Arthur B. Plant, Mus. Doc., Oxford, a native of the City and a former chorister of the Cathedral, is founded.

THE VISIT OF LORD ROSEBERY.

The committee were fortunate in securing the services of the Earl of Rosebery to inaugurate the celebration, and, happily, it turned out a fine day on the occasion of his Lordship's visit.

On Tuesday night Lord Rosebery stayed at Hoar Cross as the guest of the Hon. Frederick L. and Lady Mary Meynell, the house party invited to meet his Lordship being Lord and Lady Halifax, Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell and Lady Grenfell, Sir Robert Gresley Bart., Miss Egerton, Miss Willmott, the Hon. Edward Wood, Mr. Francis Meynell, and Mr. Everard Meynell.

The Mayor, Sheriff, and Corporation received Lord Rosebery at the Birthplace, of which a brief inspection was made by the distinguished visitor and the Civic representatives, and the party then proceeded to the Johnsonian exhibition at the Art School, which his Lordship formally declared open. Half-past twelve was the time fixed for the inauguration of the celebration by Lord Rosebery at the Guildhall, and the interesting function was eagerly awaited by an audience which quite filled the building,

while many who were unable to find seats were content to stand. The progress of the company from the Birthplace to the art exhibition, and thence to the Guildhall, was witnessed by a very large concourse of the public. It was noticed that in many instances the citizens had complied with the wish expressed by the Mayor, for many flags were displayed in honour of the occasion. The Mayor took the chair amid applause, which was very heartily renewed on Lord Rosebery making his appearance on the platform.

The MAYOR said they had met that day on such an occasion as had never happened before in the city of Lichfield. (Applause.) It was quite a unique occasion. There they were in a city which in times past stood three sieges during the Civil Wars, and now they were standing another civil siege of literary men and women from various parts who had come to join with their own citizens in peace time to do honour to their greatest citizen—a man who fought with bad health for years and rose above it: a generous-hearted man, who helped others to the extent of making himself poor. To assist in this bi-centenary celebration their eminent and distinguished guest had come, at no little inconvenience to himself, and in the name of all of them he cordially welcomed Lord Rosebery to Lichfield. (Cheers.) There was no need for him to formally introduce his Lordship to them, as would be necessary with some people, for he was too well known for any formal introduction. But he had, on his own behalf and on their behalf, to thank Lord Rosebery very much for coming to Lichfield, and, without further ado or preface, he would ask him to give his address, to which he was sure they would all listen with great pleasure and great profit. (Loud applause.)

LORD ROSEBERY'S ADDRESS.

When the applause had subsided

Lord ROSEBERY said:—Ladies and Gentlemen,—You have laid upon me a great honour and a cruel task. It is a great honour to be asked to speak of Johnson in his birthplace, by the community which honoured him when living and has commemorated him since his death. But it is also a cruel task. Last year I jibbed—if I may so express myself—at the statue of Boswell, because it included Johnson, and now I have to deal with Johnson, who certainly includes Boswell.

A NATIONAL POSSESSION.

What is there left to say about either? Almost every eminent hand has tried his luck at them; it may, in fact, be considered a usual form of literary recreation. And though I have carefully avoided re-reading what others have written for fear of

offering only a pale reflection of what they have better said, there is this further obstacle—Johnson has become the property of the English-speaking race. Every man has his little freehold there which no Chancellor of the Exchequer can tax. Everyone resents an intrusion upon it, quite naturally, and I well know that, whatever I may say, I shall constantly break my shins at some cherished and preconceived opinion and receive the natural oburgations of its upholders. Three days hence will occur the two-hundredth anniversary of Johnson's birth in this ancient City of Lichfield. Born poor and scrofulous and half blind, and with an hereditary melancholy not far removed from madness, the advent of the small bookseller's son cannot have caused a ripple among your people. He seemed destined to his father's back shop until in the course of nature he should appear as principal in the front, in the pleasantest and most congenial of all modern trades, but rarely leading to fame. And yet it is this obscurest of events which we have this week hurried to Lichfield to celebrate. What is the cause of Johnson's extraordinary hold upon us, of his immortality among us? It does not, I think, mainly rest upon his works. His 12 volumes sleep, I fear, on our shelves, at least they do on mine. He has written two of the noblest poems in the language; yet these, I think, have only once been separately printed—in 1785; though they contain immortal lines, and were the poems that Walter Scott, so remote in style and thought, most admired, much as Byron admired Pope. His "Lives of the Poets" are destined, I think, to an enduring reputation. He cannot always appreciate; he is unjust to Gray; some of his criticisms remind one of the poulterer's phoenix of Whitbread; they seem not infrequently to gauge poetry in the spirit of an exciseman. His critical faculty, indeed, did not always inspire confidence. He could not enjoy "Lycidas," he did not care for Theocritus, his prejudice against Gray was even stronger than it appears in the "Lives;" he greatly preferred Richardson to Fielding. His Shakespearian criticism is, I believe, held by competent judges not to possess any special value. But the "Lives" are terse, vigorous, and delightful sketches of poets and poetasters, which once one has taken in hand one can scarcely lay down; and one cannot doubt that these are destined to a long life; for they are the work of a master of letters dealing with that department of literature which he loved the best, so that genius and inclination worked hand in hand. But who reads the rest? I speak only for myself. "The Ramblers" and "The Idlers" are dead for me. I hope that there are others more fortunate. "Rasselas" I read not voluntarily, but assiduously, at school, and probably for that reason never wish to read it again. Even the thought of this celebra-

tion could not overcome my repugnance. Of "Irene" it may be ambiguously said that it is like no other tragedy in existence, and that it leaves the reader cold and less than cold. I have read for business purposes speeches under other names which he no doubt composed. But speaking as an individual and illiterate Briton, I make this confession; I make it in dust and ashes, with a sheet and a candle, under every visible form of penance, but I cannot honestly withhold it. And, after all, two poems and some pleasing biographies do not of themselves, as a rule, constitute a claim to lasting fame. He was, I think, our greatest man of letters in a large sense of that vague term. The variety of his writings, in what we should now consider as periodicals, his knowledge of literature, his dealings with literature, his command of literature, the mass of his writing discovered or untraced which he could scarcely recall himself, his passionate interest in letters, above all his converseance with literary biography, entitles him to that position. It is a reputation which would vaguely have remained to him even had his works not survived. But it would have been a fame widely different from that concrete and personal base on which he is now established for ever.

THE DICTIONARY.

Then, again, there is that which does not appear in his works, the great Dictionary. Here our consciences are easy, for no one is known to have read a dictionary through except Lord Chatham, who boasted that he had read Bailey's Dictionary twice through. This is an idle vaunt which none would wish to emulate, though Boswell tells us, not without truth, that Johnson "was so attentive in the choice of the passages in which the words are authorized, that one may read page after page of his Dictionary with improvement and pleasure." The enterprise of a dictionary is indeed a vast task, which Johnson like a hero undertook single-handed, and accomplished in less than nine years. That, no doubt, was what originally gave Johnson his fame. Such a fame of itself would scarcely extend to the fifth or sixth generation, for it is the melancholy fate of dictionaries to be superseded. But the man who frames a dictionary, and a great dictionary, in an age when such collections are few and barren, at once attains a singular, though not necessarily a lasting fame. That reputation Johnson achieved, his work became proverbial, and Johnson's Dictionary was the authority to which all appealed. We all remember it as Miss Pinkerton's prize book in the first chapter of "Vanity Fair," but we do not often handle it in these days. I come then to this conclusion—speaking always for myself alone—that his literary fame substantially survives in the two supreme poems, "The

Lives of the Poets," and the Dictionary, but that if these stood alone, remarkable as they are, we should not be assembled here to-day.

BOSWELL.

I pass then to the most solid base, Boswell, and the figure which remains eternally resting on Boswell. Boswell himself remains an enduring problem. He is universally acknowledged as the prince of all biographers, chief in a department of literature which is perhaps the most popular and appreciated of all. And yet until last year, so far as I know, there existed no memorial, no bust, no statue of him anywhere, whereas second-rate poets, third-rate statesmen, fourth-rate soldiers would have their effigies in suitable places. This was not from want of recognition, but from the complexity of his character. On one side of him he was the most preposterous of human beings, of an eccentricity which partook of insanity, but which was always grotesque. In his youth he aimed only at notoriety, and was content to exhibit himself in any capacity so long as he could obtain attention. In his intimate correspondence with his bosom friend Temple he displays a childish vanity, a volatile self-sufficiency, a total insensibility to ridicule which makes the collection some of the most amusing reading on record, until it ends in piteousness and tragedy. And yet all this time he must have had the root of the matter in him. Such a biographer as he is, is born, not made. And so we realize him as a strange compound of incredible vanity, fatuity, and absurdity, in which, as precious and unexpected as radium, is amalgamated enough of genius to leaven and redeem the whole. He had assuredly the root of the matter in him from the first. He had primarily the instinct of hero-worship, but that was not enough; he had to know how to turn it to the best advantage. Here he had an instinct which did not fail him. To be with his subject by day and by night, on every possible occasion to absorb him as it were, essentially as it were, by the pores of the skin, so as, to use his own strange expression, "to become strongly impregnated with the Johnsonian æther," to disdain no detail as trivial which added to the completeness and perfection of the portrait, all this Boswell understood as no other man has understood. After giving an account of his hero's clucking like a hen and blowing like a whale, holding his hand on one side, and rubbing his left knee in the same direction, and so forth, he says with admirable sense and discrimination—"I am fully aware of how very obvious occasion I here give for the sneering jocularly of such as have no relish for an exact likeness; which, to render complete, he who draws it must not disdain the slightest strokes." And again—"I cannot allow any

fragment whatever that floats in my memory concerning the great subject of this work to be lost. Though a small particular may appear trifling to some, it will be relished by others ; while every little spark adds something to the general blaze ; and to please the true, candid, warm admirers of Johnson, and in any degree increase the splendour of his reputation, I bid defiance to the shafts of ridicule and even of malignity." This is the true Boswellian spirit, content to be a martyr so that he might increase the completeness of his delineation in the slightest degree. And he immolated himself to his subject. It was not only the bitterness of his critics that he had to encounter. Their shafts of ridicule were blunt compared with those which he had to encounter from the hero himself. For the recorder of Johnson had to be content to bear the heaviest strokes that a random wit could suggest. To portray Johnson in all his moods one had to be out in all weathers, to be tossed and buffeted, with rare consolations of benignant serenity. All this and more Boswell was ready to face provided he could secure what was wanted—the speaking likeness of his hero ; what he himself called "the Flemish picture, which I give of my friend." And so we seem to see him, like St. Sebastian in the pictures, bound to Johnson's reputation, and perforated with arrows from every quarter. His sufferings, which he did not grudge, have procured to posterity a lasting pleasure, and we here who all boast ourselves to be "true, candid, warm admirers of Johnson," tranquilly enjoy the society that he had enjoyed in full and delightful measure. Honour and gratitude then to him. I, speaking from experience, can say that in sickness, when all other books have failed, when Dickens, Thackeray, Walter Scott, and other magicians have been useless to distract, Boswell's book is the only one which could engage and detain the languid attention of an invalid.

BOSWELL'S EARLY ACQUAINTANCE WITH JOHNSON.

By far the most striking feature of their connection to me is how Johnson and Boswell became connected at all. Let it be at once conceded that Boswell was determined to make Johnson's acquaintance, and that when Boswell was determined to make an acquaintance there was no human possibility of preventing him ; there was no personage or situation so inaccessible as not to have to receive him if he desired it. That, however, might only be a terminable acquaintance. But here is an awkward, rather ridiculous young Scotchman, with an accent of which the best that Johnson could say was that it was not offensive, belonging to a race which Johnson hated with a hatred which was almost insane, a youth at once impudent, pushing, and fawning, in a word, all that was most repellent to Johnson, attempting

to force the acquaintance of the most formidable and the most dreaded of literary tyrants. For two years Boswell had hoped and languished. One year he had expectations from Derrick, the next he had a prospect through the elder Sheridan, both rudely marred. At last Johnson appears suddenly to him as he sits drinking tea in a bookseller's parlour. The trembling Boswell is presented, and his nationality is divulged. Johnson at once rends him. "This stroke," says Boswell, "stunned me a good deal." But he recovers, attempts another remark, and receives another mortal snub. "I now felt myself much mortified . . . and in truth had my ardour not been uncommonly strong and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me for ever from making any further attempts." But within eight days he is in Johnson's private room, sketching, so to speak, on his thumbnail the little old shrivelled unpowdered wig striving in vain to compass the mighty head, the breeches loose at the knee and so leaving the stockings loose, and other "slovenly particulars;" the same costume, by the bye, in which at a late period, with a "noise like thunder," Johnson hurried down from his lodgings into the street to escort M^{de}. de Boufflers to her carriage in Fleet-street, amid a wondering and probably scoffing crowd. Before Boswell leaves the great man he has invited Johnson to supper and received an acceptance. And within three months, as he had to pursue his studies at Utrecht, Johnson volunteers to accompany him to Harwich. In the meantime, they have been supping and drinking and conversing together, Boswell determined to know as much of Johnson as possible, and Johnson not unwilling to be known. And so it culminates in this "raw, uncouth young Scot" (he was only twenty-two) dragging the great man from his moorings, dragging him from London, the place he loved best, and taking him on a frisk to Harwich. It was Johnson, indeed, who volunteered. "I must see thee out of England: I will accompany you to Harwich." That he should use "thee" and "you" in the same sentence shows how deeply the lexicographer was moved. It was the day of their famous jaunt to Greenwich, when they "took a sculler at the Temple stairs and set out for Greenwich," then "landed at the Old Swan and walked to Billingsgate," where they "took oars and moved smoothly along the silver Thames," a picture which almost consoles us for the present dearth of river steamers. They dined at Greenwich and walked in the Park, which they thought "not equal to Fleet-street," returned in a boat by night, Boswell shivering, for which he was reproved by his illustrious friend, and so returned to genial conviviality at the "Turk's Head," concluding the day "very socially." It was then in the warmth of his heart that Johnson volunteered. The

day of their first meeting was May 16 ; in little more than two months Johnson had expressly promised to accompany Boswell to the Hebrides, declaring that "there are few persons whom I take so much to as to you," and on August 5 they were setting off in the Harwich stage-coach after a fashion which reminds one irresistibly of Mr. Pickwick setting off with Mr. Winkle. Surely this may be called Love at second sight.

A MUTUAL AFFECTION.

How can one explain this sudden heat of affection, which was to last for the rest of their lives ? We can only conjecture. There was probably something ingenuous about the young fellow which appealed to Johnson ; his open adoration was not displeasing, though it sometimes bored him ; he early discerned, I think, that Boswell would be his biographer, though not for years afterwards did Boswell openly talk in that character. Then Boswell probably appealed to his sense of humour, and, above all, the young Scot was an invaluable butt, his pertinacity and tactlessness were sometimes intolerable ; but his pertinacity was a compliment, and his tactlessness would always be open to a rebuff, which Johnson did not object to administering. "Sir," he broke out one day, "you have but two topics, yourself and me. I am sick of both !" But as a rule Boswell's fussiness and grotesqueness did not, to use the modern phrase, get on his nerves. His system, though morbid in some particulars, was in this robust. The family he collected round him would have afflicted a more fastidious benefactor. Add to this that Johnson saw in Boswell a young fellow devoted to himself, a Tory as highflown as himself, with accesses of melancholy not unlike his own, addicted to various follies, but with a real love of learning and an honest though distracted ambition, whom he could guide and assist as a son. There was much of the paternal in his relation to his biographer. Lastly, and there is perhaps most in this consideration : Johnson under his rough exterior had a heart of manly tenderness. "No man alive," said Goldsmith, who often suffered under him, "has a more tender heart. He has nothing of the bear but his skin." He realized Boswell's enthusiasm, and his heart went out to the lad. Boswell loved him and so he came to love Boswell. Much more might be said on this point, which is full of interest to students of human nature. But it would occupy too much space in a short address to dwell on it further. What one must remember in this strange partnership is that the canvas was first spread when the artist was 22 and the subject 54, and that Johnson was sitting for his portrait for the rest of his life, while Boswell waited, pencil in hand, and "constantly watched every dawning of communication from that great and illuminated mind."

A LIVING PORTRAIT.

What then makes this book so extraordinary, so unique, is this, that it is the photographic delineation of a great man by a daily, hourly, and minute observer, who disdained no pains or detail to make his picture perfect, who was willing himself to be a butt, not merely of his patron's cruel pleasantries, but of the world at large, so that he might produce a living, speaking portrait. There is nothing like it. The price of success in such a work is more than most men care to pay. For it cannot be denied that, as with poverty in Juvenal's famous lines, it tends to make those who write it ridiculous; the recorder has to be a foil to the recorded. And so Boswellian imitations are rare. The books which occur to me as resembling it are all foreign, and, as Boswell's book has never, I believe, been translated into any language, though there is, I believe, an abstract in Russian, they are not strictly imitations. Eckermann's records of Goethe's conversations lack nature and simplicity; we feel that all is transacted in full dress. Another recent journalist was content to endure hard things so that he might collect the crumbs which fell from a great man's table; but the crumbs had better have gone whither other crumbs go. Gourgaud's *Journal at St. Helena* comes perhaps nearest to Boswell's life as the faithful, constant portraiture of a great man by a resident observer. But Gourgaud had not Boswell's qualities, and there was not sufficient play of life at St. Helena to lighten the record. Such biographies must be rare, if only because great men are rare, and Boswell's still rarer. And great men, even when you find them, are not always various. The conversations of the Duke of Wellington, which have been sedulously recorded, certainly lack this quality. And so if we delight in Boswell for the picturesqueness and fidelity of his representation, we acknowledge that that would be of little value without the greatness and variety of the subject. We may fairly suppose that had Boswell similarly attached himself to Paoli, Oglethorpe, Rousseau, or any other of his idols, he would have produced a remarkable book (though Rousseau, we may be sure, would not have tolerated his intrusive familiarity), but a book wholly unequal to that on which his fame securely reposes, for in Johnson he had an exceptional model. He would not, it is probable, have added to Rousseau's fame; he might have prolonged that of Paoli and Oglethorpe; but he has rendered Johnson immortal by the qualities of Johnson himself manifested through his own. The book then remains, and is likely to remain, unique because of the peculiar genius of the biographer and the subject. Its rank in literature is unparalleled. It is annotated and commented as if it were Holy Writ. Except the Greek and Latin classics and the Scriptures, I

know of no book which has been treated with such reverence. Croker began with an edition which Macaulay denounced, but which, whether good or bad, illustrates the elaboration of treatment which Boswell's book seems to elicit, and without forgetting the delightful edition of Napier, as well as countless others, we end with Dr. Birkbeck Hill's prodigious and exhaustive collections, a sort of Cornelius à Lapide on Boswell, in which at least ten massive volumes are consecrated to Johnson—all interesting, all worth publishing, an almost unprecedented homage of worship.

THE GEM OF THE BOOK.

From first to last the book is all good ; there is not a dull page in it. There is, I think, one unsurpassed episode which is worth recalling as being the gem of the whole book : I mean the story of Dr. Johnson's first meeting with Wilkes. The narrative is told with admirable raciness. We admire the consummate diplomacy of Boswell, in face of the difficulty of securing Johnson to meet a man he abhorred, luring his elephant to capture with extraordinary skill ; then, when they met, Wilkes's material attentions to Johnson : " Pray give me leave, Sir, a little of the brown, some fat, Sir, a little of the stuffing—some gravy, let me have the pleasure of giving you some butter—allow me to recommend a squeeze of this orange," and so forth ; so that Johnson, who looks at him at first with " surly virtue," is reconciled through the palate to his bugbear, and they talk together the whole evening with brilliancy and even cordiality. As we read, we realize the whole affair, the crafty crimp Boswell, the wheedling demagogue, and the reluctant moralist. This is a specimen of the whole book ; the best, I think, but there are many scarcely inferior. And so we have for ever before us, living and vigorous, one of the most interesting of our great men, the greatest, I suppose, of our men of letters, certainly our greatest known conversationalist, with his manifold tricks of speech, his eccentricities, his strange uncouth ways. Of all the men whom we have never seen Johnson is the man whom we know best, whom we can best imagine, whom we can most easily fancy that we have seen and heard. His appearance in this hall at this moment would no doubt cause a sensation, but in five minutes it would be the sensation of a friend restored to us after a long absence abroad. It is that feeling, common I think to all of us, which is the supreme tribute to Boswell's work. We can fancy him approaching now, rumbling and grumbling, " What is this concourse of silly people, Sir ? " " This is strange nonsense, Sir." " To celebrate a man's birthday without his consent is an impertinence, Sir." " What is it to you, Sir, whether I am two hundred years old or not ?

Methuselah, of whom we know practically nothing, was undoubtedly my senior, and we do not commemorate him," Boswell at his side obsequiously explaining, and anticipating. Dubious grunts follow, possibly an explosion, but Lucy Porter, Molly Aston, Peter Garrick, and the Swards rally round him; he beams serenely and calls for tea.

THE DOMINATING INTEREST OF JOHNSON'S LIFE.

And what manner of man was it whose portrait has been presented with so much unction and fidelity, whose reputation has been thus almost consecrated? Well, in the first place he was emphatically a big man, a man who loomed large in his times, whose supremacy was acknowledged by the greatest of his contemporaries, who paid him an unquestioning homage. Gibbon, whose printed work is so much more remarkable and permanent, who was himself a conversational dictator, remained silent before him, and for that reason loved him not. The mighty mind of Burke met his with reverence. He enchained the brilliant intellect of Windham. The delightful genius of Goldsmith worshipped also, though it sometimes chafed. Garrick and Reynolds, in their own arts supreme, acknowledged his supremacy. There is, perhaps, no trustworthy record of so much respect paid by so many remarkable men to one whom they regarded as more remarkable than themselves. Neither of the Pitts or Mansfield seem to have known him, and they stand out as exceptions from the curious crowd of intellect which came to him. Mansfield's abstinence is strange and unaccountable, except on the hypothesis that he resented or feared Johnson's dislike to Scotsmen, and no doubt Johnson ignorantly disliked him. Otherwise, few abstained from the pious pilgrimage, though some did not care to take it more than once. It was the same sort of testimony that was rendered to Bolingbroke, whose character we many not admire and whose works we may not taste, but whose quality we recognize in receiving tribute of admiration from such men as Pope and Swift. Secondly, we see in him the truest love of his own kind, of humanity at large. If the proper study of mankind be man, Johnson was a supreme student, for it was the dominating interest of his life. He had known and mixed with all classes from the highest to the lowest—all sorts and conditions of men and women, from George III. to Bet Flint. His strangest acquaintance was, perhaps, Santerre, who was destined to drown with his drums the dying words of Louis XVI. Nothing, indeed, is more remarkable in his conversation than the way in which people keep rising up as it were whom no one suspected him to have known. In the period of his fame he was brought into contact with almost everybody worth knowing, for everyone wanted to

know him, and he was readily accessible. But he would readily recur to the years of famine, when he prowled about London with Savage, and could sign his letters "Impransus." And when he said that literary biography was his favourite study, it was in reality because it was a congenial branch of the great study of mankind. It presented itself, however, in its least agreeable form at his own hearth.

CHARITY AND COMMONSENSE.

Moved by benevolence, by his intense and compassionate love of his fellow-creatures, he had collected around him a family of indigent persons, whose only recommendation was their want, who were querulous to him and quarrelsome with each other; Levett, a perambulating apothecary, "obscurely wise and coarsely kind," whose death he commemorated in lines of true pathos, but whom he described in prose as "a brutal fellow, but his brutality is in his manners, not in his mind;" then there were those whom Johnson playfully called his seraglio. Mrs. Desmoulins, whom Levett hated with an unbounded hatred; Mrs. Williams, a blind and peevish versifier; and Poll Carmichael, whom Johnson described as "a dull slut." "Williams," he once wrote, "hates everybody; Levett hates Desmoulins, and does not love Williams; Desmoulins hates them both; Poll loves none of them." This was the domestic circle of that great intellect. Surely we may say that his heart was even greater, and that this is the part of Johnson's life most beautiful to us. "If I did not assist them," he said, "no one else would." But his charity and generosity were unbounded. It has been truly said by one who knew him well "that the lame, the blind, and the sorrowful found in his house a sure retreat." Once he found a poor woman lying exhausted in the street—one of the city waifs; he took her on his back, carried her to his house, and had her tenderly taken care of till she was restored to health and put in a better way of life. But this ready and Christian charity was accompanied by a commonsense not less prompt. Of that there is no more comical instance than his method with Goldsmith in difficulties. The unfortunate poet sent word to Johnson that he was in great distress. Johnson at once sent a guinea, promising to follow it as soon as he was dressed. He went, and found the guinea had been changed, and that Goldsmith was sitting before a bottle of Madeira. Now comes the immortal touch. "I put the cork into the bottle and desired that he would be calm." The benefactor then walked off with "The Vicar of Wakefield" in his pocket, and sold it for sixty pounds. He knew men well, with the exception, perhaps, of himself, for he was neither a "good-humoured fellow" nor a polite fellow, as he proclaimed himself to be: his

temper was extremely explosive, and no one could be so rude. But this contact with his fellows made him love the practical side of life. He "loved business, loved to have his wisdom actually operate on real life." He liked to advise Boswell on domestic economy and the management of his estate, to dictate opinions on legal points, to act as a general referee. He delighted in bustling about the brewery as Thrale's executor, with an inkhorn and pen in his buttonhole. Indeed, he did not altogether escape the fatal fascination which Parliament exercises over literary men of high ability. Strahan wrote a letter, to be shown to Lord North, pointing out the value of the support which Johnson could give as a member of the House of Commons: a letter written probably with the privity of Johnson? And Johnson himself would sometimes regret that he had not made an attempt for fame in Parliament: a regret which has, perhaps, crossed the minds of most able men, but which is at least comprehensible in one who claimed to have composed many of the speeches attributed to our great orators.

JOHN BULL HIMSELF.

But this was, perhaps, less a matter of ambition than an aspect of his humanity; he wished to have a taste of everything that was savoury in life. This essentially human nature of Johnson, combined with his insular existence—for his trip to Paris scarcely counts, and his expedition to the Hebrides strictly speaking was insular, too—is one great secret of his popularity. He was John Bull himself. He exalted the character, of which he may be regarded as its sublime type, but he embodied the spirit. His Toryism was part of his John Bullism; his love of London was rather that of the John Bull than the cockney; his hatred of Scotland was that of the John Bull of his youth. When Foote threatened to caricature him he furnished himself at once with an oaken cudgel. He asked the price of one, and, being told sixpence, demanded a shilling one, "I'll have a double quantity." Could anything be more John Bullish than this? Physically and combatively he embodied the character, not of the ordinary agricultural but of the literary John Bull. I must not, however, linger on this fancy. For we have to consider him in his most famous character as a conversationalist, and to treat this adequately would require an essay of itself. Talk with him was not a luxury or an amusement: it was an article of prime necessity. He dreaded solitary or vacant moments, for he had then to cope with the terrors of constitutional melancholy, and as nothing but want of money could make him overcome his native indolence sufficiently to compel him to write, he was thrown back on conversation both as a prophylactic and as the intellectual exercise necessary for his mental

health. What is the impression that we derive from the vivid and careful reports of his talk? Well, the first salient fact is that he sat at the receipt of custom, at the counter of his intellectual bank, ready to honour all drafts. He did not apparently start his own topics. Boswell or some crony had to lure him on. Then he would turn on the powerful mechanism of his mind, twist the subject about, defend, if possible, some glaring paradox, and, warming to his work, might not impossibly gore his opponent. He was "a tremendous companion," as was happily said by one of the Garricks. Then one is struck with his choice of diction. He never seems to pause for a word; they come to him spontaneously; but he is never satisfied with the second best: it must always be that which exactly represents his conception. It was not always graceful, it was often pompous or Latinified, but it was always exact and expressive. He, again like Bolingbroke, had perfected his conversational style by a long-standing determination to express himself as well as possible on every occasion, whether trivial or not, and so he had acquired without effort a singular vigour of phrase.

READINESS IN COMPOSITION.

Another signal feature of his conversation is this, that his little discourses spring forth unpremeditated but full-fledged; he gives the number of his reasons before he utters them, as if what he were going to say was already complete in his mind though the subject has only just been put before him. And this extraordinary quality goes far beyond conversation. He is ready at any moment, so far as one can judge, to dictate a paper admirable in argument, knowledge, and form on any topic that may be raised. Boswell brings him Scottish law cases, the great man bids him take the pen, pulls out as it were the necessary organ stop in his mind, and produces a remarkable essay. Take, for example, that which he dictated on the liberty of censure from the pulpit, an apparently mature production put forth on the spur of the moment, which earned the admiration of Burke. What a journalist he would have made! —not merely from his readiness of ripe composition, but from the range of his mind and reading, as well as the ready and inexhaustible stores of his memory. One example must suffice to-day. At a dinner at Sir Joshua's, after Johnson had discoursed on the alleged fact that the brook which Horace describes in his voyage to Brindisi is still flowing, Mr. Cambridge quotes from a Spanish writer as to things fugitive surviving things seemingly permanent. Johnson at once caps this with a quotation from Janus Vitalis, a name which would remain unknown to most of us did not the invaluable Birkbeck Hill tell us that he was a poet and theologian of Palermo

who lived in the sixteenth century. No instance, though scores could be given, so well illustrates his readiness, his range of reading, and his memory. Adam Smith, a high authority, said that Johnson knew more books than any man alive. Dr. Boswell called him "a robust genius born to grapple with whole libraries." He seems indeed to have grappled with them. In his own strange way he tore the heart out of a book without reading it through, but carried away in his memory all that was abiding or material. But though his learning was always at command, it never seems obtrusive; his manliness saved him from pedantry. Again, and as part of his John Bullism, note his robust commonsense. He abounded in commonsense, and also in some that was uncommon. But his commonsense never failed him. He would break in upon a discussion or sum it up with a sentence sometimes brutal, sometimes coarse, but always tersely expressing the core and commonsense of the matter. This quality made him intolerant of anything like sentimentalism or affectation. One of his special irritants was the idea that people composed better at some times and seasons than others in spite of Milton, whose genius, we are told, flowed most happily "from the autumnal equinox to the vernal." For this he falls foul of Gray, not reluctantly, and of anyone else who cherished this "fantastic foppery." He himself sate down, full or fasting, doggedly to work at one time as well as another, though we have to record that a whole year would sometimes pass without his producing anything at all. In the same spirit he would not admit that anyone could be affected by the weather. That, again, was all stuff and fancy. This robustness carried him far. Though he became a water-drinker himself, he uttered many sentiments which teetotallers could not quote. Even in questions of morality he would often fail to satisfy the austere, or even some who are not. He could even on occasion slang a bargee in appropriate language.

THE LOVE OF PARADOX.

Johnson is always called our great moralist, and indeed, in his writings he earns the title. But when in a mocking mood, or from his love of paradox, or his honest scorn of cant, he often broaches opinions to which he certainly would not have given his deliberate authority. His epigrams should not be quoted as opinions or as anything but epigrams. He knew, indeed, that Boswell was preserving them for publication. But he probably gave posterity credit for discriminating between deliberate judgment and the caprice of easy conversation. In truth, his love of paradox and his delight in the exercise of his dialectic skill would make him sustain or controvert almost any imaginable proposition. This some-

times puzzled the less nimble-witted Boswell, who, however, got to understand him at last, and would lure him or gently goad him. But there were moments when he would not be guided or restrained, when the noble animal broke through all nets and precautions. Woe, then, to his opponent, for he could be truculent and even brutal, and conversation with him was a battlefield. "He fought on every occasion," said Reynolds, "as if his whole reputation depended on the victory of the minute, and he fought with all the weapons. If he was foiled in argument he had recourse to abuse and rudeness." In such a frenzy he could even insult Sir Joshua, the sweetest and most amiable member of his society. As Goldsmith said, who himself had suffered, quoting from a comedy of Cibber's:—"If his pistol does not go off, he knocks you down with the butt end." But that is the way with all, or almost all, who claim predominance in conversation, and no one, when the fit was over, could be more anxious to appease the animosities that he had caused. With old Mr. Sheridan, whom he had hurt by a sarcasm, he sought reconciliation, but in vain. "Great lords and ladies, too," he said once, "I think give me up . . . they don't like to have their mouths stopped." Others, no doubt, shared the feelings of this sublime class, and after one trial remained away. Some categories of persons he did not seek to conciliate. He hated Whigs with a devout hatred: "the first Whig," he always said, "was the devil." He hated Scotsmen scarcely less, though his hatred came at last to be mainly an opportunity for jests which now afford amusement to the most sensitive patriot. Freethinkers he detested most of all, though he could not resist Wilkes. And in his conversation there was this element of harmless and agreeable gambling. One never knew what side he would take; one never could guess his line of argument, for that was never commonplace; one never knew whether he would be warm or cold, irascible or serene. There was only this certainty, that he would be human, manly, and profoundly interesting.

LOVE OF CLUBS AND SOCIETY.

His natural melancholy made him dread solitude, and he preferred his "seraglio" to a lonely home. But, as visitors were not certain, he sought mankind where he could find it, haunted taverns and founded clubs. His own illustrious club, of which I have the misfortune to be the father, was founded in 1764 at the instance of Reynolds, and still survives in pristine vigour; successful candidates are still apprised of their election in the formula composed by Gibbon. We celebrated our founder's bicentenary this year, as he would have wished, by a full dinner. That club he sedulously cherished so long

as it was composed of a small knot of his most sympathetic friends ; there he long reigned supreme. But its fame drew many candidates of a kind impossible to exclude, but not all congenial. In 1777 it was proposed to increase the number of its members from twenty to thirty, which he approved. "For as we have several in it," he wrote, "with whom I do not much like to consort with, I am for reducing it to a mere miscellaneous collection of conspicuous men without any determinate character." Thenceforward, then, he attended it but little ; but he dined there on June 22, in the last year of his life. But such was his passion for this form of society that but a twelvemonth before his death he not merely resuscitated a small club of his early days which had met in Ivy-lane, but, though moribund, and knowing himself to be on the verge of the grave, he founded a new club at the Essex Head, which he ardently promoted. Reynolds objected to some of the company, and refused to belong, but Johnson was less nice. To him, society of some kind was a necessity of life, a refuge from the dark terrors of solitude ; he had known and enjoyed it in all forms, and so his new club with its dubious element continued, and was prolonged for some years after Johnson's death.

JOHNSON'S RELIGION.

What more remains ? The highest of all, the great Christian soul, the ardent champion and firm bulwark of the faith. It was not always so. For some years, Johnson tells us, he was wholly regardless of religion, indeed, a "lax talker" against it. That was in youthful days. But when after meeting Boswell he comes under our close view all that is changed. This is not to say that he was free from the anguish of doubt, for that is not the impression he gives. But first and last with him stands his religious faith. He was a High Churchman of the old school, sometimes intolerant of Nonconformists, but on the whole of a broad embracing scope. "All Richard Baxter's books are good, read them all," he would say. On other occasions he would speak warmly against the Church of Rome, sometimes defending it so warmly when it was attacked that one of his friends died under the belief that he was of that communion. Finally, he would declare that "all denominations of Christians have really little difference in point of doctrine, though they may differ widely in external form." He was, it may be seen, however strict and earnest, an Anglican himself, large and generous in his comprehension. None the less did his extreme conscientiousness inspire him with an abnormal fear of death, much more than men of infinitely less virtue. "Death, my dear, is very dreadful," he wrote to his stepdaughter ten

months before his end. But when he thought that it was near, he displayed a high composure, and he wrote the most striking of his letters. "Dear Sir, it has pleased God this morning to deprive me of the power of speech; and as I do not know but that it may be His farther good pleasure to deprive me soon of my senses, I request you will on receipt of this note come to me and act for me as the exigencies of my case may require." And when the shadow was finally on him he was able to recognize that what was coming was divine—an angel, though formidable and obscure; and so he passed with serene composure beyond mankind. Men like this are the stay of religion in their time, and for those who come after. Laymen who hold high and pure the standard of their faith do more for Christianity, it may safely be averred, than a multitude of priests. To say this is not to disparage the clergy; rather the reverse, for it implies that their course is regular and habitual. But their championship is felt to be the natural result of their profession and their vows, while the conspicuous layman who is also a conspicuous Christian has all the honours of a volunteer. No one, I think, can doubt that Samuel Johnson and William Ewart Gladstone were priceless champions of their faith, and that their places will not easily be filled. And now we have lingered long enough, perhaps too long, round this absorbing figure, and must perforce leave him. There is a human majesty about him which commands our reverence, for we recognize in him a great intellect, a huge heart, a noble soul. He lived under grievous torments, in dread of doubt, in dread of madness, in terror of death, yet he never flinched; he stood four-square to his own generation as he stands to posterity. We leave him more reluctantly than any of the dead, for he is the only one with whom we can hold converse, and so it is with the conviction that it will not be for long, as life is insipid without him. Therefore we do not say good-bye. Rather let us think that we have only paid one more pilgrimage to his shrine; for though his dust rests with a whole Sahara of various kinds in Westminster Abbey, his memory, which lives throughout the Anglo-Saxon world, is especially green in Fleet-street and in Lichfield. We salute once more with reverence to-day the memory of that brave, manly, tender soul, and pass on with the hope that from his abundant store we may draw some measure of faith and courage to sustain our own lives. (Cheers.)

Presentation of the Freedom of the City to Lord Rosebery.

The MAYOR then called upon the Town Clerk to read the following resolution of the Council, conferring the Freedom of the City and County of Lichfield upon the Earl of Rosebery :—

CITY AND COUNTY OF LICHFIELD.

At a Special Meeting of the Council of this City, held under the provisions of the Honorary Freedom of Boroughs Act, 1885, and pursuant to notice by the Mayor, on Wednesday, the 11th day of August, 1909, at 6 o'clock p.m., in the Guildhall of the said City, it was moved by Herbert Major Morgan, Esq. (the Mayor), seconded by William Arthur Wood, Esq. (the Sheriff), and resolved unanimously : That this Council, recognizing the eminent public services rendered by the Right Honourable the Earl of Rosebery, K.G., do confer the Honorary Freedom of the City and County upon him for the following (amongst other) reasons, viz. :—

In recognition of his lordship's eminent literary attainments, and of his Lordship's kindness in coming to Lichfield to inaugurate the Celebration of the Bicentenary of the great Lexicographer, Essayist, Poet, and Critic, Dr. Samuel Johnson.

And this Council do hereby, in pursuance of the Honorary Freedom of Boroughs Act, 1885, confer upon him the Honorary Freedom of the said City, and do hereby admit the said Right Honourable the Earl of Rosebery, K.G., to be an Honorary Freeman of the said City and County of Lichfield.

(Signed) HERBERT M. MORGAN, Mayor.

HERBERT RUSSELL, Town Clerk.

Guildhall, Lichfield, 11th August, 1909.

The MAYOR remarked that before proceeding to anything else he could not omit to thank Lord Rosebery, on behalf of all present, for the intensely interesting and learned speech which they had heard. (Applause.) In asking his Lordship to accept the freedom of their city, he would say a few words as to its history. It was known as the ancient and loyal city of Lichfield. (Hear, hear.) It was the ancient and loyal city of Lichfield, and the citizens were extremely proud of it. To quote an old saying, they were citizens of no mean city, and they had a history that many larger places of the kingdom and other parts of the world might well be proud of. (Applause.) The old city had had no less than seven Charters granted to it. In 1387 King Richard granted a Charter to them, and

Charters were granted by Edward VI. and Queen Mary in 1553, Queen Elizabeth in 1559, James I. in 1623, Chalmers II. in 1664, and James II. in 1686.

Those Charters showed how ancient the city was and, indeed, they made their history ages ago. Lichfield had already made its history when their great neighbour, Birmingham—which had recently had the honour of being made into a city, and was now acknowledged as the Midland Metropolis—was the village of Bromwicham, with the postal address of “near Walsall,” and by all accounts of the same size and importance as the two other Bromwiches, Westbromwich and Castle Bromwich. Lichfield was called the loyal city, and they had good reason for calling it so. The city was garrisoned on behalf of the King when those unfortunate Parliamentary wars began. It was taken by the Parliamentary forces, and they in turn were besieged by the Loyalists, and it was then garrisoned again on behalf of the King, but finally they had to capitulate for want of provisions. They had, therefore, a history and a noble one. They had also the history of literary men, and at the Old Grammar School and House many celebrated men received their education, including Elias Ashmole, founder of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford; Joseph Addison, the great essayist and writer, whose father was Dean of Lichfield; and David Garrick; and five boys, who afterwards became Judges of the High Court and sat together on the Bench at the same period, their names being Lord Chief Justice Willes, Lord Chief Justice Wilmot, Lord Chief Baron Parker, Mr. Justice Noel, and Sir Richard Lloyd, Baron of the Exchequer. Besides that, Erasmus Darwin was for 25 years resident at Lichfield. Their Grammar School was proud of its great scholars, and even Eton might be proud of such a record. In asking Lord Rosebery to accept the Freedom of the City, with the casket which contained it, his Worship said his Lordship had added to his other favours by allowing the casket and address to remain on exhibition at the Loan Exhibition during the time it was open, and he was sure there were hundreds who would like to see them there. (Applause.)

The MAYOR, amid loud applause, then presented the casket and address to Lord Rosebery.

The casket is made of a beautiful piece of figured brown oak, from a tree on the estate of Lord Bagot at Blithfield, and is oblong in form. It is fourteen inches in length, eight inches in width, and seven inches high. The body is quite straight, standing on carved feet. The sides and ends are richly carved with a foliage design. On one side supporting a shield is carved the arms of the city of Lichfield with a ribbon “Civitas de Lichfield.” The other side is mounted with a silver plate with the following inscription:—“City and County of Lichfield. Pre-

sented to the Right Honourable the Earl of Rosebery, K.G., with the Honorary Freedom of the City, on the occasion of the Johnson Bicentenary, 1909." On one end is depicted in carved relief the house where Dr. Johnson was born, and on the other end the famous tree, known as Johnson's willow, near the parchment factory owned by Johnson's father. The lid of the casket has upon it a carved edging surmounted by the arms of Rosebery, within the motto, 'Fide et Fiducia.' The lock and fittings are of silvered metal. The casket was designed and executed by Messrs. Robert Bridgeman and Sons, sculptors, of Lichfield. The scroll placed with the casket consists of a skin of vellum, 30 inches long by eight inches wide, on which are the words of the resolution given above. The scroll had been most artistically engrossed by Mr. E. Morton, of Birmingham.

LORD ROSEBERY, in reply, said:—Mr. Mayor, I am deeply honoured by the freedom of this ancient city which you have been so good as to bestow upon me to-day. I am deeply conscious of how unworthy I am to possess it, for I rank these honours, conferred by the free will of one's fellow-countrymen, as the greatest that any individual can receive, and therefore it is with profound gratitude that I accept at your hands this franchise contained in this beautiful casket, which, I can assure you, shall remain with me and mine as long as any form of property is allowed to exist. (Laughter and cheers.) It is indeed a great honour—with, I think, only one other person in the same position—to have been made an honorary burgess of a city so ancient and so renowned from its historical and literary associations as the city of Lichfield. I am on this occasion unable to investigate the seven charters that the Mayor recited to us with so just a solemnity. (Laughter.) I do not quite understand why your freedom required such constant renewal and fortification (laughter); that, I suppose, would appear on exploration of the original deeds—a task which I am not inclined to undertake. (Laughter.) But what you have said about the city, is, I think, strikingly true—its association with remarkable men. Its education of eminent men is perhaps unmatched by any city of the same size. In your catalogue, Mr. Mayor, you omitted one essential feature, if I may say so. You boasted of Addison having been educated here, but you did not mention that Addison's scholastic course here was distinguished by only one circumstance—a barring out of a prolonged character—the only dubious transaction in which that blameless person, I suppose, was ever engaged. (Laughter.) But I think there is nothing more striking than what you have said about the five Judges who were simultaneously educated at Lichfield Grammar School and sat on the Bench at the same time. I doubt if there

is any city that can match such a record as that. But, after all, is not the whole literary society of Lichfield in the 18th century very remarkable for a community which had less than 4,000 inhabitants? You had the family of Seward, and the family of Darwin, the giant form of Johnson and the matchless reputation of Garrick, all connected with this little town; and I feel quite certain that there is no other community of the same size in the United Kingdom which could match that record. (Cheers.) You, Sir, have spoken in eulogistic terms of Birmingham. That was not the case always with the remarkable man whom we are commemorating to-day. When Boswell spoke disparagingly of your town, and compared the smallness of Lichfield with the greatness and activity of Birmingham, the lexicographer replied:—"Sir, we are a city of philosophers; we work with our heads, and make the boobies of Birmingham work for us with their hands." (Laughter.) And on another occasion he spoke of the people of Lichfield as the most sober, decent people in England; the genteelest in proportion to their wealth, and who spoke the purest English. Into such a community, Mr. Mayor, I am sincerely proud to be adopted. (Loud cheers.)

The proceedings at the Guildhall then terminated.

Public Luncheon at St. James's Hall.

At the close of the ceremony at the Guildhall, Lord Rosebery was entertained at luncheon at the St. James's Hall, which was filled in every part by a large and representative gathering. The hall was tastefully decorated and adorned with the names of Lichfield worthies. The following is a list of the company in the order in which they applied to the Town Clerk for tickets:—Mr. F. H. Bull, Councillor Hall, Mr. F. W. Gilbert, Mr. H. W. Bruton, Sir John Thursby, Bart., H. E. Baron Grosse von Zerbst, Mr. A. Freer, Mr. T. Levett Prinsep, Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell, Viscount Halifax, Sir Robert Gresley, the Hon. F. Meynell, the Hon. E. Wood, Mr. F. Meynell, Mr. E. Meynell, the Hon. A. Elliot, Lady Grenfell, Viscountess Halifax, Lady F. Gresley, Baroness D'Erlanger, Lady M. Meynell, Lady Mabel Lindsay, Mr. G. Ashmall, Councillor Wigham, Councillor Coleridge-Roberts, the Mayor of Lichfield, Mr. A. T. Levet, Col. Courtenay Warner, C.B., M.P., Mr. A. W. Barnes, Mr. A. H. Barnes, Mr. W. A. Sanders, Councillor Andrews, Mr. F. J. Hall, Mr. R. Samble, Mr. R. Bridgeman, Miss Constance Hill, Mr. S. A. Grundy-Newman, Mr. W. E. Sutcliffe, Councillor Haynes, Mr. J. Sargeant, Mr. H. S. Gettings, Mrs. Lomax, Mr. W. Boycott, Councillor Harradine, Mr. G. H. Radford, M.P., Mr. G. F. McDonald, Mrs. P. S. Foster, the Rev. W. Fuller,

Lady Margaret Levett, Capt. Harrison, Mr. Arthur Chetwynd, Lady Berkeley Paget, Dr. Clark, Mr. W. R. Holland, Mr. W. F. Young, Mr. H. S. Cooper, Councillor Burton, Mr. S. Madan, Mr. J. F. Garmstone, Mr. D. Burrell, the Lord Bishop of Lichfield, Mrs. W. M. Richards, the Rev. E. Samson, Mrs. Samson, Mr. Lloyd Kenyon, Mrs. Lloyd Kenyon, Miss Gresley, Mrs. Bridgeman, Mr. W. E. Pead, Mr. E. Parkes, the Town Clerk of Lichfield and Mrs. Russell, Mr. C. R. Dawes, Mr. Linnell, Mrs. and Miss Colegate, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Russell, Mr. W. Brockson, Alderman Fowler, General and Mrs. Archdale, the Rev. O. W. Steele, Lady Cooper, Mrs. Boycott, Sir Charles M. Wolseley, Bart., Sir Reginald Hardy, Bart., Mr. J. Matthews, the Sheriff of Lichfield and Mrs. Wood, Mr. R. J. Barnes, Councillor and Mrs. Benson, Mr. R. T. Martin, Mr. W. Barlow, Mr. W. J. Mercer, Capt. Longstaff, Judge Parmenter, Mr. T. A. Negus, Sir Charles Forster, Bart., Mr. A. J. Williams, Mr. A. D. Parker, the Rev. M. Hardey, Mr. A. R. Shaw, Councillor Larkin, Mr. C. H. Davis, Mrs. Averill, Miss Wood, Councillor Raby, Mr. F. D. Winterton, Mr. H. Bengar, Miss C. S. Burne, Mr. C. Tyldesley, Mr. E. H. Eglinton, Col. Swinfen-Brown, Bishop Were, Councillor Winterton, Councillor Welchman, Mr. S. Heath, Mr. Richard Green, Sir Robert White-Thompson, Alderman Walmesley, the Very Rev. the Dean of Lichfield, Professor Lindsay, Miss Harvey, Mr. E. Wiseman, Mr. C. R. Moir, Col. Bulwer, Mr. A. W. Whisson, Mr. C. A. Hedges, Mr. James Tregaskis, Mr. C. F. Cast, Mr. Howard Unwin, Mr. F. G. Clarke, Archdeacon Hodgson, Mr. James Beech, Mr. H. B. Cast, Councillor Pillsbury, Mr. Bennett May, Mr. J. A. Leckie, Mr. W. Morrison, Mr. G. Birch, Capt. Wise, Councillor Deacon, Councillor Bamford, Dr. Coates, Mr. T. Cox, Mr. A. L. Reade, Mr. A. J. Lewis. The Hon. A. Elliott and Baroness D'Erlanger were prevented at the last moment from attending. The catering was carried out in a satisfactory manner by Mr. H. B. Cast, manager of the George Hotel. Before luncheon, the Rev. W. Fuller, rector of St. Chad's, recited the Latin Grace used in the time of Johnson at Pembroke College, Oxford.

The MAYOR, in submitting the toast of "Church and King, Weal and Worship," said it was the toast that had been observed in the city from time immemorial.

The MAYOR then proposed "Our Newly-admitted Honorary Freeman," and said he thought they would agree that if anyone came 120 miles all the way to Lichfield, and one who, if they would allow him to say so, was one of the most eloquent public speakers of the day, he deserved their cordial greeting. When they remembered that Lord Rosebery had served the country in many capacities, finally

as Premier, they felt highly honoured by his Lordship's presence. (Applause.) He asked them to drink to the health of Lord Rosebery, their newly-elected honorary freeman. (Applause.)

The toast was received with musical honours and the singing of "He's a jolly good fellow."

LORD ROSEBERY, who was received with applause, said he would like to interpret the meaning of their kind cheers as a wish that he should make but a brief response. He had already replied, in another hall, to the honour that had been done him in making him a freeman of the City of Lichfield, and he could reiterate nothing except what would accentuate what he had said. It was a great honour. He spoke in no conventional sense when he said so. When the Mayor spoke of it as a not excessive reward for coming 120 miles, he might say that during part of the journey he fell asleep over his own speech with a dismal apprehension as to what his audience would do the next day. When he made that admission he thought they would feel the reward was excessive. However, it was a great privilege to be allowed to come to that really sacred spot and to lay one more wreath of immortelles on the tomb of a great man. Noticing the names of various local worthies on the front of the balconies, Lord Rosebery asked if they were all his fellow freemen. (Cries of "No, no!" and laughter.) If they were, he would like to discuss with them at some length, but as they were not he would spare the audience that infliction. (Renewed laughter.) One name that stood out prominently was that of Thomas Day. He was the man who wrote "Sandford and Merton," and when they thought of all those whom he made suffer, for his book was the only one that used to be allowed for relaxation on saints' and holy days, he thought he might be pardoned if he felt some reluctance to being placed in the same category as Thomas Day. (Laughter.) If anything made him dislike his memory it would be the knowledge he subsequently acquired of Day. He reared a young woman to become his wife. She became an extremely well-educated woman—so well-educated, in fact, that she took a strong dislike to Thomas Day—(laughter)—and the marriage, he thought, never took place. Turning to the name of Lucy Porter, Lord Rosebery asked under what guise she came there. They knew that Johnson wrote several letters to her, but he was not aware they possessed a single one from her in return. So she could hardly be called a literary character. (Laughter.) He would not go through the list; but as a visitor, as a freeman, as an honest and sincere admirer of the great man whom they had met to commemorate, would wish a long, prosperous, and historical career to the city of which he was the newest burgess. (Applause.)

In submitting the toast of "Our Visitors," the BISHOP of LICHFIELD asked what it was that had brought that representative company to that ancient and loyal but small city. It was no doubt in order to listen to the wonderfully eloquent and discriminating address of Lord Rosebery on the life and character of Dr. Johnson, and because they themselves felt a deep interest in that life as portrayed to them. It was because Samuel Johnson was not only a typical John Bull, but also that thorough human being described to them. Speaking of Johnson in his relation to the Church his lordship said the Doctor had the greatest possible respect for the hierarchy. He candidly confessed that in his time bishops were not necessarily all they ought to be, and probably they were not now, but when challenged by Sir Adam Fergusson to say whether they should occupy seats in the House of Lords he defended them and said if they were not proper persons to be in that House it was not their fault, but the fault of those who appointed them. (Laughter.)

Sir JOHN THURSBY, Bart., replying to the toast, said those who had been before to their town always returned to it with great pleasure. They had received many courtesies and kindnesses from its inhabitants, and they endorsed the words of Dr. Johnson:—"The people are orthodox in religion, pure in language, and of great politeness in manners." (Applause.) Those who had not been to the town before must be struck with the beauty of the place, the beauty of the spires of the Cathedral that so beautifully crowned their vale, and could not fail to take an interest in their historical scenes. (Hear, hear.) They had all spent a most enjoyable morning, possibly with the exception of Lord Rosebery—(laughter)—and he would see that his self-sacrifice had been rewarded by their enjoyment. (Applause.) The Mayor had referred to their seven charters, but the granting of charters to boroughs in the old days was an opportunity on the part of the Exchequer to exact a certain sum of money from the boroughs in return. He was told that these charters were a mark of the cleverness of the Council, and he was sure they had a most competent Council. Lord Rosebery had pictured in the other hall what a feeling they would have if the shade of Dr. Johnson appeared in person, and if his shade could hover over them he did not think he would have disdained to have been present at that banquet, as well as at the intellectual feast provided that morning. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) If he could have been present he would have found that the man who was their youngest citizen, who had been Prime Minister of the country, and who was now the most trusted counsellor of the Empire—(protracted applause)—his shade might well have retired proud that such a man had come down to honour his 200th anniversary. (Renewed applause.)

The toast of "The Chairman" was proposed by the Hon. F. L. MEYNELL, who remarked that they knew what the Mayor had done for the city of Lichfield. He had attended many ceremonies connected with the bicentenary, and they had entailed an enormous amount of work and trouble. They offered him their congratulations for the admirable way in which everything had been carried out, and for the courtesy and consideration he had shown during all the proceedings. (Hear, hear.) He was also sure the Mayor had received a great deal of assistance from the Mayoress. (Applause.)

The MAYOR, in reply, said he wished to acknowledge the great help which had been rendered by the various committees. He had at first asked that the toast of his health should be left out, but was told that it must be included—(a Voice: "Quite right")—and he was glad it was so, because it enabled him to return thanks to many who had assisted them in the commemoration. They regretted the absence of Lord Anglesey, the Lord-Lieutenant of the County and Lady Dartmouth, and Lord and Lady Lichfield, as well as Mr. Worthington, of Maple Hayes, the County Councillor for the city. He thanked Mr. and Lady Mary Meynell for bringing a large house party to support Lord Rosebery, and went on to express regret that the accommodation of that hall had precluded the issue of further tickets. He also thanked the Dramatic Society for the use of the hall and stage, the donors of flags, and the Bishop of the Diocese for remaining with them when he had made arrangements to go to Shrewsbury. He had an announcement to make that would be extremely agreeable to Lichfield people, and he hoped it would be also appreciated by visitors. An old student at the Grammar School, Sir Thomas Hewitt, K.C., of London, who had been a great benefactor to Lichfield, and had given to the Corporation some extremely handsome silver-plate in memory of his father having been Mayor and Sheriff of Lichfield; also a very handsome present of £600 in funds as the nucleus of six scholarships at the Grammar School—(applause)—wrote regretting that he could not be with them that day, and enclosing a handsome donation of 50 guineas to be placed to the fund for a Johnson scholarship. (Applause.) Sir Thomas's idea was to create a nucleus for six scholarships for the future, and they hoped that a scholarship at Oxford would become an accomplished fact. Some time ago the Mayor made an appeal to the children of the various schools to obtain contributions in pence to provide memorials of the bicentenary. He had received the donations, and when the proper time came there would be trees planted in various parts of the city. (Applause.) He was grateful to them for their reception of the toast, and he hoped that any little shortcomings in the seating arrangements would be

overlooked. They had done their best, and could do no more. (Applause.)

The Lichfield Company of Boy Scouts paraded in front of the hall while the luncheon was proceeding, under the command of Scout-Master Cyril A. Brown, and on the luncheon party separating they were inspected by Lord Rosebery and Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell with evident interest and pleasure.

Afterwards Lord Rosebery paid a kindly and sympathetic visit to Alderman A. C. Lomax, the venerable chairman of the Johnson Birthplace Committee, who was prevented by his increasing infirmities from taking part in the proceedings, and remained with him for some time in conversation at his residence in Bore-street. From thence he proceeded to the Cathedral in which edifice and its sacred memorials he evinced great interest.

Prize Day at Lichfield Grammar School.

JOHNSON AND HIS SCHOOL-DAYS.

The second day of the celebration was unfortunately marred by dull and showery weather, but the programme arranged was carried out in its entirety and with complete satisfaction and success. Under the direction of the Sheriff and the appointed guides, visits were paid to the various places of interest in and around the City connected with Johnson and his contemporaries. The principal function was the annual distribution of prizes at the Lichfield Grammar School, where a large and influential company assembled, and a striking address on Johnson and his school-days was delivered by Mr. John Sargeaunt, M.A., of Westminster School, and a member of the Johnson Club. Mr. H. S. Cooper, M.A., the head-master, presided, and was supported on the platform by Mr. Sargeaunt, the Mayor (Alderman H. M. Morgan), the Sheriff (Mr. W. A. Wood), and the Town Clerk (Mr. Herbert Russell).

The HEAD-MASTER said when the proposal was made to him in the spring that that celebration should be counted part of the Johnson celebration he was glad to agree to the suggestion, and he thanked the committee for the opportunity of taking part in the celebration, while he was also glad to welcome such a large and representative gathering. He was there as an unworthy successor of that much-maligned man, the Rev. John Hunter, who after all had a good deal to do with the life of Lichfield. A Prebendary of the Cathedral, through his second daughter, he became the grandfather of Anna Seward, and was afterwards a connection of Johnson's, for his second wife was the cousin of the lady of whom they heard on the previous day. As far as he could make out, Johnson came to the Grammar School in the beginning of 1717, when seven years

old, and stayed with them until he was fifteen years old. He emphasized that fact because he had not seen it mentioned in any biography. It meant that he remained at that Grammar School for eight years. On such an occasion as that it was usual for the head-master to go through the events of the previous year, but he did not propose to do so that day. He believed that school was fulfilling the purpose for which it was founded in giving a good education to the boys of Lichfield. Some boys, like Addison, used the school as a preparatory school, and there were former members of the school at King's School, Canterbury, Sedbergh, Shrewsbury, Oundle, Uppingham, and Rugby. There was one event he could not pass over—he meant the severe loss the school had sustained by the death of the late Chairman of Governors, Dean Luckock. It was through him alone that they were gathered in that room that day. When he was appointed Chairman of the Governors they were still in the old school, which, however interesting from its historical associations, possessed accommodation altogether inadequate to modern requirements. When the Dean took a thing in hand, they could be certain that it was done thoroughly; as soon as he became Chairman of the Governors, and embarked on this scheme, he was not deterred by the delays of public offices or the difficulties caused by the architect or surveyor. He gathered the money, and, when that collected was found to be insufficient, an additional sum. He journeyed to London more than once to interview the Charity Commissioners and other bodies, and gave himself no rest until he was able to hand over that building to the Governors free of debt. He hoped before long to place on the walls of that room his portrait, and, as opportunity offered, he would like to place there the portraits of the many celebrated men who had been educated there. It was a great disappointment to the Dean the school was not filled as soon as it was built. There were various reasons for that; one drawback as likely to be removed, because at present there was no leaving exhibition from the school to the universities. The question of founding an exhibition at the school came up when the Johnson Bicentenary was first discussed and was dropped, but now it was being taken up again. If anything could be done he should welcome it most heartily, for he was sure that if an exhibition were founded it would prove not only a permanent memorial of this most interesting celebration, but also a benefit to Johnson's old school. (Loud applause.) Owing to his illness, he was away a large part of last term, and he thanked Mr. McLaughlin for his conduct of the school in his absence, loyally supported as he was by the staff and boys.

ADDRESS BY MR. JOHN SARGEAUNT.

Mr. SARGEAUNT, who was cordially greeted, then delivered a highly-interesting address. He said :— When I was honoured with the invitation to address you here on the great ornament of your ancient school, I reflected that in some ways my task would be easy, because there is no aspect of Johnson that does not present points of interest and afford lessons of value, because you must be ready to return to Johnson some measure of that honour which he confers upon you, and because you remember how he himself said in his life of your other great schoolfellow, Joseph Addison, that "not to name the school or the masters of men illustrious in literature is a kind of historical fraud, by which honest fame is injuriously diminished. And yet I may find two obstacles at the start. The first is that youth is apt to live in the present, and the younger among you may think that Johnson lived long ago and it does not much matter now. Well, it is not so long ago. Only the day before yesterday I dined with an aged lady who saw and still remembers a famous dame to whom in her youth Johnson was much devoted and to whom he once said, with a mixture of straightforwardness and affection, "Dearest, you are a dunce." Now, if my mother remembers Lady Cork, and Lady Cork when she was the beautiful Miss Monckton was kissed by Dr. Johnson, don't you think you can still almost hear the smack of his lips? Then, again, some of you may think that Johnson was only what the Scottish Judge contemptuously called "an auld dominie," nothing but an old schoolmaster, and that possibly not of the most sympathetic type. He had suffered in infancy from a brutal pedagogue, who, as he whipt his pupils, would say with each stroke, "This I do to save you from the gallows." Yet Johnson lamented the decay of flogging, declaring that without it boys, if they suffered less, also got less into their heads, or as he put it with a directness now somewhat out of fashion, they lose at one end what they gain at the other. But there is also something on the other side. Johnson was against all holiday tasks, which he described as "poisoning the hour of permitted pleasure," and he induced Dr. Seward to abolish them here, and probably some among you would rather face the whippings than one holiday task. And there is an incident in Johnson's life which may come yet nearer to your hearts. Once in the time of his early struggles, a Charterhouse boy from Lichfield was sent to call upon him. Johnson gave his visitor some good advice and also half a guinea, and this at a time when he probably had not another half-guinea in the world. Suppose that one of your grown-up friends were to tip you with the whole of his balance at the bank, how happy

you would be and it is not for me to follow some stern moralist in adding how bad it would be for you. Now if you will set the half-guinea and the annulment of the holiday task against the tears which follow the rod, we shall be able to start clear and see whether as boys you may learn something from Samuel Johnson.

Now you know that man, as Aristotle said, is an imitative animal. He can imitate things intellectual and things moral. Since the former is the easier work, I will leave for the moment the more important matter of Johnson's character, and ask your attention to one, and one only, of the things which made him into a man of letters, into a genius fit, as Boswell's uncle put it, to grapple with whole libraries. This power he certainly got, and we must ask how. It was not due in the main to his instructors. His education was imperfect and broken. He was only sixteen when he left your school to go to another at Stourbridge, and you, at any rate, will maintain that this was a change for the worse. Even when he left Stourbridge he was but seventeen, and for a time he had no instructors at all. When at the age of nineteen he was sent to Oxford there was not much improvement in this point. His college was not the most distinguished, and he was too poor, too shy and awkward to take much part in the intellectual life of the place. His tutors did little for him, and even a devoted son of Oxford must admit that the University was not at that period doing its full duty in the world of intellect. Even this education at Oxford, such as it was, did not run its full course. Driven away by poverty, Johnson returned to Lichfield without a degree, without a profession, and without a penny. Yet he was already a scholar, equipt, that is to say, with those three qualities without which no man has a claim to the title—the power of judgment, the possession of learning, and the readiness to learn more. In knowledge of Latin he surpassed all men of his years and all but a few of his elders. If his Greek was less sound, we must remember that in those days few men had much Greek, that Lord Carteret, who was accounted a master of the language, wrote it in sentences for which you would be punished, and that a Greek Professor of the time could confound the *Æolian* lyre with the *Æolian* harp. The spirit of Johnson doubtless desires me to add that this professor was not an Oxford man, but I fear that in Greek the tutors of Pembroke were already behind their pupil. Then Johnson already had a good knowledge of English literature and some acquaintance with Continental authors. He cared little for history, but his indifference was not based upon ignorance. His learning for his years was extraordinary. How had he got it all? You will tell me that he had a marvellous memory, that while he was still a child in

petticoats he could learn & collect by heart in less time that it took his mother to walk upstairs. Well, memory helps, but memory is largely a matter of attention. We could most of us do the same if we tried, if we abstracted ourselves from diversions. Mrs. Piozzi tells us that when Johnson had a book in his hand "he would be quite lost to company and withdraw all his attention to what he was reading without the smallest knowledge or care about the noise made around him." Again, you will tell me that he read fast, that he tore the heart out of a book. Yes that, too, helped; but there is something else. He read everything that came in his way. Often he did not read the whole book. "Do you read a book through?" is a contemptuous question which he once put. But he read what was worth reading in it. Doubtless there were then, as there are now, books, magazines, newspapers, in which the legible residuum was almost microscopic. We cannot think of Johnson spending much time over the——, well, you may fill in the name as you like. But the point is that Johnson was always ready to read anything that might be of service from any point of view. He was never, it may be, what he called a close student, and what some of you might perhaps call a mug or a sot, but he used to advise young people, as Mrs. Piozzi puts it in her charming ungrammatical way, never to be without a book in their pocket and to read at bye-times when they had nothing else to do. "It has been by that means," he said once to a boy at the Thrales' house, "that all my knowledge has been gained, except what I have picked up by running about the world with my wits ready to observe." At the age of eighteen he read not works of mere amusement, but all literature, all ancient writers, all manly, and, when he went to Oxford, what he read solidly was Greek. "Choose," he said, "a particular branch to excel in, but acquire a little of every kind." There you have it all. His secret is open. What he did he did for himself by the determination to read and to observe. He was idle at times. We all are, except the gentlemen whom we don't mention. It is a disease, said Johnson, which must be combated, and you are to combat it by reading just as inclination leads you. Yes, but remember that our inclinations are largely under our own control. Johnson turned his inclination to reading sound stuff, and all this reading and observation sooner or later was turned to his service. He used it as a critic, as an essayist, as a biographer, as a lexicographer, and above all as a practical man of the world. By it he earned bread for himself and for those helpless dependents with whom he shared all that he had, and by it he built his everlasting fame. And when you hear someone ask, as unhappily you may hear someone ask, what is the good of this or that or

another branch of learning to a boy who is destined to be this thing or that thing or the other things say to that man, "I am a boy reared in the school which reared Johnson, and we of Johnson's school are agreed that that is a question which should not be asked." And you may add, if you like, that they who have done best in the world and for the world are not those who in their boyhood have calculated too precisely the possible value of their immediate task.

Now, when we come to the question of imitating Johnson's character, certain distinctions must be made. To do a thing simply because another does it is a grievous folly. You don't think much of a small boy who tries to ape the captain of the school or the eleven. To imitate things external and accidental is work for a stage-player. It was all very well for Garrick to represent Johnson busying himself with brandy and lemons, and asking "Who's for poonch?" In fact, there were certain external and accidental things in Johnson which have made some people wrongly dislike him, and which you would not do well to imitate. You know that he was called *Ursa Major*, the Greater Bear, and, although Goldsmith very finely said that Johnson had nothing of the bear but the skin, people sometimes thought that he had also the claws. The skin can hardly be denied, and one would not recommend you, if you were staying in a strange house and found a candle burn badly, to turn it upside down and let the superfluous grease mark your host's carpet. I put these things coarsely lest anyone should say that we gloss Johnson's faults. One would not advise you, either now or in the strength of manhood, to drink three bottles of port at a sitting, a feat easily accomplished by Johnson in that ancient college at Oxford of which I am a humble member. One would not advise you to follow Johnson in asking for a fourteenth cup of tea. Such things are done. I had an amiable kinsman, a prebendary of a famous Cathedral, who maintained in later life his schoolboy habit of eating ten eggs for breakfast. I could point out to you an officer in the Army who once as a schoolboy, on Shrove Tuesday, accounted for 12 pancakes. These be the deeds of demigods, and, whatever Johnson could do, you and I must leave them alone, and, however hungry we may be, we should not so "wolf" our victuals that the veins stand out on the forehead and the sweat mingles with the gravy. But when you hear these things quoted against Johnson, you may just as well remember that for many years Johnson was a teetotaller, and that during one period of every year in his life as a man he practised fasting, and this not because he thought he was bound to fast as a Christian but as an exercise in self-control. Then, again, as regards mere opinions, there is no reason why

anyone of you should be a Tory because Johnson was a Tory. Don't mistake me. There is equally little reason why any one of you should be a Whig because Johnson was not. His political opinions do not matter one way or the other. What does matter is this: In his heart he hated tyranny and oppression in whatever form it presented itself. For instance, he was one of the few men who in those days spoke out against the system of slavery. He outraged public sentiment, which in this case was a pseudonym for private interest, by drinking success to the next insurrection of negro slaves. When a West India planter and slave-owner died, Johnson's remark was this:—"He will not, I believe, whither he is now gone, find much difference either in the climate or in the company." Here even the faithful Boswell could not agree with him, and was driven, in lieu of argument, to thank God that we had a House of Lords, which would stand by the slave-trade and the rights of property. One lesson here is evident. Our age—for the matter of that, every age—is apt to mistake a phrase for an argument. Let us leave free this best side of Johnson's mind, whatever views we may adopt—political, social, and religious—not to be the slaves of other's phrases, or even of our own, not to find a formula and narrow our minds to it, nor to shut the door against the reformation of our thought.

But now in the matter of ethics: If you ask in what one point you may most profitably imitate Johnson's character, I should say that it is in his noble independence. We know that there are many things in which we ought to be, in which we cannot help being, dependent upon others, and the first of these is that personal affection without which no man can live. Here Johnson was dependent enough; as he gave love, so he desired it, and that he got it you all know. But where independence is right, there above all things he was independent. I will give you two illustrations—the one trivial, the other not. Mrs. Piozzi, though she professed to have been troubled by the way in which Johnson made himself at home in her husband's house, Mrs. Piozzi admitted that Johnson "required less attendance, sick or well, than ever I saw any human creature." Think of the many things which we expect others to do for us, when we might just as well do them for ourselves, were it not for laziness or for pride. Wrong pride, remember! The son of the Lichfield bookseller was a proud man, but, as Mrs. Piozzi nobly remarks, his pride was purified from meanness and from vanity. The other illustration which I will give you is one of which you can hardly think too often or too deeply. We all have a tendency to throw blame upon others; to say it was Tommy's fault; not mine. A man who does not prosper as much as he desires will blame not himself, but the

social system under which he lives. That was not Johnson's way. Do you remember that once, when he was still a young but already a married man, he was driven by lack of means for hiring a lodging to walk all night with his friend Savage round and round St. James's-square? There are two things, either of which a man of a certain stamp might in that dire distress have chosen to do. He might have turned reckless and said "The world does nothing for me, why should I do anything for the world? My country is a cruel mother; why should I love her?" That was not Johnson's way. Or a man might have disowned his principles; might have gone to Sir Robert Walpole and said:—"I disagree with you, but give me a salary and I will write in your defence." And that was not Johnson's way. He inveighed against the Minister, and he vowed that he would stand by his country. Now it is possible—and possibilities ought to be faced—that some of you may live to see, for good or for evil, great social changes in the world. The moral that I would point will hold equally whether such changes come or not. Do not imagine that in any social state things will be made easy for you: do not cherish the vain hope that merit will always get its immediate reward; do not let anyone fancy that the faults which are really in himself are the faults of the world in which he lives. If you have to go through the mill, as Johnson did—though I hope none of you may be ground quite so fine as he was—remember what he said in that hour of his extremest need. Hungry and thirsty, his soul did not faint within him, and he vowed that he would stand by his country. Yes, follow Johnson; not in his oddities and his roughnesses; not in his prejudices and his waywardness; not necessarily in his opinions; not certainly in his unaccountable fear of death; but follow him in his manly piety and manly pride, in his resolute independence and unwavering stoutness of heart. Then when the time comes for you to put off this frail covering, whether that time come soon or, as it came to Johnson, after more than threescore years and ten, then, whatever fears you may have each for himself—and for himself Johnson had many and grievous fears—your friends at least will have no doubt that after a life so spent you are entered into the everlasting kingdom.

Let me end, not with any poor words of my own, but with the voice of the master. The lines that I shall read to you were, indeed, suggested by the work of an eloquent Roman, but, unlike most imitations, they have grown under Johnson's pen in force and in reality. And remember that when he wrote them his position was still unassured; he was still living from hand-to-mouth. The lines are these:—

" Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
 But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice.
 Safe in His Power, whose eyes discern afar
 The secret ambush of a specious pray'r.
 Implore His aid, in His decisions rest,
 Secure whate'er He gives : He gives the best.
 Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires
 And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
 Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
 Obedient passions, and a will resign'd,
 For love which scarce collected man can fill,
 For patience sovran o'er transmuted ill,
 For faith that panting for a happier seat
 Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat ;
 These goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain,
 These goods He grants Who grants the pow'r to
 gain ;

With these celestial wisdom calms the mind
 And makes the happiness she does not find."

—(Loud applause.)

The MAYOR, in moving a cordial vote of thanks to Mr. Sargeaunt, said they had listened to an eloquent and excellent address : and the boys would find in it much advice which they might well take. It was not often they had the benefit of a Johnsonian scholar addressing them on such an occasion.

The SHERIFF, in seconding the vote, mentioned that in 1870 he was called the head boy of the school, and it fell to his lot to call for three cheers for a gentleman who presented the prizes—the Rev. J. J. Serjeantson, then rector of St. Michael's. He had been the guest of the Johnson Club in London, and last year had the pleasure of hearing an address by Mr. Sargeaunt, whom they were glad to see that day. (Applause.)

The vote was carried with much applause.

Mr. SARGEAUNT responded, and said he did not think any man was entitled to thanks for a labour of love. (Applause.) A Westminster man was always glad to visit a Cathedral City because he was sure to find Westminsters on the list of its Bishops and Deans. Since all the English-speaking world owned its debt to Lichfield, it might be pardonable to say that Lichfield owed something to Westminster, since Bishop Hackett, the restorer of the cathedral, was a Westminster boy, with a life-long devotion to his old school.

The HEAD-MASTER mentioned that the Examiner had reported that he was very well satisfied with the papers sent in. The scholars had successfully tackled the questions, which had not been easy, and he congratulated them and the school on the success attained. (Applause.)

The MAYOR then presented the prizes as follow :—
 Hewitt Prizes : Addison prize for English essay, J. Dolby ; Ashmole prize, for mathematics, C. J. Derry ; Darwin prize, for science, F. M. Allen ;

Garrick Prize, for a dramatic subject, C. J. Derry ; Johnson Prize, for languages, C. F. Laughton ; the Five Judges' prize, for history, senior, F. G. Barker ; junior, J. B. Mackinlay ; Garrick second prize (presented by G. R. Benson, Esq.), C. F. Laughton. Divinity (presented by the Head-master), F. G. Barker ; junior, F. B. Mackinlay ; good work, J. G. Wood ; French and Latin Grammar (under 14), R. Topliss ; arithmetic (under 13), B. E. Hill ; arithmetic (under 12), A. Poynton. Form prizes : Form IV. (presented by the Rev. D. R. Norman), T. T. Johnson ; Form III (presented by A. O. Worthington, Esq.), J. B. Mackinlay ; Form II. (presented by the Executors of the late Rev. W. F. Dawson), W. F. Palmer ; Form I., F. Phillips. French prize (presented by M. Guerra), A. Poynton. Birmingham Matriculation, senior school certificate, J. Dolby ; junior, F. M. Allen. Presented by Mr. A. M. Broadley, English history, F. L. Cooper ; English essay, G. H. Fuller ; English literature, G. A. Lowther.

The MAYOR added that he wished to congratulate the Head-master on his presence once more among them, and he congratulated the School on having him back. The gentleman who had his place had done admirably, but the boys and people of Lichfield were glad to see Mr. Cooper back again. (Applause.) He hoped the air of Switzerland had had a great effect in restoring him to health.

The proceedings then terminated, and subsequently tea was provided for the visitors.

Johnson, Garrick and Shakespeare.

Lecture by Dr. Sidney Lee.

Great interest was manifested in the lecture by Mr. Sidney Lee, D.Litt., LL.D., chairman of the Shakespeare Birthplace Trustees, on "Johnson, Garrick, and Shakespeare." which took place on Friday afternoon, at the Guildhall. People travelled from distant parts of the country to hear the famous lecturer on the trilogy of great men he had chosen for his subject, and he was followed with intense interest by a large and critical audience. The new Dean of Lichfield (the Very Rev. H. E. Savage), made his first public appearance as chairman on the occasion, and met with a cordial reception.

The DEAN said a high privilege had been given to him to take the chair, but he wondered how many were getting a little tired of the commemoration and a little tired of Dr. Johnson. They might be as tired as they liked next week, but it was not yet time to let that feeling

master the attendance at the celebration. As one of the London daily papers noticed, there had been a wonderful outburst of welcome from the citizens to their guests from all parts of the country and beyond. A remark was made to him by a stranger from a distance, with a sneer, that no doubt the commemoration had been partly an advertisement for the town. He asked in what way it could be supposed to bring any commercial advantage to the City. He asked him if he was a subscriber, and he was not; but, apart from that, the whole spirit in which this commemoration had been observed was a singular manifestation of good will and generous altruism. (Applause.) He was stranger enough here, as a new-comer, to be able to wonder, and to express his wonder, at the generosity which had been shown by the citizens of the place. Now, as a resident here, he was allowed to take that part in the commemoration, and so to extend on behalf of everyone a continued welcome to those who had come into the City for this occasion. (Applause.) Especially was it marked by the way in which private houses had been thrown open to visitors who desired to see the links with the past. They could not suppose that everyone in Lichfield really understood even the major part of what might be known about Dr. Johnson. With various people he found a general impression, a very good one, that he was a great man, and that he was theirs. (Applause.) The great feature that made Johnson stand out before all others was his distinction in literature, in various ways; not the least, he thought, because in his case they saw his work in the making—thanks to Boswell. It was very easy to cry down Boswell and point the finger of scorn at his foibles; but, after all, his record was unique; and in all the speeches and references at this great commemoration it was singular to notice how very few points, and what small ones they were, had come before them that they were independent of Boswell's information. It was all Boswell cooked up again in various dishes with more or less skill, mostly more. Johnson was no mere bookworm, but linked literature with life in his frank enjoyment of human intercourse, and was the exponent and champion of the freedom of literature, as was evidenced by his remarkably dignified but stern rebuke to Lord Chesterfield. He stood out amongst the great coterie of the 18th century as a giant among them; but he ventured to think that his greatest literary work was his Dictionary, and, though it might not be so attractive as some others, his memory, knowledge, and industry stood quite by themselves. (Applause.) The second point that made people commemorate Johnson, not merely as a hero of literature but as something greater, with the makings of a hero, was his religious

character. That was touched upon by Lord Rosebery in that hall on Wednesday. It ran through all the record of Johnson's life and doings. They felt that it was there : that he was no dry moralist, but took religion as the guide of his daily life as a true and loyal Churchman. They remembered that Lord Rosebery linked with Johnson as the type of a religious layman Mr. W. E. Gladstone. They shared one conviction which, he believed, was the secret of the strength of their work in each case, and that was regular and strict observance of the Sunday. (Applause.) He thought they could not doubt, as they read Johnson's life, that that was no small factor in the continuance of intellectual vigour and physical strength which enabled him to do a Titanic work. While, however, in this he was held up as being almost unique, what he really did was to carry into the Metropolis the spirit of quiet devotion and earnest life that prevailed in the country districts of England in the first half of the eighteenth century. They regarded that century, as pictured in the lives of the literary men of the Metropolis, most of them living in an artificial state of society and goading each other to spurn all trammels of restraint. But London no more represented England in the 18th century than it did in the 20th, for far and wide in the country in the 18th century there was a deep and earnest religious life. (Applause.) They found proof of it in such musty records as parochial returns and in the notices of local benefactors. And that life Johnson carried with him to London. His religious earnestness was no mere profession, but a brave retention of what had made him what he was when young. His picture of a parish priest was drawn not from fancy but from experience, and from the best men he knew. He was a man who believed in the power of intellect and the force of instruction for the days that came after him. Shortly, he was worthy of honour because all his powers and all his activities were consecrated by the living force of religion. (Applause.)

Dr. LEE said :—In the first place, let me, as a humble member of Dr. Johnson's own profession of letters, and with a difference, also a dictionary-maker, offer my congratulations to the Corporation and people of Lichfield for having organized this bi-centenary celebration of their fellow-townsmen, whose fame lends the English profession of letters its noblest distinction. I assure you, Sir, and the Mayor, that I set no mean value on the honour that has been conferred on me by the invitation to take part in this celebration. It is a bold thing to follow at so short an interval so eloquent a speaker as Lord Rosebery on a topic of which he is obviously a master. But I may urge in, at any rate, suspense of judgment, that I shall avoid the lines



of Lord Rosebery's illuminating oration. I keep on lower plains, and attempt no aviation. Where my path coincides with that of Lord Rosebery, I am afraid I shall have to risk a little gentle collision.

Every reader of Boswell will re-call those wholly delightful pages in which Boswell records a visit that the curiously-assorted pair paid to Johnson's native place, this city, in April, 1776. Johnson was then 67 years old and in the heyday of his fame. They were making one of those trips by post-chaise which Johnson loved. On this occasion they were travelling from Oxford to this place. On the road they stopped for a few hours at Stratford-on-Avon. It seems to have been the Doctor's only visit. His henchman had been three before. Seven years before Boswell had made a remarkable appearance there at a far-famed Shakespearean commemoration, of which I shall say something later. Then, with customary absurdity, he walked the streets of the little town in the costume of a Corsican in order to advertise the fact that he had lately visited Corsica to encourage Paoli, the great patriotic leader of the Corsicans in their struggle for independence with the French. Boswell also wore a cap on which were inscribed in gold letters the words "Paoli" (the name of his hero) and "Viva la liberta." He was in the habit of making such exhibitions of himself through life. When, however, Johnson and he visited Stratford in the spring of 1776, the pious biographer was in a more subdued mood. He records the episode modestly thus:—"We stopped at Stratford-on-Avon and drank tea and coffee; and it pleased me to be with him upon the Classick ground of Shakespeare's native place." The visitors do not seem to have stayed the night at Stratford, but slept at a town not far away—Henley-in-Arden—on the road to Birmingham. They drove together from Birmingham to Lichfield in the dark, and when they came within the focus of the Lichfield lamps Johnson oracularly remarked:—"Now we are getting out of a state of death." Life was only to be found for Dr. Johnson in his native city. They put up at the Three Crowns "not," writes Boswell, "one of the great inns, but a good old-fashioned one, which was kept by Mr. Wilkins, and was the very next house to that in which Johnson was born and brought up, and which was still his own property." They had a comfortable supper, and got into high spirits. Boswell felt all his Toryism glow in this old capital of Staffordshire, and he offered incense of ale to the genius loci in very liberal libations. It was then that Boswell made the acquaintance of Johnson's step-daughter, Lucy Porter. "an old maid who had never been in London, for whom Johnson had a parental tenderness." Peter Garrick, brother of the illustrious David, also an alumnus of this city, vainly urged Johnson to quit

the inn of the Three Crowns for his own house. Their only guest next evening was one of Johnson's old schoolfellows, a poor man who was vainly trying to make a living out of some new way of dressing leather, which he described to the Doctor at infinite length. All manner of respect was shown Johnson on this visit. "It pleased me," writes the condescending Boswell, "to find he was so much loved in his native city." They visited together that museum of antiquities and natural curiosities formed here by Richard Greene, a kinsman of the Doctor, which has long since been dispersed. It was well described in the *Times* newspaper of Wednesday. Dr. Johnson said of it, somewhat enigmatically, that he would as soon have thought of forming it as of building a man-of-war—a Dreadnought—a task for which he was manifestly ill-fitted. Many more details are given by Boswell of the Doctor's reception. But one remark that Boswell makes in this narrative I propose to take as the text of my present discourse. There was a travelling company of players at Lichfield at the time. The manager called on Johnson at his inn and invited his attendance at the next performance. The performance was to take place in the Town Hall, not the building in which we are now assembled, but its predecessor. The Town Hall had been temporarily converted into a theatre. In talking of the coming visit, Johnson jocularly proposed to Boswell to write a prologue for the occasion. "A prologue by James Boswell, Esq., from the Hebrides." Johnson and Boswell's famous tour in the Hebrides had taken place some little time before. "I was really inclined to take the hint," says the complacent gentleman. "Methought Prologue, spoken before Dr. Samuel Johnson, at Lichfield, 1776," would have sounded as well as Prologue, spoken before the Duke of York, at Oxford, in Charles the Second's time. Much might have been said of what Lichfield had done for Shakespeare by producing Johnson and Garrick. Johnson was averse to Boswell's dealing with that or any subject in the way of a prologue to the theatrical performance in Lichfield Town Hall. No veto has been placed on a modest attempt by myself to fill the gap.

JOHNSON AND SHAKESPEARE.

In inviting attention to "What Lichfield has done for Shakespeare by producing Johnson and Garrick," I do not think I make myself liable to the charge of undervaluing what Lichfield or Johnson or Garrick have done in other directions. At any rate, neither Garrick nor Johnson lose any of their title to our respect and their fame when we concentrate our attention on their association with Shakespeare. Johnson's intellect and insight never, I venture

to say now, even if I have to interpolate a few qualifications later on, shows to quite the same advantage as in his exposition of Shakespeare. And the same may be predicated of Garrick. I do not propose to say anything of Shakespeare's eminence. I take it for granted. The eminence of Johnson and Garrick, both heroes of Lichfield and everywhere, in the very first class of heroes, is my subject. Shakespeare, not only in the view of English people, but in the view of the civilized world, is one of our great national assets, and if I show that the value of that national asset was materially increased by the zealous endeavour of Johnson and Garrick to make Shakespeare's work more justly understood and appreciated than it was before, I shall be doing them no disservice. I shall be ranking them high among benefactors of the nation and shall be offering a tribute to Lichfield for having produced them.

In no sense is it true that Johnson was a discoverer of Shakespeare. There is a popular fallacy of old date which, in spite of the many efforts made of late to kill it, seems to be taking an unconscionable time to die, the fallacy that Shakespeare was a neglected genius of his own and the following generations, and that his greatness was only recognized in very modern times. I am not sure whether or no some recent youthful champions—I infer from internal evidence that they are youthful—of this curious error do not date the rise of Shakespeare's fame about the time of their own birth and even ignore the Shakesperian labours of Johnson and Garrick and the men of his era. I certainly occasionally receive eccentric letters from visitors to Stratford—I take them to be disciples of Mark Twain—who tell me that they believe all those outward symbols of reverence for Shakespeare, which now meet their eye there, were set up the day before yesterday with a view to misleading the innocent public into the erroneous belief that Shakespeare was reckoned a person of note in the distant past, whereas, if dark hints of my correspondents are to be trusted, he never existed. These correspondents prefer a darkness of their own making to light that is quite accessible to them if they seek it. When Shakespeare's friends inscribed on his monument in Stratford Church the statement that "all that he has writ Leaves living art but page to serve his wit," they left no room for doubt that he was acknowledged master of literature in his own day, and that all other living poets were reckoned as page or menial to him.

Soul of the age,
The applause, delight, and wonder of our stage,
Triumph my Britain, thou hast one to show
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time.
Sweet Swan of Avon. what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear.

These were a few of the lines all in the same key, penned within seven years of Shakespeare's death, by the best critic of his day, another Jonson—glorious Ben. So, too, John Dryden, the literary dictator of Charles II.'s reign, whose rule has some points of likeness to that of the literary dictator of George III.'s reign, the bi-centenary of whose birth we are here met to celebrate,—so, too, Dryden wrote these words of Shakespeare in 1668. "He was the man who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul." Such words coming from a man of Dryden's calibre leave little to be desired. It is the 17th—and no later century—Shakespeare's own century—which deserves the credit of first discerning at any rate in broad outline, the supreme merit of Shakespeare's genius. But while the 17th century was never grudging in eulogy of Shakespeare, it was the glory of the 18th century, before the day of Johnson's manhood, to have inaugurated a close study of his work, so that nothing of its value might be lost or misappreciated.

EARLY EDITIONS OF SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

It was indeed in the very year of Johnson's birth, 1709, 200 years ago, that Nicholas Rowe, playwright and poet-laureate, a poet-laureate of rather humble poetic attainments, produced the first critical edition of Shakespeare's work, which corrected many of the confusing misprints of early editions, divided the plays on rational principles into acts and scenes, supplied consistent lists of the *dramatis personæ* and such aids to a proper understanding of the plays as pertinent stage directions. All these innovations were most important helps to the intelligent reading of Shakespeare, and in all such advantages the earlier editions had been deficient. Now that the habit had set in, with a good deal of severity, of celebrating centenaries and bicentenaries and tercentenaries, it is a little surprising that no enterprising revivalist has organized a bicentennial celebration of Rowe's most important achievement. Rowe not merely edited Shakespeare in a primitive fashion, but he also prefaced his edition with the first regular life of the dramatist. Many briefer notices had appeared before. But Rowe gives a more connected and exhaustive account of the man than has yet been attempted. He weaves together the London and Stratford threads of Shakespeare's career, and leaves no ground for rational scepticism of the truthfulness of the accredited tradition.

The 18th century was an age of exposition, of criticism, of interpretation, and Rowe had many successors. After him came Pope the poet, who produced the second critical edition, rather a slender effort. Pope's principal textual emendation was

to alter, as the fancy took him, any word or phrase that seemed to him obscure or inappropriate. Pope was the most famous poet of his day, and, like most poets, whether famous or not, was sensitive to criticism, and when a humbler denizen of the republic of letters, Lewis Theobald, Shakespeare's third editor, brought his scholarly temper to bear on Shakespeare's text and incidentally brought Pope to book for the liberties he had taken textually, Pope retorted most scurrilously by making one of the most able textual critics that Shakespeare ever had the hero of his *Dunciad*. He handed him down to posterity as a ruler of the kingdom of dunces. Theobald was succeeded by a matter-of-fact reader, sagacious, but unlearned, Sir Thomas Hanmer, once Speaker of the House of Commons. Then came a very pompous critic, who set the century by the ears in many directions. Bishop Warburton, in his edition of Shakespeare, displayed a rage for saying something when there was nothing to be said and of saying nothing when something was needed. No one wrote longer notes of Shakespeare than Warburton to quite so little

purpose, or was more severe on his author for his obscurities. He was much ridiculed in his own day for his pretentious verbosity. When an Eton boy asked Foote, the famous wit of the day, "Tell us the best thing you ever said," the answer was, "I once saw a little blackguard imp of a chimney-sweeper, mounted on a noble steed, prancing and curvetting in all the pride and magnificence of nature. There, said I, goes Warburton upon Shakespeare."

Johnson was not the first but the sixth of those in point of time who produced an edition of Shakespeare. But there was room for more strenuous effort than had yet been made. None of the early editors had tackled the work in a comprehensive spirit; much ground was yet to be mastered before the whole continent of Shakespeare could be said to be thoroughly explored. Johnson's personal introduction to Shakespeare took place, as it always should, when he was a child. He read Shakespeare, his biographer tells us, at a period so early that a speech of the ghost in "Hamlet" terrified him when he was alone. Somewhat later, he wrote this notable sentence, with a backward glance on his childish experiences. "He that pursues Shakespeare looks round alarmed, and starts to find himself alone." No testimony to Shakespeare's vivid realism was ever so well expressed. The design of editing Shakespeare first presented itself to Johnson's mind long before anything came of it, when only Rowe, Pope, and Theobald were in the field, before either Hanmer or Warburton had entered it. In comparatively early days, when he was a struggling hack of Grub-street, he published some miscellaneous observations on the tragedy of "Macbeth," and at the

same time advertised proposals for a new edition of Shakespeare. But other schemes intervened. He published poems, his periodical essays in "The Rambler," and above all his Dictionary of the English Language, which gave him his greatest fame. It was after he had finished his Dictionary that his early ambition to edit Shakespeare revived, and he issued a prospectus, most tempting in its promises. He would improve on anything that had been done before. He would collate all the early editions. He would trace Shakespeare's knowledge to its sources. He would obliterate all obscurities by references to the language and customs of Shakespeare's day. He would compare Shakespeare's work with that of other great poets. There was nothing he would not do in the prospectus.

JOHNSON'S EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE.

But Johnson had written a poem on the vanity of human wishes, and he was about to give a very concrete illustration of the phenomenon. Nine years passed before the book was published, and as the years grew more, the projected dimensions of the design grew less. Johnson was an habitual procrastinator and a martyr to indolence, in spite of his heroic and often triumphant struggles with the failing; he rarely did to-day what he could put off till to-morrow. His habits of delay showed to magnificent advantage while his edition of Shakespeare was in progress. The first date announced for publication was December, 1757. December came, and the edition was postponed to March, 1758. March came and then June was fixed, and so it went on for seven years longer. Meanwhile Johnson had been collecting subscriptions, as the custom then was. Johnson, who was confident that the book would be ultimately completed, did not permit scruples of chronology to restrain his acceptance of payment in advance. In his attitude to his subscribers Johnson was magnificent. To one subscriber, who, when paying his subscription towards the end of the period of incubation, asked that his name should be printed in a list before the volumes, Johnson replied, "I shall print no list of subscribers," and then he magnanimously volunteered this explanation:—"Sir, I have two very cogent reasons for not printing any list of subscribers; one, that I have lost all the names; the other, that I have spent all the money." Apart from his confidence that he would see the work through, it may be admitted that Johnson could not do without the money. He was helping to support his mother, still living at Lichfield, and she seems to have distributed many of the prospectuses herself and at his wish pocketed the subscription money that returned to her. Johnson, too, was always

the supporter of that most salutary principle for professional men of letters to practise, "No man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money." He made no pretence of editing Shakespeare for, as the Americans would say, his health. What-ever benefit he hoped the labour would confer of the intellectual progress of his age, and it seemed to him only just that those for whose advantage he was toiling should provide him with the means of subsistence while he was in harness. It was not likely to prove in any case a very remunerative undertaking. While he was engaged upon it his mother died. To pay, as is well known, some funeral and other expenses which she had incurred during her illness, her son turned away from the Shakespeare to write hastily his "Romance of Rasselas," which there was no difficulty in converting into £100. For his toil on Shakespeare he received in all a sum which, spread over nine years of his substantial if intermittent application, provided little more than 120 guineas for each year. Of course, Johnson's bold assurance in taking subscriptions and postponing publication at the same time had inevitable perils. It provoked the very bitter lines of a contemporary satirist—

"He for subscribers baits his hook,
And takes their cash; but where's the book?
No matter where; wise fear, we know,
Forbids the robbing of a foe;
But what, to serve our private ends,
Forbids the cheating of our friends?"

The shot got home. The suggestion of fraud Johnson justly and imperially scorned. But his friends were rather more sensitive than he, and, under their gentle pressure the edition was finished and published, though the apparatus did not fully come up to the expectations roused by the prospectus.

Various judgments have been passed on Johnson's edition. The first feature to note in it is that it attempted more than any edition which preceded it. It did not endeavour to do all that the prospectus promised. Prospectuses usually promise more than the performance. But, as it was, the work took a comprehensive aim. It criticized character and plot, it emended corrupt readings, it explained difficult words within the limits of Johnson's knowledge and capacity. Failures are numerous. But to Johnson's labours as a commentator on Shakespeare should be applied the maxim which he himself laid down as applicable to Shakespeare—"Every man's performances, to be rightly estimated, must be compared with the state of the age in which he lived, and with his own particular opportunities."

CRITICISMS OF JOHNSON'S WORK.

Johnson's work has been the object of much attack coming from quarters which have to be reckoned with. Macaulay's denunciation of Johnson's work on Shakespeare is an admirable piece of invective. "It would be difficult to name a more slovenly, a more worthless edition of any great classic. The reader may turn over play after play without finding one happy conjectural emendation, or one ingenious and satisfactory explanation of a passage which had baffled preceding commentators." I am afraid Lord Rosebery was thinking of Macaulay when he said here on Wednesday, "Johnson's Shakesperian criticism is, I believe, held by competent judges not to possess any special value." Respectfully I propose to cross swords on this point with his lordship. The burden of Macaulay's censure is that Johnson made no study of Elizabethan philology nor of contemporary Elizabethian literature. Those charges are quite true. Johnson was no Elizabethan scholar; a lexicographer of his erudition knew something about the English language. Yet he was something better. He was, like Shakespeare himself, an observer of human life and human nature, and his commentary on Shakespeare owes its interest largely to the opportunities it offers of comparing Johnson's own independent observation of mankind and Shakespeare's observation. It is a human document. It is not a philological, nor a historical, nor a textual commentary in any modern effective sense, though philology, history, and textual criticism are not absent altogether, nor are they quite so insignificantly represented as Macaulay judged. Let us admit, however, that there is a good deal in the notes that sounds to modern ears childish, inadequate, and trivial. But the value and interest of the work consists in the spectacle of a very robust intelligence pitting himself against one whom Johnson called "a transcendent and abounding genius." Both parties came out of the strife with flying colours. Shakespeare did not flinch from the test that Johnson applied, and in the result the dramatist's power as a reader of human life and human nature is set once and for all on immovable foundations. Every subsequent commentator draws some of his sustenance from Dr. Johnson's granary.

JOHNSON NO IDOLATER OF SHAKESPEARE.

Johnson was no idolater of Shakespeare. He recognized faults in Shakespeare, a dangerous proceeding involving no little courage when in the presence of idolaters. But Johnson was a man of courage. He was never disposed to trifle with his conscience. He was always honest. He believed that Shakespeare was a gifted man: and not a god,

and was subject to human imperfections. "We must confess the faults of our favourite," he wrote, "to gain credit to our praise of his excellences." Johnson, like most critics, knew how to blame. But then he knew, what some critics do not know, how to commend. and his commendation of Shakespeare satisfies every standard of right and reason. If we isolated the passages in which Johnson dwells on Shakespeare's faults, some doubts might be permissible whether contemporary respect for classical form—a respect inherent in the temper of the times—does not occasionally cloud his judgment. Johnson had little sympathy with the vagaries of the romantic school. He is the sworn foe of romantic gush, of undisciplined enthusiasm, of vague sentimentality, of delirious ecstasy, in every department of life and letters. It is only mean writing that expects any such condiments to make them palatable. He half believed that the great cold critics of classical antiquity had legislated for the realm of literature once and for all, and, though he was never a blind follower of any leader, it was certainly difficult for him always to justify Shakespeare's deviations from the beaten paths. He rather excuses than condemns Shakespeare's infringements of the pedantic rules of unity of action, of time and of place, which the classical critics imposed on the drama. But it is clearly with some reluctance he excludes from his list of Shakespeare's defects Shakespeare's neglect of the unities, his violation of those laws which have been instituted and established by the joint authority of poets and critics. Shakespeare's chief faults in Johnson's eyes are carelessness in the development of his plots, excess of declamation, a love of quibbles, a turn for licentious pleasantry, no clear indication of a moral purpose. To my mind, this last charge is the only one that a lover of Shakespeare need resent. To my thinking, it suggests a certain misconception of the art of drama, and shows imperfect appreciation of the conditions which attend the creation of great drama. To obtrude a moral in drama, is if the shade of Dr. Johnson, which is now hovering about us, will forgive my boldness, to prove false to art. To mirror life in dramatic poetry is not to preach. Dramatic art never consciously or systematically serves obvious purposes of morality save to its own detriment. Nevertheless I would argue that Shakespeare's plots and characters involuntarily develop under his hand in conformity with the straightforward requirements of moral law. There is no mistaking in his work on which side lies the right. Vice injures him who practices it in the Shakespearean world, and ultimately proves his ruin. One cannot play with vice with impunity. "The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices make instruments to plague us." It is not because Shakespeare is a conscious moralist, however, a

Johnson would seem to have wished him to be, that the wheel comes full circle in his dramatic world. It is because in the life which he is mirroring, man for the most part reaps as he sows, and though merit often misses its reward, unmerited suffering usually finds consolation, if not compensation, in upholding the right. In the long run the hand that works unmerited suffering is exposed to moral, if not physical, torture. But apart from Johnson's, to my mind, inadequate notice of Shakespeare's moral purpose, and after we have made allowance for his classical training, there is nothing in Johnson's accounts of Shakespeare's faults to arouse opposition or discontent. For any insufficiency of appreciation which Johnson's censure may betray he makes noble atonement in the weighty and impressive tributes of praise. "Shakespeare is above all writers, at least above all modern writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpractised by the rest of the world; by the peculiarities of studies or professions, which can operate but upon small numbers, or by the accidents of transient fashion or temporary opinions; they are the genuine progeny of common humanity such as the world will always supply and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole system of life is continued in motion. This therefore is the praise of Shakespeare, that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed his imagination in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious ecstasies, by reading human sentiments in human language, by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions. Nor was his attention confined to the actions of men; he was an exact surveyor of the inanimate world; his descriptions have always some peculiarities, gathered by contemplating things as they really exist. . . . Shakespeare, whether life or nature be his subject, shows plainly that he has seen with his own eyes; he gives the image which he receives, not weakened or distorted by the intervention of any other mind; the ignorant feel his representations to be just, and the learned see that they are complete. He that has read Shakespeare with attention will perhaps find little new in the crowded world." What more can the idolater want than such incense as this which Dr. Johnson burns at the shrine. What admirer of Shakespeare could give the dramatist higher eulogy than that he makes "the ignorant feel his representations to be just and the learned see that they are complete?" Johnson did not over-

estimate the value of commentators. What can be more valuable than this advice to young students :—
 " Let him that is yet unacquainted with the powers of Shakespeare, and who desires to feel the highest pleasure that the drama can give, read every play, from the first scene to the last, with utter negligence of all his commentators. When his fancy is once on the wing, let it not stoop at correction or explanation."

So far, I have quoted from the Preface to the edition of Shakespeare, or from Johnson's critical essays. There is illuminating matter in many of the shorter notes of varied kinds :—

(John (iv. 1, 101-2).

Arthur : Oh, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,

So I may keep mine eyes.

This is according to nature. We imagine no evil so great as that which is near us.

Richard II. (iii., ii., 153-4).

That small model of the barren earth,

Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.

" A metaphor, not of the most sublime kind, taken from a pie." There is much to be said for the casual observation :—" The poet is always more careful about his audience than his readers." The note on the character of Polonius in " Hamlet," which even Macaulay excepted from his blame, and deemed worthy of Goethe's insight, supplies a wonderfully vivid conception of " dotage encroaching on wisdom, knowing in retrospect and ignorant in foresight, subject to sudden dereliction of the faculties." The whole summary of Polonius's characteristics is almost worthy of the hand of Polonius' creator. Some pathos attaches to the note in " Henry V." on the exit of Pistol, where all the comic personages of Shakespeare's great historical series are finally dismissed. " All," Johnson points out, " have now vanished." " I believe," he adds, " every reader regrets their departure." It is a slight pronouncement, but it is a noble tribute to Shakespeare's comic ruffians. Their coarseness often repelled the Doctor, in whom a sense of humour was not very strong. Johnson's humanity comes out strongly in some personal touches. In one note he tells us that many years ago he " was so shocked by Cordelia's death that I knew not whether I ever endured to read again the last scenes of the play till I undertook to revise them as an editor. In a note on Cymbeline, he pronounces himself an anti-vivisectionist :—

Cymbeline (1, v. 18-24) :

Queen : I will try the forces

Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
 We count not worth the hanging, but none
 human.

Cornelius :

Your Highness

Shall from this practice but make hard your heart.

There is in this passage nothing that much requires a note, yet I cannot forbear to push it forward into observation. The thought would probably have been more amplified had our author lived to be shocked with such experiments as have been published in later times, by a race of men that have practised tortures without pity and related them without shame, and are yet suffered to erect their heads among human beings. *Cape saxa manu, cape robora, pastor.* In another note there is a characteristic display of Dr. Johnson's ignorance of his inveterate indifference to and ignorance of all niceties of dress.

John (iv. 11, 197-8) :

Slippers, which his nimble haste,

Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet.

Shakespeare seems to have confounded a man's shoes with his gloves. He that is frightened or hurried may put his hand into the wrong glove, but either shoe will equally admit either foot. Here Johnson was obviously under some misapprehension. Varied are the dishes which Dr. Johnson sets before the students of his edition of Shakespeare.

Johnson wrote in his Preface that he hoped it might be said of him that he had not left Shakespeare without improvement. Something more may be said of him here : that he first in adequate language proved Shakespeare's title to be regarded as the national poet, to be a man gifted with unrivalled command of passion, of humour, with infinite knowledge of human and physical nature, and capable of using the English language for all it is ever likely to be worth.

GARRICK'S SERVICE TO SHAKESPEARE.

I turn to Garrick. There is a little inaccuracy in Boswell's statement that Lichfield gave birth to Garrick. Garrick was actually born at the Angel Inn, Hereford, where we read that his father, captain in the Army, was quartered on recruiting service. We may assume that his mother was there, too. But his family was settled in Lichfield, and his father married there the daughter of a vicar choral of the Cathedral. Garrick was the grandson of a French Huguenot, and no doubt the French blood in his veins explains the eminence of his histrionic genius, for the French are and always have been the best actors in the world. Garrick's elder brother, Peter, carried on here the business of a wine merchant, a trade to which David was destined. Garrick and his brothers were certainly educated at Lichfield Grammar School, and Garrick's associations with Lichfield lasted through life.

The great actor was nearly eight years Johnson's junior. They first came into relation with one another, according to recorded history, when Johnson at the age of 27 years opened a school at Edial two miles off. There young gentlemen were to be "boarded and taught the Latin and Greek languages by Samuel Johnson." The advertisement only brought three pupils, and of those two were Garrick and his younger brother George. George proved in adult life something of a ne'er-do-well, and lived on his successful brother's bounty. David was nineteen, a rather late age to go to school, but he was ambitious of culture. In a few months Johnson saw that his educational venture was doomed to failure, and, under the spur of other ambitions, he and his pupil David Garrick threw themselves on the tender mercy of the great mother city of the country—London. The truth of the story that Johnson arrived in the Metropolis with 2½d. in his pocket, and Garrick with 1½d. is disputed. As a matter of fact, Garrick had enough money to enter himself as a student at Lincoln's Inn, and then an unexpected legacy from an uncle soon enabled him to open a wine business in alliance with his brother Peter, in what is now the Adelphi. Johnson used to tell the story of the 2½d. and the 1½d. in after years when both his and Garrick's reputation were established, when he thought that Garrick's vanity tended to swell beyond endurance. Garrick from boyhood was stage-struck, and quickly, to the horror of his Lichfield relatives, joined in London the theatrical profession. Peter seems long to have been ashamed to own him for a brother. The Lichfield dovescotes were certainly fluttered on learning that a member of a respectable family had turned player. Lichfield does not seem to have been converted by Garrick's perfectly true argument that he had the genius of an actor without the vices. Such prejudices have not been without parallel in later periods of history. Johnson, though his friendship with Garrick was never interrupted, was old-fashioned enough always to talk contemptuously of players. "The players, Sir, have got a kind of rant with which they run on without regard to accent or emphasis," he once said to Garrick, and when Garrick resented the reflection, Johnson put him to the test by asking him to repeat the ninth commandment—"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour." Much to Johnson's glee, Garrick mistook the emphasis, which should, according to Johnson, be only upon the words "not" and "false witness." Thou shalt *not* bear *false* witness against thy neighbour. I don't know whether the Dean agrees with Dr. Johnson. But Garrick's career rose superior to all conventional prejudice or pedantic censure. He quickly acquired almost universal fame by his performance of Shakespeare's

"Richard III." The rendering took the town by storm. The poet Gray noted that one class of the community, which is just now figuring largely in pending controversy, succumbed *en bloc* to the new actor's fascination. Dukes came in crowds. "There were a dozen dukes at the theatre on one night," wrote the poet. In fact, Garrick, like Byron, woke one morning and found himself famous; at the age of 24 he leapt into fame. He had no long period of struggle like Johnson. His was a career of unbroken success. Such an experience, whatever the unsuccessful may urge, is usually to a man's credit. Merit does not always gain its reward. Mere luck may raise a man now and again to great heights. Much is due to his own character if he stays upon them in permanence. For nearly forty years Garrick remained the chief of the English theatre. He suffered much from the foible of vanity which is commonly identified with the theatrical profession, though it has been known to affect others. He was guilty of acts of bad taste, but his sovereignty of the playhouse had no lack of dignity, and succeeded in raising the status of the actor to a perfectly reputable level. Even Johnson admitted at his death that if his profession made him rich he made his profession respectable. "Here is a man," he added, "who has advanced the dignity of his profession. Garrick has made a player a higher character." Another remark of Johnson on Garrick's death, which preceded his own by five years, has become proverbial. The Doctor referred to it as "that stroke of death which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure." According to the general verdict, Garrick owed his reputation to a genius which enabled him to be natural on the stage. His voice struck his first critics as "neither whining, bellowing, or grumbling; but perfectly easy in its transitions, natural in its cadence, and beautiful in its elocution. Garrick is not less happy in his mien and gait, in which he is neither strutting, nor mincing, neither stiff nor slouching. When three or four are on the stage with him he is attentive to whatever is spoke and never drops his characters when he has finished a speech by either looking contemptuously on an inferior performer, unnecessary spitting, or suffering his eyes to wander through the whole circle of spectators. His action is never superfluous, awkward, or too frequently repeated, but graceful, decent, and becoming." Of course, the early critic has in mind the histrionic methods in vogue on the stage before Garrick's rise to eminence. Through all his career spectators were in the habit of saying of Garrick's performances that they were not like acting; he behaved in a dramatic situation just as they would have done had life put them in the like position them-

selves. It was as an interpreter of Shakespeare that Garrick won his greatest renown. Garrick no more discovered Shakespeare than Johnson. It was already a fixed tradition on the English stage that an actor must be judged by his treatment of the great characters of Shakespearean drama. More than 50 years before Garrick's great days an actor of Charles II.'s reign, Thomas Betterton, had won the highest place in public esteem by his zealous devotion to Shakespeare's work. Betterton anticipated Garrick by interesting himself in Shakespeare's personal history, and visited Stratford-on-Avon in order to glean particulars about Shakespeare's biography. He made over his little harvest to Nicholas Rowe, Shakespeare's first biographer. But Betterton, however regarded in his own day, would seem to have been loyal to those ancient principles of rank and pompous intonation which Garrick triumphantly abandoned. Garrick seems to have assumed altogether 17 Shakespearean characters, and he produced, as manager of Drury Lane, the national theatre, the office he held through the great part of his career, no less than 24 out of Shakespeare's collection of 37 plays. So large a total very few have ever exceeded. His most successful Shakespearean parts were reckoned to be Hamlet, Lear, Macbeth, Richard III., and, such was his versatility, or, as Johnson preferred to call it, his "universality," Benedick in "Much Ado about Nothing." In Othello he does not seem to have been very happy. When he performed King Lear, another actor of repute happened to be performing the part with some success in London at the same time. An amusing epigram justly accounts for Garrick's final victory in the competition:—

"The town has found out different ways

To praise its different Lears.

To Barry it gives loud huzzas,

To Garrick only tears.

A King! aye, every inch a king,

Such Barry doth appear.

But Garrick's quite another thing,

He's every inch King Lear.

Probably the most lively testimony to Garrick's thorough mastery of dramatic illusion is that given by the simple countryman, Partridge, who, according to Fielding in his novel of "Tom Jones," was taken by Tom to see Garrick act Hamlet on a first visit to London. When Hamlet saw the ghost, Partridge remarked to Jones, "You may call me coward if you will, but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life." Tom deprecates Partridge's comments by the remark that they were witnessing the performance of the best players of the day. Partridge retorted near the end of the piece, "He the best player! Why, I could act as

well as he myself. I am sure, if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner and done just as he did. And to be sure, in that scene, as you called it, between him and his mother, when you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help me any man—that is, any good man that had such a mother—would have done exactly the same.”

HOW GARRICK POPULARIZED SHAKESPEARE.

It would be easy to cite more expansive eulogy. But Fielding, no mean critic of literature or drama, is a good enough witness to the fact that Garrick brought Shakespeare's word and intention home to the least receptive intelligence. The service, in fact, that Garrick rendered Shakespeare was that he made him universally popular, and what, perhaps, is not less important in a country whose social opinion is often rather tyrannical, he made him fashionable. The dukes joined hands with the shopkeepers' apprentices at Garrick's bidding in worship of Shakespeare. Garrick's achievement was certainly no mean one.

Garrick had no taste for archæological refinements in the setting of his pieces. Judged by any modern standard, the scenery was quite barbarously simple and unpretentious, and the primitive costume had no relevance to the text. Garrick as Romeo appeared in the dress of a young man of fashion of the actor's own day. He gave Hotspur in a laced frock-coat and a great curly wig. Macbeth seems to have assumed the uniform indistinguishable from that of a respectable butler or upper footman. It is said that on one occasion Garrick dressed the character as a Scottish sergeant-major. Such apparel was deemed an important innovation, as Macbeth had previously been seen only in the ordinary Court dress of the era. Whether Shakespeare on the stage gains or loses by elaborate scenery or archæologically correct costume I will not now stop to discuss. It is enough to state here that Garrick made no effort to invest his Shakespearean performances with any embellishment of the kind. He let the words take their chance without any thought of fortifying them by means of the art of scene-painter or costumier. His reliance on the art of acting was consequently the more complete.

To the claim of greatness for Garrick's service to Shakespeare a possible objection might be raised on a very wide and general ground. Dr. Johnson rather inclined to the view, which others have held, that in Shakespearean drama—in tragedy at any rate—the actor never does full justice to the text. Johnson said the action of all actors in tragedy is bad, and suggested that Garrick's achievement afforded no exception to the rule. The critical humorist, Charles Lamb, wrote to much the same

effect, especially in his criticism of the play of "Lear." Yet Charles Lamb was an inveterate playgoer, and whatever limitations he put to the charge of the theatre when meditating at home in his study, he gave many proofs elsewhere that his insight into the dramatic movement and intention of Shakespeare and other writers was often quickened by his theatrical experience. I do not think the point can be fairly pressed. I believe—and I take refuge under the ample cloak of the great Shakespearean critic Coleridge—that "without the living comment and interpretation of the theatre," Shakespeare's work is for the rank-and-file of mankind "a deep well without a wheel or a windlass." It is true that the whole of the spiritual treasures which Shakespeare's dramas hoard will never be disclosed to the mere playgoer, who is no reader, but "a large—a very large—proportion of that indefinite all, may be revealed to him on the stage, and, if he be no patient reader, will be revealed to him nowhere else." Justly may we honour Garrick as an inspired theatrical preacher of the Shakespearean Gospel.

There is one blot on Garrick's escutcheon as a Shakespearean interpreter. His sympathy with Shakespeare's poetic genius was not proof against the somewhat debased popular taste of the day, which called upon theatrical managers, when producing Shakespeare, to alter and mutilate the text. He cut out in one revival the scene of the gravediggers in "Hamlet." Some purblind critics had denounced Shakespeare's clowns as buffoons. He turned "Midsummer Night's Dream" into an opera, which he called "The Fairies." He mangled the "Winter's Tale," reducing it to three acts and re-naming it "Florizel and Perdita; a dramatic pastoral." "The Taming of the Shrew," "The Tempest," and even "Richard III." were never produced by Garrick in their integrity. We cannot consequently attach much value to the pious wish which Garrick expressed in the prologue for his "Florizel and Perdita," which he wrote and spoke himself. —

"Tis my chief wish, my joy, my only plan,
To lose no drop of that immortal man."

On the other hand, it should be urged that Garrick played King Lear, King John, and Macbeth just as they appear in the original versions, and that he revived "Romeo and Juliet" without essential alteration after it had been dead to the stage for 80 years. I am not inclined to underrate the sin of mangling Shakespeare's text. But palliations of the sin may be pleaded in Garrick's defence. He gave Shakespeare's work new and lasting life on the English stage.

One of Garrick's most notorious exploits in his endeavours to honour Shakespeare's name takes

us back again to the town of Stratford-on-Avon. Stratford-on-Avon in Garrick's day was already a Mecca for Shakespearean worshippers. Stratford had, indeed, many pilgrimages to the shrine long before the 17th century ended. As early as 1639 one writer talks of Stratford-upon-Avon as "a town most remarkable for the birth of most famous William Shakespeare," and a very little later it was written that "the nativity of William Shakespeare, the glory of the English stage, at Stratford-on-Avon, is the highest honour that town can boast of." The historian of Warwickshire, Sir William Dugdale, mentioned midway through the century as a thing observable in reference to this ancient town of Stratford that "it gave birth and sepulchre to our late famous poet, Will Shakespeare." I mention these facts because they seem so little known.

Garrick had first visited the place in early life, and it is nothing to the purpose that on a later visit he pronounced it to be "the most dirty, unseemly, ill-paved, wretched-looking town in all Britain." A great misfortune befell Stratford when Garrick was in the full tide of his great career, and I am sorry to tell you that some Lichfield inhabitants must be held responsible for the disaster.

A LINK BETWEEN STRATFORD-ON-AVON AND LICHFIELD.

There is one link between Stratford-on-Avon and Lichfield belonging to Johnson's and Garrick's lifetime which one could wish away. It was a resident in the city, a clergyman named Francis Gastrell, who is held responsible for certain sacrilegious acts at Stratford, which have made his name a word of hate in Shakespeare's native place. Gastrell seems to have been a native of Cheshire, and to have had a living there. But he married a well-to-do lady with Lichfield connections. (She was the sister of that cultivated gentleman, Gilbert Walmisley, of this city, who showed so much interest in both Johnson and Garrick in youth, and whose memory both always revered. Both Johnson and Garrick reckoned Walmisley one of the most inspiring influences which this city boasted when they were young men.)

Gastrell and his wife, Walmisley's sister, lived at a house, Stowe House, whose owners are to-day extending to me a delightful hospitality. There Boswell was entertained by Mrs. Gastrell with his idol at dinner at two on the memorable visit to Lichfield in 1776. Some time earlier, Gastrell, seeking a house for summer resort, while he was spending the rest of the year at Stowe House, purchased Shakespeare's house and estate at Stratford, the far-famed New Place, and its spacious garden. But Gastrell was an impetuous and hot-tempered gentleman, and

found his new purchase anything but a peaceful retreat. Visitors were constantly intruding themselves into Shakespeare's garden to view that famous mulberry tree which Shakespeare is said to have planted with his own hands. Gastrell was not a man of half measures. He cut at the root of his annoyance by cutting down the tree; Shakespeare's mulberry tree, which is reputed to have then been of exceptional bulk and fruitfulness, came to an unhallowed grave. But that unhappy deed does not exhaust Gastrell's unhappy record at Stratford. He was quickly involved in a furious quarrel with the Corporation of Stratford. He showed pronounced signs of that angry impatience of taxation which does not even yet seem to have quite died out amongst us. He complained that his house was too highly assessed. The tax collector would not budge. Again Gastrell took the bull by the horns. He pulled down the house and so contrived matters that no house has again been built on that same site. The fact that the house was Shakespeare's house, the house where the dramatist had lived in the days of prosperity, and had died, weighed nothing with this Bismarckian hero of Lichfield, and the rumour goes, I am sorry to say, that Mrs. Gastrell, of Stowe House, encouraged her husband in his crimes, if she did not suggest them. The Shakespearean commentator, Malone, declares the delinquency to have been divided between husband and wife. "His lady I have reason to believe," writes the veracious Boswell, "participated in his guilt." The scene of Gastrell's act of desolation at Stratford is now a public garden. But I am happy to think that a slip of the mulberry tree still flourishes there.

Such associations between Stratford and Lichfield as are darkly stamped with the name of Gastrell are, fortunately, unique; and Gastrell's act of vandalism had one most unexpected and fortunate consequence. It led to a most singular intervention of Garrick in the town's affairs, an intervention which, in spite of many grotesque features, was to the town's advantage, and was not ultimately to the actor's or Shakespeare's discredit. When the old mulberry tree was cut down by Gastrell the wood was sold to enterprising artificers and carpenters of Stratford, who carved it into any number of mementoes. If we are to believe all we hear and read, that mulberry tree showed most magical properties after its demolition. For the number of articles now in existence far exceeds in their aggregate cubic contents the cubic capacity of the tree when it was felled. I can vouch for this miraculous discrepancy from the large number of inkpots, inkstands, paper-weights, medallions, statuettes of Shakespeare, and similar articles all reputed to be manufactured out of the old mulberry tree, which an army of benevolent persons are still sedulously offering for sale to the Birthplace Trustees.

Let me pass to more exhilarating details. In Greene's museum, which formed a prominent attraction of this City in Dr. Johnson's time, were a vase and a toothpick-case, both made out of the famous mulberry tree. It may be worth interpolating here the information that Richard Greene was a very welcome visitor at Stratford. We owe to him the earliest extant sketch of Shakespeare's birthplace. He was an accomplished draftsman among his other titles to fame. Happily, Lichfield sent to Stratford some visitors who were more amiable and more reverential than the notorious Gastrell. After the tree had been cut down, the Corporation of Stratford opened the new Town Hall, which still exists. By a happy thought, it occurred to the Corporation to pay their tribute to Garrick for his Shakespearean labours, on the occasion of the opening of the Town Hall, by presenting him with the freedom of the borough, and by enclosing the parchment certificate in a box made out of the mulberry tree. The Corporation of Stratford was not wholly disinterested. They gently but firmly suggested that Garrick in exchange for their recognition should present the town with a statue of Shakespeare and his own portrait. The Lichfield Corporation to-day is nobler-minded, and handsomely presents its freedom to distinguished strangers unconditionally. Garrick was quite complaisant; he presented a statue of Shakespeare which still stands outside the Town Hall, and a portrait of himself, with his arms nearly round a bust of Shakespeare, by no smaller an artist than Gainsborough. The picture still adorns the chief chamber of the Town Hall.

But Garrick's benefactions to Shakespeare's town did not stop here. He personally devised and conducted a most extraordinary Shakespearean celebration at Stratford the year after he accepted the freedom of the borough by way of consoling the townsfolk for Gastrell's depredations. He called the demonstration the Shakespeare Jubilee, rather inaccurately. The ceremonies lasted from the 6th to the 9th of Sept., 1769, more than 205 years after Shakespeare's birth, and 153 years after his death. When closing Drury Lane for a few weeks in the previous August, Garrick declared in an epilogue to the crowded audience :—

“ My eyes, till then, no sights like this will see,
 Unless we meet at Shakespeare's Jubilee !
 On Avon's banks, where flowers eternal blow,
 Like its full stream our gratitude shall flow.
 Then let us revel, show our fond regard, [bard :
 On that loved spot, first breathed our matchless
 To him all honour, gratitude is due ;
 To Him we owe our all—to him and you.”

To Shakespeare and his Drury Lane audience Garrick was always grateful. Crowds of all ranks poured into Stratford when the Jubilee arrived. The prin-

cipal visitors were serenaded by the inhabitants. Each day there were public breakfasts. At the first Garrick was presented with a medal of Shakespeare and a wand, both of which were of course made out of the mulberry tree. There were choral services in the church, conducted by the famous musical composer, Dr. Arne, who did no mere service to many of Shakespeare's lyrics. Next day, the proceedings were marred by a deluge of rain. But Garrick bravely recited an ode in the downpour in the public garden, and made an oration in praise of the bard. A public dinner and a masked ball followed. There would have been fireworks had not the rain soaked them. Before the commemoration came to an end, there was more feasting, and an elaborate concert in an amphitheatre specially erected on the banks of the Avon, besides a horse race for the Shakespeare Jubilee Cup, with 50 guineas. I am sure Garrick would have given the Mayor and Mr. Raby hints for the Johnson bicentenary celebration had his life been so far prolonged. But I think we are all agreed that the Corporation of Lichfield has proved itself in the lamented absence of Mr. Garrick fully equal to the occasion. To speak seriously, the irrelevance of most of this Stratford ceremonial exposed Garrick and his Jubilee to an infinite deal of deserved satire. None the less, he seriously devised a pageant recalling the chief incidents of the Stratford Jubilee at Drury Lane the next season, and it was a great success, though it was burlesqued on a rival stage. There was, too, a comedy called "The Stratford Jubilee," which was long popular in London and the provinces. It is pertinent to mention the piece to-day, because it formed part of the entertainment which Dr. Johnson and Boswell witnessed in Lichfield Town Hall on their visit here in 1776.

That, Mr. Dean, is my story: I am no Boswell though I have tried my hand at biography. He is the king of biographers, and I am content and proud to linger in the outer courts of his temple. With, I hope, a becoming modesty, I have, however, attempted to do something which Boswell proposed to do, but failed to do, because Dr. Johnson was averse to his doing it. I have tried to say what Lichfield has done for Shakespeare by producing Johnson and Garrick. Whether or no I have succeeded in the effort, I believe that in view of the debt that our national *prestige* owes to Shakespeare, and in view of the judicial service that Dr. Johnson rendered the national faith in Shakespeare, I believe that, in view of these things, my design, at any rate, is not out of keeping with the spirit of this bicentenary commemoration when we are met together to reckon up our debt to Dr. Johnson.

At the conclusion of Dr. Lee's lecture,

The MAYOR proposed a cordial vote of thanks to Dr. Lee for his extremely interesting and learned address, and said they had listened to it with the greatest pleasure.

Councillor RABY, in seconding the motion, said they must agree that they owed Dr. Lee a great debt of gratitude for his admirable lecture. (Applause.) That might not be the place in which to tell a secret, but he thought the fact should no longer remain in obscurity that Dr. Lee gave him the first gift which it was his pleasure to present to the Johnson Birth-place. (Applause.) That was now some nine or ten years ago, and it was there still—a *fac-simile* of the letter which Johnson addressed to Warren Hastings, commending John Hoole; and it led to the gift from the descendants of John Hoole of the chair in which Johnson composed his last prayer and received his last communion, which would be commemorated in the anthem they hoped to hear in the Cathedral on Sunday. (Applause.) Therefore, in more senses than one, they were indebted to Dr. Sidney Lee; and he thought that great as was the oration they heard from Lord Rosebery, they had heard an address that afternoon which did not suffer by comparison, and that would make the bicentenary celebration memorable in the annals of history. (Applause.)

The DEAN put the resolution, which was carried with applause.

Dr. LEE, in reply, cordially acknowledged the vote, and said it was a great pleasure to take part in the celebration, which had been an inducement, the first he had taken, to visit Lichfield. That morning he visited the chief memorials in the town, brought from many distances, and he congratulated the town upon the loving care with which they were preserved. (Applause.)

The SHERIFF, in submitting a hearty vote of thanks to the Dean for presiding, said they were gratified that practically the first social post of importance he had occupied since he was installed was in connection with that celebration. He hoped it would be an augury that he intended to help those in Lichfield who honoured Dr. Johnson, and assist in what they hoped to do to perpetuate the memory of that great man. (Applause.)

Mr. COLERIDGE-ROBERTS seconded, and said they hoped the Dean's residence in Lichfield would be a pleasure to him and a benefit to the City. (Applause.)

The DEAN having acknowledged the compliment, the proceedings terminated.

Production of Goldsmith's Comedy "She Stoops to Conquer."

As a pleasant diversion from the elaborate functions of the day, Oliver Goldsmith's incomparable 18th-century comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer"—to which Garrick wrote the prologue, and the original performance of which Johnson witnessed—was produced at St. James's Hall on Thursday and Friday evenings. Of this play, Dr. Johnson said—"I know of no comedy for many years that has so much exhilarated an audience, that has answered so much the great end of comedy—making an audience merry," and no better proofs of the truth of his words could have been given than those afforded by the performances in honour of the bicentenary of his birth. Crowded audiences assembled, and they were undoubtedly "exhilarated" and "made merry" by the striking performances of the play given by the Lichfield amateurs. The troupe of performers had been organized by, and the performances were given under the personal direction of, Mr. Alfred D. Parker and the Sheriff, whose energy and enthusiasm well deserved the reward of the success achieved. Mr. Parker is an old hand at these productions, and there is no one to whom citizens are more indebted for pleasant amateur theatrical performances. He carries the mind back to the palmy days of the 'sixties, when Lichfield could boast an amateur theatrical company second to none in the kingdom, and when some of the finest comedies in the language were produced for the delectation of the citizens, to their great pleasure and profit, and around which many happy memories still linger. He has, however, done nothing better than these performances, and he is entitled to a full measure of the credit which we are sure will be accorded to him. "She Stoops to Conquer" was splendidly mounted, admirably staged, and skilfully performed, and gave unbounded delight, and satisfaction to the throngs of citizens and visitors who crowded the hall at the performances. The full *dramatis personæ* was as follows:—

Sir Charles Marlow.....	Mr. W. BARLOW.
Hardcastle The Sheriff, Coun. W. A. WOOD.	
Young Marlow	Mr. DENNIS W. WOOD.
Hastings	Mr. R. M. C. O. DAVIES.
Tony Lumpkin.....	Mr. J. ROWLAND.
Stingo	Mr. JOHN RUSSELL.
Diggory	Mr. F. BERTRAM KEY.
Roger	Mr. CHARLES FRANKLAND.
Jack Slang.....	Mr. F. J. SHELLEY.
Ralph.....	Mr. D. T. DAVIES.
Tom Twist.....	Mr. GEORGE STEVENS.

Muggins.....Mr. HARRY WEBB.
 Tom Tickle.....Mr. SIDNEY WINTER.
 Mrs. Hardcastle.....Mrs. W. A. WOOD.
 Kate Hardcastle....Miss MAUD BARLOW.
 Constance Neville....Miss RUTH HODSON.

The wardrobe was supplied by Messrs. C. H. Fox and Co., of Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.; and the scenery was furnished by Mr. G. W. Legg, of Longbridge-road, Birmingham; and Mr. John Gladman conducted the orchestra; and the results in each case were all that could be desired. At first it was hoped that Mr. A. D. Parker might be induced to take the character of Tony Lumpkin, which he had acted with great ability and success in his early days, but he decided that his advancing years and other circumstances precluded him from doing so on this occasion, and the mantle was cast on other and younger shoulders, with the happiest sequel. The Sheriff of Lichfield (Councillor W. A. Wood) and Mrs. Wood, standing in the position of the seniors, played the parts of Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle. It was Mrs. Wood's first appearance on the stage, and nothing could have been more decisive than her success. She proved herself, indeed, a real Mrs. Hardcastle, in look, demeanour, and deportment. The character lived again on the stage, and her performance was a distinct triumph, which will long be remembered by those who witnessed it, and always be associated with the revival of the comedy at the Johnson Bicentenary. Mr. Wood, who has had considerable experience, was an irascible pater, peppery and affectionate by turns, whose consistent portrait was seen at its best in denouncing the impudence of Young Marlow, the incident being played in powerful fashion. Mr. Wood, in fact, was excellent in every phase.

As Kate Hardcastle, Miss Maud Barlow displayed self-repression and an amount of reserve which one would have associated with theatrical experience. Her *petite* figure, pleasant voice, and winning manner, added to a perfect command of the part and a keen appreciation of its humour, enabled this amateur to give an impersonation which could not fail to satisfy the most fastidious play-goer. As a foil, her friend Miss Ruth Hodson, who played Constance Neville, was very vivacious; there was a ripple of fun in her every word, and in the comedy scenes with Tony she more than shared the honours of the evening.

The onerous part of Young Marlow was played by Mr. Dennis Wood, son of the Sheriff. To do this effectively without marring it by haste or weakening its effect by lethargy, is no light task, and herein our young actor was entirely successful. The ease, and occasionally the passion, of the part were strongly set forth, and although the general representation may be pronounced to be almost admirable,

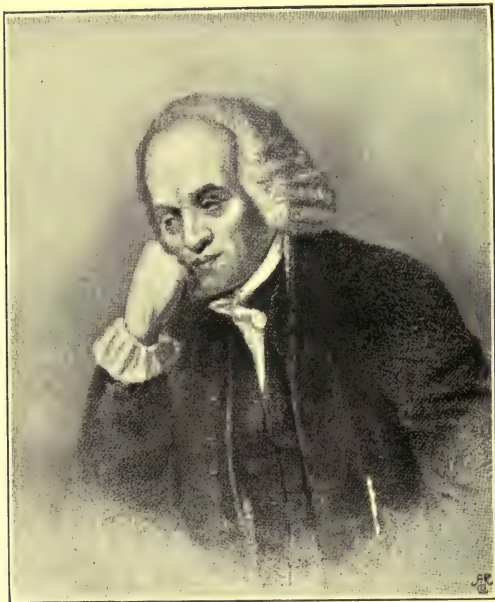
the bashful scene was probably the most effective of the series in which Young Marlow is engaged. Mr. Davies played Hastings, and just as Miss Hodson proved a foil to Miss Barlow, so did Mr. Davies supply the comedy tone to the scenes 'twixt his friend and himself. He was especially admired in the closing scene of the fourth act, where—Tony having upset all their plans—Young Marlow, Hastings, and Miss Neville engage in a display of vituperation which was played out most effectively.

From the moment Tony gave the "view halloo" in the first scene to the finish in the last act, the success of Mr. Rowland was unequivocal. In age, face, figure, voice, action, together with a rollicking enjoyment of a rollicking part, the actor fairly stormed the risible faculties of the crowded house. The Diggory of Mr. Key was excellently funny; everybody appeared delighted with Diggory, who played the part in traditional fashion, and played it as though he, too, enjoyed the business. The Sir Charles Marlow of Mr. Barlow was dignified and stately, and as this was his first appearance he deserved congratulations. The tavern scene, with a capital Stingo in Mr. Russell, was well done, and the servants who knew so little and do it so badly were excellent all round. Reference is made to Mr. F. J. Shelley, Mr. D. T. Davies, Mr. Harry Webb, Mr. Frankland, Mr. Sidney Winter, and Mr. G. Stevens.

The cast throughout was remarkable for its suitability in age, and, speaking generally, the performances were admirable. Loud calls followed the fall of the curtain each night, and the Mayor, on behalf of Lady Cooper, who was present, handed across the footlights magnificent bouquets to the ladies of the company at the close of the performance on Thursday.

The orchestra was efficient, and under the direction of Mr. Gladman admirably performed selections from Handel, Sullivan, Rosseull, Ghys, Rameau, Lulli, and Glück.

Mr. T. G. Thurston rendered great help to the company, and Councillor H. Larkin and Mr. F. H. Bull were responsible for the excellent arrangements at the front of the house.



Michael Johnson.

Born at Cabley, 1656.

Sheriff of Lichfield, 1709.

Died and Buried at Lichfield, 1731.

Aged 75 Years.

From an Original Drawing owned by Mr. John Murray.

Johnson's Birthday: Eventful Gathering of Citizens.

For Saturday, Sept. 18, the actual birthday of Dr. Johnson, a great gathering of citizens had been fixed for noon in the Market-square, and it brought together one of the largest and most memorable assemblies that has ever been seen in the illustrious author's native city. Dark clouds in the morning gave way to brilliant sunshine by noon, and thus favoured by the weather, the proceedings took place under the most propitious conditions. Joyous peals rang out from the steeples of the Cathedral and St. Mary's Church, and the usual sombre streets were gay with bunting and garlands, and unwontedly animated by the throngs of citizens and visitors. The Mayor, Sheriff, and members of the Corporation met in the Guildhall, which was adorned with the flags of Australasia, New Zealand, and Canada, hung side by side with the Royal Standards of England, Scotland, and Wales. The American Ambassador—Mr. Whitelaw Reid—sent the star-spangled banner of his country as a tribute to Johnson from the American nation, and it floated from one of the upper windows of the Birthplace, alongside the Red, White, and Blue flag of old England. The Mayor, Sheriff, and Corporation walked in civic state from the ancient Guildhall to the Market-square, the old Volunteer Band, now known as the City Band, meanwhile playing patriotic airs. In the Square were massed in order fourteen hundred boys and girls from the public schools of the city, headed by the youths of the Lichfield Grammar School, so closely identified with Johnson's early education. The Johnson Club, headed by the Prior and Scribe, attended in full force, and the far-off days of 1709 were effectively recalled by the presence of a delegation of six girls from the London Ladies' Charity School, founded seven years before Johnson's birth, wearing the high caps, white aprons, and grey gowns in vogue during the reign of Queen Anne. In this useful institution "for the training of girls of good character" as servants Johnson took the deepest interest, and to its funds he was one of the earliest subscribers. Mrs. Thrale was once an active member of its committee, and Anna Williams endowed it with her modest fortune. Many Johnsonian relics are still preserved in the school, which suggested to Johnson the touching story of "Betty Broom," although, since 1758, it has migrated from St. Sepulchre to Queen-square, and again from Queen-square to Notting Hill. "The Ladies' Charity School" was also represented at Lichfield on Saturday by Mrs. James, the president of the committee; Miss Moore, the secretary; and Miss Cooper, the matron. The visitors from London and the Johnson Club included Dr. and Miss Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Unwin, Mr. Howard Unwin, Mr. Thos. Secombe (Prior), Mr. John Westrope (Sub-Prior), Mr. J. Frederick Green (Scribe of the Johnson Club), Mr. J. B. Atlay, Mr. John Sargeaunt, Mr. James Tregaskis, Mr. George Whale (Mayor of Woolwich), Mr. H. B. Wheatley, and Mr. and Mrs. Murray Smith. Prominent amongst the visitors was Mr. Bernard Biggs, Mayor of Darlington, a native of the city, wearing his handsome double chain of office; (accompanied by his wife, the Mayoress of Darlington, likewise adorned by a beautiful chain of office), and

joined subsequently by his venerable father, so long known as Alderman Sylvanus Biggs, and as the master of the old Minors' School in the city. For the Mayor and Sheriff, members of the Corporation, and principal visitors, a raised platform, bedecked with plants and flowers, had been erected under the shadow of St. Mary's Church, and opposite, in the centre of the square, was a striking tableau emblematic of the genius of Johnson, with figures representing Poetry, Literature, and the Drama, surrounded by volumes of the author's works—"Irene," "London," "The Vanity of Human Wishes," "The Dictionary," and the "Lives of the Poets," and at the base the inscription "Lichfield Honours its Greatest Citizen." Flanked on one side by the house in which Johnson was born, in the rear the church in which he was baptized on the day of his birth, and right and left the statues of Johnson and his biographer, with the tableau emblematic of his genius in the centre, the scene with the throngs of people and school children, was most striking and impressive, such as will assuredly live long in the memories of those who witnessed it. Before ascending the platform, the Mayor (Alderman H. M. Morgan) placed a large wreath of laurels, bunched with mauve ribbon, on the statue of Johnson as a tribute from the Corporation and citizens, and another handsome wreath of red and white roses, sent by the Royal Society of St. George, by the side of it. Then the Corporation and lady and gentlemen visitors having taken their places on the platform, the Mayor, in the course of a brief speech, said that Wednesday's celebration was remarkable by the fact that the Earl of Rosebery gave Lichfield a magnificent address, but that day, Johnson's birthday, was really the day of the whole celebration. (Cheers.) They had received from the High Commissioners of Canada and New Zealand a flag of each country and from the Agents-General flags of the Australian States to be placed on the Guildhall; and from the American Ambassador they had received the American flag to be hung on Johnson's Birthplace, and there it was to be seen. Proceeding, his Worship said he was glad that they had a representative detachment that day of the Ladies' Charity School to which Johnson was very much attached. It was founded for the purpose of training girls of good character for domestic service, and had thoroughly justified its existence. Two hundred years ago, when Johnson was born, his father lived at the house close by. The son was born during his father's shrievalty, and in recognition of that fact the Corporation had asked the present Sheriff to deliver an address on that occasion.

THE SHERIFF'S ADDRESS.

The SHERIFF, who was very warmly received, said :—

After hearing so many learned and interesting orations on Dr. Johnson, as many of us have during the last few days, I hope this great gathering will not be disappointed because the chief speaker is only the Sheriff, but if there be such a regret, I offer the following reasons, or excuses, whichever you wish, for such a course.

First, because Nature has endowed me with a voice sufficiently powerful to enable me to make myself heard to every one of my present audience.

Secondly, because, surely, it is fitting that at this great gathering of citizens, which I hope may be considered as "the tribute of Lichfield to the genius and greatness of Johnson," that a Lichfield man should be

the spokesman. A Lichfield man I am, as is well known, and as it happens, one who received his education from much the same sources as Johnson, as I was a scholar of Lichfield Grammar School, but there the similarity ends. Also, like Mr. Hardcastle, in "She Stoops to Conquer" I love everything that is old—old friends, old times, old manners!

When I say that this is a gathering of Lichfield citizens, don't think for a moment that I am ignoring the presence of many visitors from other places and countries, or that I wish to imply that their attendance is not wanted. Far be from me any such intention! We welcome them with deep-felt gratitude and cordiality; we honour them for coming, and I am certain they will not begrudge us our local enthusiasm, or think that they are not wanted in this our Lichfield tribute.

But the third and chief reason why I am now speaking is because I am the Sheriff, and therefore the holder of the most ancient local or civic office, I think, now existing.

As Sheriff, I am the successor in office of the father of the great man whom we are met to honour, and if there is a function in which the Sheriff ought to be prominent it is when once in a hundred years the centenary of Johnson's birth is celebrated. In 1709, 200 years ago, Michael Johnson was Sheriff, and perhaps the most distinguished, as events have proved, of all my predecessors. In his day the office was of respectable antiquity, for he was the 156th holder, as I am the 356th. Michael Johnson was a notable man of his day. He was held in high esteem by his fellow citizens, was appointed Sheriff, as I say, afterwards Junior Bailiff, then Senior Bailiff (for there was no Mayor of Lichfield at that time), and he was also made a magistrate of the city.

But his greatest distinction was being father to his son Samuel, for on the 18th of September, 1709, there was born to him and his wife Sarah, in that house, a son who was called Samuel. Born nearly half dead, so sickly that it was thought he could not be reared, bad health, short-sightedness, dogged his career, and exerted a baneful influence over him to the end of his days. Yet, notwithstanding, from his earliest years, he was marked as someone quite out of the common.

Remember two of the incidents depicted on the panels of his statue there; his being carried at his own determined wish, when scarcely three years old, to hear Dr. Sacheverel preach, and his being borne to school by three of his schoolmates, as a mark of their appreciation of his superiority to them. I do not propose to burden you with a history of his life, but I must refer rapidly to some of the more important events of his career. All through his school life the same characteristics were evident. He was head and shoulders above his fellows, both at Lichfield and Stourbridge. And if at Oxford this superiority was not evinced think of the distressing circumstances of his stay there, I mean his crushing poverty, his worn-out shoes, his deplorable want of means to put himself socially on an equality with his compeers. And all this at a susceptible time of life that could not fail to leave a lasting gloom on his character.

Then came his loitering at Lichfield, the death of his father in very straitened circumstances, his unfortunate six months' experience at Market Bosworth.

Yet during all this time storing up in his mind a wealth of knowledge, a vast accumulation of information, which in after years stood him in such stead. When 27 he married a wife nearly twice his own age, but one whom he tenderly loved to the end of his life. Then came his attempt at Edial, which ended in failure. Soon after as we know he went to London, walked there, in fact, with David Garrick, each bent on making a name and fortune. What a picture does this journey of those two men conjure up, judged by the light of their subsequent careers. Fortune was ever a chary bird! And never more so than in his case. Consider the 25 or 30 years of terrible grinding struggle which he experienced there; his writing for dear life, his perpetual fight for bare existence. So poor that often he had to walk the streets at night, living the life of a literary hack, "harnessed to printer Cave." Nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand would have gone under; they would have given up the struggle, and confessed themselves beaten. But Johnson was of different mettle. Painfully, toilfully, gradually he made his merit felt. The period of distress was not wasted; he developed wisdom, he acquired that wonderful grasp of scores of subjects about which he afterwards wrote and spoke. By sheer force of will and genius he compelled the world to acknowledge his greatness, and to give him his due. At last his works, both in prose and poetry, were eagerly sought after and cheerfully acknowledged as great.

Then came the crowning triumph of his life. In 1755 he published his Dictionary of the English Language.

"The world contemplated with wonder so stupendous a work, achieved by one man."

Honours were now showered upon him. In course of time the Universities conferred their degrees upon him, and what is more, to the eternal credit of the Government of that day, although of a party which Johnson cordially hated, a pension of £300 was bestowed on him. He was then 53 years old, and it is grateful to think that at last the fear of poverty was put away from him, and that reasonable comfort was assured to him for the rest of his days. He wrote, he did, many other notable things before he died, but time prevents me referring to them in detail. Now, after all this, why should we honour Johnson? What is his claim to immortal remembrance? Now I am not fitted to give a critical and judicial reply to this question. I candidly admit, what you already know, that my learning does not entitle me to give you an erudite and complete answer to my own question. But I will refer you to evidences of his greatness by asking you to consult his writings on such varied subjects as we may see in the Exhibition now open in the Art School. Look there at his works on morals, biography, poetry, drama, and criticism, and especially in conversation. He was a great Englishman, I mean as regards his patriotism. He was great because he was a splendid and tender son. Look at his devotion to his mother. His tender solicitude for her comfort and her happiness. Read his letters to her as she lay a-dying. Read the last one he ever wrote to her. Recall his devotion to his wife, and his lasting regret at her death. Then remember the Uttoxeter incident, his penance, as it is called. Think of the contrition it showed. Fancy a man doing such a thing now openly. I know many

noble acts are done every day by way of contrition and as a sign of remorse, but look at the openness of this penance, the publicity of it. "In contrition I stood, and I hope the penance was expiatory."

He was great because of his Christianity. Was there ever a more earnest Christian, though perhaps one of the "fearful" saints? Then look at his far-reaching kindness of heart. It was said of him that he was kind to those whom no one else would be kind to.

See how he cared for Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Desmoulins, and the other poor ladies whom he housed. Remember his love and kindness for poor Robert Levett, the surgeon, and an old fellow-citizen of Lichfield. Levett the poor doctor, who attended patients for a few coppers, and even for a crust of bread. These sweet little girls sitting before me now are evidences of his good-heartedness and kindness towards the Ladies' Charity School in London, which he helped to support, and which has done a kindly and beneficent work ever since. Lastly, we Lichfield people should think great things of him because of his love for his native city. Recall what he said or her and her citizens—

"Salve magna parens."

"We are a city of philosophers."

He called the Lichfield people "The most sober, decent people in England." And as he drove into the neighbourhood of Lichfield, out of the surrounding country, he said "Now we are getting out of a state of death."

It is of course unsafe to prophesy: It is perhaps vain to say what will happen in the future, but I venture to think that as the years roll on the fame of Johnson will increase and not diminish. His wisdom, his dicta, his influence will remain as a guide and a pattern to the world. Now I propose that we, assembled at this gathering should send forward a message to future generations, and it may be that at some future centenary celebration the records of this present ceremonial may be discovered by some curious and pains-taking antiquary. Or it may be that when Macaulay's New Zealander comes this way, after he has finished his sketch from the broken arch of London Bridge, of the ruins of St. Paul's, he may find at Lichfield an old file of the contemporary newspapers containing these words:—"That in 1909 Lichfield honoured Johnson; that it was proud of having given him birth; that it paid a devoted tribute to his greatness; that it left this priceless heritage to future generations to treasure and to remember in the sure and certain hope that they would propagate his teachings and emulate his greatness and goodness, and keep his memory green." Johnson said of Lichfield—*Salve! Magna Parens*—"Hail! great Mother"—and on the two hundredth anniversary of his birth the citizens of his native city responded—*Salve Fili Maxime*—"All Hail! Her greatest son." Loud applause greeted the conclusion of the Sheriff's speech, and he was cordially thanked by the MAYOR on behalf of the assembly.

REVIVAL OF ADDISON'S HYMNS.

Two hymns of Joseph Addison, the famous essayist, had been selected for the children to sing. Addison was the son of Lancelot Addison, Dean of Lichfield, and a scholar of Lichfield Grammar School, and Johnson wrote of his school career in his Life. There was, therefore, a special appropriateness in the selection of these hymns. The hymns were the well-known verses on Gratitude, with which he concluded his essay in the *Spectator* on that

subject, and his magnificent paraphrase of the 19th Psalm. The verses on Gratitude commence with the lines—

When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

The first verse of the paraphrase of the 19th Psalm is as follows:—

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens,—a shining frame,—
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

The hymns were sung to the eighteenth-century tunes of "St. Peter" and "Fulda," and the singing was led by the City Band. Mayor, Sheriff, Councillors, Shakespearian and Johnson scholars, sword-bearer, mace-bearers, constables, school children, and the general body of citizens all joined in singing them with a spontaneous heartiness which made this particular episode in the celebration more distinctively Jonsonian than anything else which had taken place during the week. It was certainly very inspiring and elevating to witness such a crowd of people and children, old and young, in the 20th century, thus paying tribute to the great Christian moralist of the 18th century in the ancient city in which he was born two hundred years before. One could not help picturing in imagination the scene at the Literary Club, when a member, happening to quote a verse from the Nineteenth Psalm, Johnson "caught fire," and instantly taking off his hat, began with great solemnity, "The spacious firmament on high," and went through that beautiful hymn, his features, harsh in general, lightening up, and his face becoming "almost as if it were the face of an angel." The ceremony made a deep and lasting impression on all present, and altogether it was this religious element which made the Johnson centenary different from any other of the many commemorative gatherings which have taken place this year. After the hymns, a verse of the National Anthem was sung, and the gathering concluded with three vigorous cheers given in honour of the Mayor and the Sheriff and their wives.

PRESENTATION OF JOHNSON PRIZE MEDALS.

HIS WORSHIP then proceeded to present Johnson silver and bronze prize medals to the two best scholars of each school in the city and to two of the girls representing the girls at the Ladies' Charity School. The medals were awarded for proficiency in the English language, English history and biography, general knowledge, and good conduct according to the highest marks attained, and the best average attendances shown during the year ended Sept. 18, 1909. They bore a profile of Dr. Johnson and on the reverse a view of the Birthplace, with the inscription—"Dr. Samuel Johnson. Born at Lichfield, 1709. Lichfield Bicentenary Celebration, Sept. 18, 1909." The following is a list of the prize-medallists:—

School.	Silver Medal.	Bronze Medal.
High School for Girls	Margaret Relly (absent).	Jesse Pinches.
The Grammar School	John Dolby.	Cuthbert Frederick Laughton.
Beacon-street	Lily Priest.	Dorethy Wright.

School.	Silver Medal.	Bronze Medal.
Miss Barry's.....	William Arthur Barry.	Eluned Williams.
St. John's School		
(Mrs. Eunson)....	Edith Sampson.	Marjorie Allen.
St. Mary's Girls'....	Gladys Cartwright.	Gwendoline Jevons.
Stowe-st. Endowed..	Winnie Aldridge.	Dorothy Hines.
Lichfield Boys' Ch.		
of England	George Allen.	William Sawyer.
Christ Church	John Robinson.	Marion Barrett.
St. Joseph's	Dorothy Sharpe.	Frank Curtis.
St. Michael's Infants'	Maude Neale.	Lily Badder.
St. Michael's Mixed..	Evelyn Lester.	Edward Dicken.
Choristers' School ..	Wilfred Phillips.	Percy Wood.
St. Mary's Infants'..	Mabel Fisher.	Herbert Gething.
Ladies' Charity Sch.	Edith Richardson.	Rose Davies.

RECEPTION BY THE MAYOR AND MAYORESS.

From four to six o'clock the Mayor and Mayoress were "At Home" at the Guildhall, and they had one of the largest and most brilliant gatherings which has ever thronged the ancient building. The acceptances numbered over 400, and the visitors included not only the *élite* of the district, but representatives of the neighbouring municipalities, literature, music, and the arts. The Corporation plate, with the fine Carolian maces, Ashmolean Cup, and Hewitt chalices and salver, the gifts to the city of Elias Ashmole and Sir Thomas Hewitt, were placed on view, and the hall, as already stated, was adorned with the Royal Standards of the United Kingdom and the flags of the British Dominions beyond the seas. Music was supplied by an orchestra, under the direction of Mr. John Gladman, for so many years bandmaster of the Queen's Own Royal Regiment of Staffordshire Yeomanry, and refreshments were dispensed from tables conveniently placed under the beautifully-coloured historical window at the end of the hall. The guests included Dr. Sidney Lee (chairman of the Shakespeare Birthplace Trustees) and his sister (Miss Lee), Lady Margaret Levett, Sir Charles and Lady Forster, Mrs. F. Villiers Forster, Sir Richard and Lady Cooper, Col. Sir Robert White-Thompson, K.C.B., Mrs. Philip S. Foster, the Bishop of Stafford and Mrs. Were, the Archdeacon of Stafford and Mrs. and Miss Hodgson, the Dean, Canons, Priest Vicars, Vicars Choral, and Parochial Clergy of Lichfield, Col. and Mrs. Swinfen-Broun, Mrs. Archdale, Miss Selwyn, Miss Margaret Allen, Mr. Francis H. Lloyd and Miss Lloyd, Col. and Mrs. Bulwer, Mr. and Mrs. Redmayne, Judge Parmenter (America), Col. and Mrs. Lethbridge, the Headmaster of Lichfield Grammar School and Mrs. H. S. Cooper, Dr. George Coates (Unionist candidate for the Lichfield Division), Mrs. Lomax, the Rev. F. P. and Mrs. Read, the Mayor of Woolwich (Mr. George Whale), the Mayor and Mayoress of Darlington (Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Biggs), the members of the Lichfield City Council, justices of the city, the Recorder of Lichfield (Mr. Stamford Hutton), the Sheriff of Lichfield and Mrs. W. A. Wood, the Town Clerk of Lichfield and Mrs. Herbert Russell, Drs. de Haviland Hall, W. Harrison, F. Mortimer Rowland, G. W. Homan, E. W. Welchman, and T. D. Stuart Shaw; Canon Beeching and the Rev. Douglas Maclean, the selected Johnson preachers for Sunday; Miss Constance Hill, the Biographer of Fanny Burney and Maria Edgeworth, Mr. Alyn Lyell Reade, the Johnsonian genealogist, and his sister; Dr. A. B. Plant, the composer of the Johnson anthem; and the Prior, Scribe, and members of the Johnson Club.

The Johnson Supper.

TAVERN LIFE AND HERO WORSHIP.

To secure additional accommodation, the anniversary supper was on this occasion held at the George Hotel instead of the Three Crowns Inn, adjoining the Birth-place, where the annual gatherings have hitherto taken place. The George Hotel has historic associations, which made it quite an appropriate meeting place. Here it was in 1686, "At the sign of the George of England," that the Corporation first received the *Poculum Charitatis* from Elias Ashmole, the antiquary, one of its distinguished citizens, filled it with "Catholic wine," and drank "a sober health to their most gracious King." Here it was that George Farquhar, the dramatist, in 1707, laid the scene of his famous comedy "The Beaux' Stratagem," and drew his characters of Boniface and Cherry from the then landlord and his daughter. Here it was that Boswell and Col. Stuart stayed in 1779, where the biographer of Johnson records, "They found as good accommodation as they could wish to have, and he fully enjoyed the comfortable thought that he was in Lichfield again." Visitors were, therefore, on classic ground, and the gathering was worthy of the occasion and the place. The guests numbered upwards of 150 gentlemen connected with the city and neighbourhood, literature and the arts, and the function was carried out on the traditional lines of the tavern life of the eighteenth century. The floor was sanded in true Johnsonian style, a huge pile of "churchwarden" pipes crowned the ancient mantelpiece above the chairman's head, while the bill of fare included only dishes after Johnson's own heart, such as "Boiled Turbot," "Beef Steake Puddinges," "Haunch and Saddle of Mutton," "Apple Pye," and "Toasted Cheshire Cheese." For this occasion the Lichfield Brewery had at last succeeded in "reconstituting" the traditional "oat ale" of the eighteenth century, and so good it proved that little else was called for. It certainly would be interesting if this again became one of Lichfield's staple commodities, and if the Bi-centenary should lead to a revival in the art of making those oat cakes which found equal favour in the eyes of Johnson and Boswell, and which one or two tradesmen made specially for the celebration. The catering was satisfactorily carried out by Mr. H. B. Cast, the manager of the hotel, who received valuable advice and assistance in preparing the bill of fare from Mr. H. Bengier, of "Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese," the tavern identified with Johnson's life in Wine Office Court, Fleet-street. The company present included:—

The Mayor (Alderman H. M. Morgan) presided, and was supported at the principal table by Mr. W. Pett Ridge (the guest of the evening), the Sheriff (Councillor W. A. Wood), the Deputy Mayor (Councillor W. R. Coleridge-Roberts), Col. Sir Robert White-Thomson, Dr. Sidney Lee, Mr. T. Seccombe, the Recorder (Mr. Stamford Hutton), Mr. Bernard Biggs (Mayor of Darlington), the Town Clerk (Mr. H. Russell), Mr. W. B. Wordsworth, and Mr. A. D. Parker. Others present included the following:—His Honour Judge Parmenter (Boston, U.S.A.), Dr. A. B. Plant (Burton), Messrs. W. Wood (Stourbridge), J. Payne Hall (Uttoxeter), W. Harrison (Brighton), W. Fenn (Cannock), A. Spooner (Hednesford), R. Harrison (Brighton), F. Vernon (Dul-

wich), J. E. Boyt (headmaster Stourbridge Grammar School), H. S. Cooper (headmaster Lichfield Grammar School), E. J. Green (Lewisham), R. Plaistow (Richmansworth), C. Holland (Stafford), R. Chawner (Preston), W. H. Attfield (Cambridge), R. Kennedy-Cox (London), B. May (Birmingham), C. W. Fenn (London), H. Spooner (Hednesford), A. A. Bull (Nuneaton), G. H. Morris (Nuneaton), J. B. Atlay (London), A. M. Broadley (Bridport), G. Campbell (London), L. W. Crippen (London), C. Billyeald (Birmingham), F. H. Brookes (Northampton), E. Gilbert (Knowle, Warwickshire), M. J. Riley (Manchester), W. Graham (Seacombe), A. J. Abraham (Sutton Coldfield), T. Fisher Unwin (London), H. B. Wheatley (London), Dr. G. Coates (South Kilworth), F. de Havilland Hall (London), W. F. Higginson (London), H. Lloyd, Jun. (Bromsgrove), C. J. B. Masefield (Wolverhampton), C. J. C. Tildesley (Penkridge), Howard Unwin (London), J. Westrope (London), R. B. Earle (Birmingham), H. J. Holland (Brownhills), W. A. Sanders (Brownhills), F. W. Andrews (Burton), J. F. Green (London), G. Whale (Mayor of Woolwich), J. Sergeaut (London), J. Tregaskis (London), H. Bengel (London), W. G. Partington (Birmingham), Rev. R. Weston (Burntwood), Rev. A. F. Kingscote (Burntwood), S. A. Grundy Newman (Walsall), A. T. Page (Walsall), A. Morgan (Walsall), C. Linnell (Harborne), C. R. Dawes (Moseley), W. M. Mide (Walsall), J. Gordon, jun. (Walsall), F. Greatrex (Stafford), A. L. Reade (Blundelsands, Liverpool), J. L. Webberley (Stafford), J. Attwood (Stourbridge), F. Ferneyhough (Birmingham), Noel Wood (St. Malo, France), M. Baudechon (Paris), A. J. Llewellyn (Walsall), F. B. Page (London), J. Gladman, E. Parkes, W. Perry, G. Haynes, A. Eyles, W. B. Chancellor, J. Richardson, L. G. Ransford, G. Ashmall, G. Birch, W. E. Pead, J. T. Raby, H. Jackson, C. Hedges, J. Fowler, C. Harradine, C. H. Smallwood, C. H. Salford, W. McHugh, C. L. Longstaff, A. E. Chinn, J. B. Asterley, S. T. Parker, J. H. Bridgeman, H. J. C. Winterton, T. Andrews, R. Green, H. C. Peake, J. B. Lott, A. W. Barnes, F. D. Winterton, C. T. Wigham, J. R. Deacon, Col. Lethbridge, E. W. Welchman, R. M. C. O. Davies, A. B. Boam, H. L. Roberts, F. J. Shelley, J. Rowland, W. Brockson, G. S. Russell, A. J. Hall, F. W. Gilbert, J. Ferneyhough, F. H. Bull, F. Garratt, A. J. Miles, W. Charrington, J. Shakespeare, J. F. Garnstone, D. Harrison, W. B. Garnstone, E. Wiseman, J. Russell, W. J. Mercer, P. C. Coveney, B. Keeley, F. J. Hall, A. T. Levett, A. R. Shaw, C. H. Davis, F. B. Fey, F. Key, J. A. Connell, H. H. Russell, D. Wood, and C. F. Cast, all of Lichfield.

The toast of "The King" was loyally honoured, and the Mayor afterwards announced that the Mayor of Bath, of which city Johnson was a frequent visitor, had sent a telegram conveying hearty greetings and congratulations, and one had also been received from the President of the Johnson Club at Brisbane, Queensland, sending warmest congratulations. Friends at home and kindred at the other side of the world greeted them at Lichfield on the memorable occasion, and it was very gratifying to receive such greetings. He had ventured to reply—"Lichfield sends hearty thanks and greetings. From the Mayor." (Loud applause.)

"THE IMMORTAL MEMORY."

Mr. PETT RIDGE then proposed in characteristic fashion "The Immortal Memory of Dr. Samuel Johnson," which was drunk in solemn silence. Mr. Pett Ridge, continuing, said he regretted very much that he was not a bigger man in every respect for those jovial and picturesque environments. But he was bound to admit that they had acted wisely in asking him to be their guest. (Laughter.) They could scarcely have made a better choice. (Renewed laughter.) There were a few literary men, of which small number he was not one, who could talk well and eloquently, but he assured them with conceit that none could talk so briefly as he. (Laughter.) Coming at the end of a fourth day's celebration, during which they had had many speeches beating the drums of their ears, and so many addresses that they could scarcely be sure where they really lived—(laughter)—he hoped they would not be ungrateful for the fact that he did possess that one virtue. He trusted the shade of Dr. Johnson—which must certainly be hovering about that room—would not be thereby offended. Johnson appeared to have been able to express himself at length, and to convey his opinions by impressive elaborate phrases: one could not help thinking that he sometimes treated his little biographer as though Boswell were in a classroom. He lived in a roaring, outspoken day, when volume of voice counted for even more than it did now; in a London where there were no licensing laws to speak of, but plenty of license—(laughter)—at a period when the average educated intelligence was not wide enough to permit of criticism of his powers beyond a limited circle. This fact made him pompous and vain, and helped, no doubt, his insistent methods. No one but a giant could afford to expound the law of everything in such a dogmatic manner. To be quite certain that one was saying the right, the indisputable thing was now the exclusive property of bishops, and he was acquainted with only one living writer who dared trespass on their province. Even bishops sometimes unbended. He did not want to brag, but he once knew a bishop. (Laughter.) The bishop arrived at a country church one day, and was spoken to by the sexton, who said, "My Lord, you have had a very tiring and a very long cross-country journey, and I think, if your lordship will allow me to make a suggestion before you go into the pulpit, I ought to mix for your lordship a stiff glass of whisky-and-water." "No," replied the Bishop, "for three reasons, no. First, I am, as you say, about to preach a sermon; secondly, I happen to be chairman this year of the Clergy Temperance Association; and, thirdly, I have just had one." (Laughter.) There was Johnson, at any rate, in the seventeen hundreds, with the deferential and recording Boswell, the first journalist of his day, the admiring and hospitable Thrales, the indebted Goldsmith, with only Garrick to chaff him occasionally when he became too learned in the art of setting everything right, and never apparently refusing a glass because he had just had one. (Laughter.) "Knowledge," he said, "is of two kinds; we know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it." Johnson had both, and throughout his life, from Lichfield days till close upon the time when he was taken to Westminster Abbey to join the good company there, he juggled, and conjured, and performed miracles with the words contained in his Dictionary, and lived the full career that was

called the literary life. They did not need to be reminded that the literary life was in many respects unlike most others. It was easy enough ; it was mere child's play ; it was but a game of croquet, if only one had the presence of mind to be born a genius. (Laughter.) But geniuses were rare : some authorities asserted they had become extinct, and certainly the Registrar-General, if he kept a record, would have to announce a decreasing birth-rate to-day. (Laughter.) Even if one had talent, then many other qualities were necessary in order that anything like success might be reached. One required some of the energy that Johnson had, some of his dogged determination, some of his industry, some of his resolute attitude towards physical ills, some of his heroism in struggling against the fates. One might lose everything else, but one must not lose heart. The literary life, too, differed from many in that it did not always receive its full award immediately. They themselves were giving that night a generous certificate to Dr. Johnson. He (Mr. Pett Ridge) drew their attention to the fact that Johnson was not there to receive it. For that reason he recommended a little more enthusiasm, where enthusiasm was excusable, towards writing men in their lifetime ; something less of deliberation in serving out the medals. (Laughter.) As it was, he trusted it might not be impious to hope that Johnson had some knowledge of the honour they had that week paid to him, and that other great ones of the past, now in his company, envied him the more, and talked reminiscently of tavern nights in town. London was the centre in Johnson's day, and London was still a magnet drawing from the country not only those who were men of steel, but also attracting many of inferior metal, so that it was the provincial accent they found at each end of the social scale. The very successful, of course, talked broad Scots. (Laughter.) What the Cockney accent was like in Johnson's day, in the middle part of the eighteenth century, it was difficult to say. There were no exact particulars given in the records, but it was clear it had changed a good deal ; peculiarities had been substituted which some disliked and some regarded with interest. An accent was something possessed by other people. Whatever the accent of the day might have been, they could be sure it obtained no approval from Johnson. Living the literary life and no other, he always talked literature. He would not allow any frivolous liberties to be taken. He drew up every word from the well of English undefiled at which Chaucer drank. He permitted himself, it is true, frequent excursions into a moribund language, a trip no longer fashionable, for we were desperately anxious to avoid nowadays any signs of erudition excepting in the cases where no erudition existed, and Latin quotations were rarely found but in leading articles and in begging letters dated from County Council lodging-houses. (Laughter.) He recently visited a London school, where he obtained a good deal of information which was quite useless—(laughter)—from an assistant-master, who, suddenly becoming confidential, said, " I am going to tell you something I must ask you to treat as quite *infra dig*—(laughter)—what I mean is, it must not go any further." "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, " if you wish to have a notion of the magnitude of this city, you must not be satisfied with seeing its great streets and squares, but must survey the innumerable little lanes and courts." The London of his day had some resemblance to the London that is ours, but, thank goodness, many of the innumerable

little lanes were improved. He (Mr. Pett Ridge) happened to be a contribution—a niggardly contribution—from the county of Kent, and he could remember when, away up at the back of Exeter-street, where Johnson compiled his Dictionary, stood a weird collection of unwholesome dwellings, a district that one could smell from afar. (Laughter.) He began to saunter about London so soon as he arrived, but he always hurried through Clare Market. Clare Market had gone, and broad streets and good buildings were in its place. The Strand had changed out of all recognition. He was rather glad to be able to remember Booksellers'-row when it was not ashamed to call itself Holywell-street: looking back, it seemed as though, at any time, in that narrow thoroughfare one might have encountered Dr. Johnson peering in his short-sighted manner at some book in the twopenny box that formed the cemetery of so many volumes born under cheerful auspices, but fated to die young. Fleet-street Dr. Johnson would still like to stroll down; he would have to be very careful not to stroll across it. Gerrard-street, where they all met at their club, scarcely belonged to London now; one would have difficulty in finding his way there without a knowledge of French or German. So things changed; so the world resembled a child's kaleidoscope! Mr. Pett Ridge asked his hearers to observe the imperturbability of great pens. Kings might come and kings might go; Budgets might be introduced and Budgets might—well, anything might happen to them—(laughter)—but the great, the conspicuous mind went steadily on, not certain of gaining praise from contemporaries, but sure that posterity would judge fairly. (Applause.) Posterity was a stolid, deliberate constable, settling matters in a methodical way with the aid of the bull's-eye lantern of illuminating justice. He remembered the story of a man going up to a City constable saying, "Constable, I want you to do something. Lock this boy up." "Why?" replied the constable, "what has happened? What are the facts?" "Why," said the gentleman, "I was coming along just now when the youngster came up to me and asked me what time it was. I replied, 'ten minutes to three.' 'Good,' said the youngster, 'at three o'clock get your hair cut.'" "Well," said the constable, "You're all right, sir; you've got a good eight minutes to spare yet." (Laughter.) Concluding, Mr. Pett Ridge said Dr. Johnson left a legacy to one town that had made others jealous; he was of the few who signed their will and bequeathed riches on the day of their birth. It was a great thing that they recognized the distinction Lichfield possessed; it was even more important that their dear children should always remember. (Applause.)

Mr. T. FISHER UNWIN, who was most cordially received, said the committee had requested him to propose the toast of "The Acting Chairman, Councillor Coleridge-Roberts, and the Committee of the Johnson Birthplace." In doing him that great honour he could only recognize it as a compliment to the club of which he was a member, and he supposed from the fact that he was its Bursar and that some 25 years ago he had the pleasure of taking an active part at its first meeting. Let him acknowledge that in a sense the Mayor, or his predecessor, was the author of the "Johnson Club" in London. Some time in the summer of 1884 he read a letter by the then Mayor to the readers of the *Times*, and, indeed, to the world generally, inviting suggestions and co-operation for a centenary celebration to be held in their city on Dec. 13, the hundredth anniversary of

Dr. Johnson's death. He was interested in the suggestion and waited, expecting to hear of some celebration, but he confessed London and the English public did not seem to take the interest that might have been expected. He remembered turning to a friend and saying "We will at least have our chop on the 13th of December at the Cock Tavern in Fleet-street." They must have mentioned the idea to some friends, and without any organization or advertisement some 14 or 15 men gathered together for supper. They had simple, old-fashioned fare and good talk, and at the end of the evening the suggestion that they should meet again was received with acclamation. From that date the "Johnson Club" of 31 members had continued to meet together for a quarterly supper and for reading papers about Johnson. It had been their custom for a summer meeting to make a pilgrimage to some Johnsonian resort, such as Oxford, Cambridge, Stratford, and Bath, and so some 20 years ago they made their first pilgrimage to Lichfield. On that occasion they had the pleasure of first meeting Mr. Lomax, and to-day he had had the pleasure of meeting him again. As they all knew, he was well on in years and unable to be present that evening, but as their Chairman he desired him to express his interest in that evening's gathering, and to send his kind remembrances, with the wish that the Birthplace Committee should go on and increase in strength and influence. (Applause.) Let him re-echo that wish from the Johnson Club. They were doing a great work, and, indeed, had taken on a great responsibility. They were following in the footsteps of Stratford-on-Avon, of Ecclefechan, of Olney, and of Chelsea. That night they had with them our Brother Sidney Lee, chairman of the Shakespeare House, and Cowper and Carlyle and others have been similarly honoured by the purchase or acquisition of their houses as memorials. A second visit to their city was on the occasion of the opening of the Johnson House in 1900, when their brother and Prior, Dr. Birkbeck Hill, the editor of Boswell, addressed the citizens from the steps of that building, and Brother Birrell lectured to them in one of their halls. Neither of these brethren was with them that night; one was gone from them and the other was to be found in another place. He was glad to note that their city was carrying out the excellent idea of placing plaques on the houses connected with its notable citizens. That had been done in past years by the Society of Arts in London, and was now being extended by the London County Council. It would be well if other towns and cities would follow their example. (Applause.) Nowadays there was much talk and public speech about patriotism, imperialism, and so on. Let him remind them that true patriotism and true citizenship were founded on love of one's country, on love of one's cities and towns, and even counties, and that that best came from a knowledge of their history and the great men and women who had lived there. (Hear, hear and applause.) That was the best foundation so as to build up in the minds of their young people the true conception of citizenship. They had done well that day in their Market-place to gather together the children of their city and to tell of the great men who had gone. Might he suggest that they should extend that work by lecturing and teaching in their schools, not only the history of England, but of their own city and its neighbourhood. (Hear, hear, and applause.) That was being done in London in some of their Council schools, where lectures were being given even on

the history of its parishes. They would find that by pursuing that subject they would bring history home in a very practical fashion, as it was almost possible to illustrate English history in miniature form from every town in the country, where some part or echo of that history had been played. (Applause.) He feared that he had already trespassed too long on their time and, indeed, trespassed on the speech of his brother Seccombe who had to acknowledge the toast of their club, but he had often found on walking home that he had forgotten what he wanted to say, and there was just one thing which came to his mind. He, like everyone in that room, was delighted with the Johnson Exhibition which they had collected together for the first time, and he hoped not for the last time. They had seen these relics and curiosities, these autographs and pictures, and the thought crossed his mind, need they be dispersed? Was it too late for them to be collected and retained in the permanent museum in the Johnson House? Could they not make an appeal before that collection was distributed? He could do but little. He had sent a new book and an ancient book for exhibition; he gladly left them behind him and he trusted many others would do the same. (Applause.) Again, might he use Mr. Lomax's words—might their committee go on and grow in strength and influence. (Applause.)

The toast having been heartily honoured, Councillor COLERIDGE-ROBERTS, in response, said he was thankful the name of Alderman Lomax had been mentioned by the proposer. He had set an example in the public life of the city that they would do well to emulate and other generations to follow. (Applause.) There was no more honoured, revered, and respected gentleman in the city and neighbourhood than Alfred Charles Lomax. (Renewed applause.) The Johnson Committee had worked very hard for the commemoration, and for years they had endeavoured to get together money to restore the house; and now he did not know any ancient building in England in a better state of preservation. (Hear, hear.) He hoped their visitors had not spent as much as they expected, and as they required money for the Johnson House, to extend the work of restoration, he would gladly put any of their balances to the Restoration Fund. (Applause and laughter.) He wished to thank the Management Committee, the Sheriff, Councillor Raby, and Mr. Brocksom; and but for them he did not know what they would have done in the commemoration. (Applause.) As to his friend Mr. A. D. Parker, who had organized the theatrical performances, they had only to see what took place at St. James's Hall to realize what his labours had been. (Applause.) The committee had done their level best, and he hoped all had enjoyed themselves in the past few days. (Applause.)

Mr. FISHER-UNWIN, rising again, asked why an appeal should not be sent out to exhibitors at the exhibition to leave some of their relics behind for the benefit of the city. He would himself be glad to leave several books. (Applause.)

The MAYOR said they would be only too pleased if those who had lent valuable things would make a present of them. They would be a great acquisition to the Johnson House. (Applause.)

The toast of the "Johnson Club" was submitted by the SHERIFF (Councillor W. A. Wood), who said he was happy to be able to welcome the Johnson Club to Lichfield, as he had been their guest both in London and Lichfield on several occasions, and it enabled

him to express his obligations to them personally. It was at the meeting of the Club in December last, which Mr. Raby and himself attended as honoured guests, that the inception of the celebration may be said to have taken place. He and Mr. Raby went up with vague suggestions as to the form the Bicentenary Celebrations should take, and he was pleased to say that most of the items there forecasted had been carried out. Amongst other things which he then hoped would be included were lectures on Johnson. He was sorry to announce that the only lecturer who had come forward was his unworthy self, and he, owing to pressure of business, had only been able to deliver it on a few occasions. But he had had the privilege of doing so at Stourbridge, where he was most kindly received and had stirred up a great deal of enthusiasm there. Another item was visits to places of interest in Lichfield and the neighbourhood connected with Johnson and his contemporaries. This portion had been carried out by the kindly assistance of the Mayoress, who had invited a number of ladies to co-operate, and so, with some gentlemen also, a company of guides had been formed to conduct visitors to the places worth seeing. Then another item was the series of addresses they hoped to bring about, and it was a proud boast that this had been carried out perfectly, as would be seen by the magnificent addresses of Lord Rosebery on Wednesday, by Mr. Sargeant at the Grammar School on Thursday, and by Mr. Sidney Lee's address on Friday. Another promise which he had made in London, and which was received with rapturous applause by the members of the Club, was that he hoped to give them at Lichfield some oat ale. (Laughter.) This he had been able to do, by the kindly assent of his chief, Mr. Pead, and by the trouble taken by Mr. Keeley and his assistant, Mr. Coveney, the brewers. The oat ale was now being used at this supper by permission of his friend Mr. Andrews. It had been rather a strain to keep the Johnsonian flame alive in Lichfield heretofore, but by the co-operation of the London Johnson Club they had been able to do so, and he was glad to know from what Mr. Fisher Unwin had told them that a letter to the London Press in 1884, written by the then Mayor of Lichfield, the late Alderman Hunt, and in the compilation of which Mr. A. D. Parker had a large share, had led to the establishment of the London Club. The only mark of the event in 1884 which was made in Lichfield was an informal gathering at the "Three Crowns," in which about 12 or 14 people only took part, but of which he (the speaker) was proud to say he was one. Now look at the difference in 1909; look at the success of the present celebrations; look at the help the Press of the country had given them. Lichfield had indeed loomed large in the papers lately, and attention had been called to Johnson which would make the yearly celebration in the future an enduring one. The success was such that it amply repaid all who had assisted for the trouble they had given to the arrangements, and had quite compensated himself and his friends Mr. Shelley and Mr. Davies for fiscal sacrifices they had made. (Laughter.)

In responding for the Johnson Club (of which he was elected Prior in succession to Mr. H. B. Wheatley in October, 1908), Mr. THOMAS SRECCOMBE observed that the qualifications were not an expert knowledge of Johnson—the members were not a galaxy of specialists, but merely a group of Londoners distinguished in some

degree for a profound and sincere love of Lichfield's greatest citizen, combined with a kindness for plain speaking (for when the fumes of compliment rose among them then the spirit of Johnson was apt to be obscured), and with a reasonable measure of clubability. Clubbable was Johnson's word, and he had a long experience of the vicissitudes of clubs. The Johnson Club had already survived a quarter of a century; the original Prior (Mr. Unwin) was their guest that evening; and among his successors were some distinguished Johnsonians, such as Dr. Birkbeck Hill, Mr. George Radford, and Mr. Birrell. It was no shame to be an incomplete Johnsonian—if only for the reason that there never had been, never could be, a complete Johnsonist. Men there had been who had known Shakespeare or Milton by heart, but no man had all Johnson's good things in ready money. They were as multitudinous, as variable, as myriad-tongued some would say as contradictory as the waves of the sea. Johnson agreed with Montaigne that wisdom needed a curb occasionally: hence, perhaps, the singularity of some of his observations. No complete Johnsonian would agree with Lord Rosebery that Johnson's criticism of Shakespeare was of no serious account. He tackled Shakespeare as a Lichfield man should a man of Stratford, and when he left things in obscurity Johnson was not afraid to say so. He never cringed to Shakespeare. People were often so stupefied and hypnotized by commanding greatness or fame that this attitude alone constituted a valuable service to criticism. Johnson was deeply, profoundly religious, but here again his religion was peculiar. Most of us hated cant and tried to clear our minds of it. Johnson attacked it and tore it to pieces wherever he met it. All admitted the Christian obligation of almsgiving. Johnson went further. He gave about three-quarters of his income away to the needy. The speaker had been astonished of late at his own and other people's neglect of Johnson's Letters. One we all knew—that to Lord Chesterfield, which must rank as the bookman's declaration of independence. (Applause.) With Burns's famous "For a' that," with Hazlitt's letter to Gifford, and Hood's epistle to Rae Wilson, it was one of the title deeds of the British author. (Renewed applause.) But how good most of his letters were. He seemed to concentrate himself and the entire resources of the language into a single brief epistle—each the miniature of himself. His letters had many of the qualities of his poems—strong, sincere, tears trickling down the granite, profound feeling vibrating through an iron frame. When all was said, though, what we valued most of Johnson was his comfortable sayings. Amid the flinty and the flowery ways of human existence, amid all the changes and chances of this transitory life, Johnson's dicta stuck to us like mottoes and heartened us up at the most critical moments. Everyone who knew his Johnson had experienced their felicity and their wonderful therapeutic power. Johnson's saying that "Staffordshire was the nursery of the arts, they rear them up there, and then transplant them to London," was a saying that could hardly fail to be useful to visitors in that part of the country. Similarly, whether bored by an infant phenomenon or a female preacher, in danger of sea-sickness, or of being half-seas over, in another sense, in fear of prison, or even of the gallows, Johnson, if invoked, would still yield words of consolation and encouragement. Sitting at a loose end on a boulevard in Paris was a sensation expressed for all time in Johnson's entry.

"Went on the boulevards—saw nothing in particular—was glad to be there." It was a libel to describe Johnson as long-winded. His thought and expression were frequently of the tersest. After a few more examples Mr. Secombe said he must conclude by fulfilling two pleasant duties. The first was to thank the citizens of Weal and Worship for their noble hospitality. The only way in which they of the Johnson Club could express their appreciation was to go on trying to uphold the tradition—the Johnsonian tradition of deep-thinking and plain speaking. The cardinal points of their faith were, first, that Johnson is not dead but liveth; secondly, that wherever two or three Johnsonians are gathered together there the spirit of Johnson will be amongst them. (Hear, hear, and applause.) Their success hitherto might be gauged by the question: What Englishman who had been 200 years before the world was so much alive in 1909 as Samuel Johnson? He had not only left us his works, but his personal impress, his very accent. Secondly, he had to congratulate the citizens of Lichfield on the admirable way in which the celebration had been conceived, made local and popular, yet world-wide, without being vulgar. In the moving ceremony in the Market-square that morning the miracle of Genius had been brought home to them all. Here in a small Midland city, far from the closer contacts, the noise, and the conflict of the world's great foci, a great man had been born just two hundred years ago, destined to "drive the world about," to be isolated from his fellows, to bestride them, to benefit them, and to go on living when their names and memories were dust. Such a tribute would touch Johnson nearer than the plaudits of any of his fellow magnates in Elysium. (Applause.) Lichfield had realized its own gratitude and pride in Johnson and had made us all realize it. He would ask them all to claim for the nonce the privilege of Lichfield and to join him in the sentiment *Salve! Magna Parens. Salve! Fili Marime*. Thrice hail, our thrice generous hosts, on this thrice memorable occasion. (Loud applause.)

Councillor J. T. RABY, in submitting the toast of "The Visitors," said Johnson had told them that "If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life he will soon find himself left alone." "A man," he said, "should keep his friendship in a constant repair." (Hear, hear.) That week they had been keeping their friendship in repair and making new acquaintances—keeping up the Johnsonian tradition, and the memorable gatherings which had taken place that week would not be forgotten in the history of Lichfield. (Applause.) He ventured to say that they had made history, and no man could have had a greater honour paid to him at his bi-centenary than Samuel Johnson in his native city. (Applause.) The Local Committee had done their best to make the commemoration a success, but they could not have had the success which had been achieved without their visitors. First of all stood out Lord Rosebery, who had inaugurated the celebration with a fine oration and a still finer peroration. (Applause.) Then came Mr. John Sargeant, of the Westminster School, who had given a charming address at the Grammar School, the school where Johnson spent eight years of his early life, and of which he would ever remain the most illustrious scholar. That address linked in the most interesting manner the present with the past, and should be an inspiration to the scholars of to-day to prove themselves worthy of their inheritance and of the great names associated with their school. (Applause.)

Next they had Dr. Sidney Lee, the chairman of the Shakespeare Birthplace Trustees, who with keen erudition and a wealth of detail not to be surpassed, had in their ancient Guildhall discoursed of that trilogy of great men, "Johnson, Garrick, and Shakespeare," linking in the happiest way Lichfield and Stratford-on-Avon. (Applause.) Other visitors had not come so conspicuously to the front, but they were none the less indebted to them for their presence. (Hear, hear.) First and foremost he should like to draw from the shade the skilful Johnson genealogist, Mr. Aleyn Lyell Rende, who was content to sit in the ante-room when he ought to be in the very front. (Hear, hear, and applause.) To no one were Lichfield Johnsonians more indebted than to him. With unbounded generosity, untiring diligence, and painstaking assiduity, beyond all praise, he had traced out the ancestry of Dr. Johnson, his family, and his friends, and had made their greatest citizen and his contemporaries live once more amongst them in his native city. (Applause.) As a citizen of Lichfield, and as a member of the Johnson Birthplace Committee, he wished to publicly thank him, and to pay tribute to him for his self-sacrificing labours and work. The toast was to have been associated with the name of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, the donor of the Boswell statue last year, but he had not been able to come. Mr. Fitzgerald, however, had not forgotten them, and had sent between 50 and 60 volumes for the Johnson House Library, setting that good example which Mr. Fisher Unwin had announced his intention to follow, and which he was delighted to say their new Dean had already followed by presenting them with a first edition of Johnson's Dictionary. (Applause.) In the absence of Mr. Fitzgerald, he had first to associate with the toast the name of Col. Sir Robert White-Thomson. The name might not be familiar to some, but Sir Robert came to them with a distinct Johnsonian tradition, being a direct descendant of the Rev. Henry White, who was sacrist of Lichfield Cathedral in those days and to whom John Hewitt, the antiquary, dedicated his picture of the Johnson Willow, so well known to all Lichfieldians. Moreover, on the maternal side, Sir Robert White-Thomson was related to the Rev. Daniel William Remington, who was at one time vicar of St. Mary's. Sir Robert White-Thomson therefore brought the Johnsonian traditions down to them in his own person in a remarkable manner, and they heartily welcomed him once more amongst them in the City of Lichfield. (Loud applause.) In making known the Bi-centenary Celebration they were especially indebted to the representatives of the Press, and more especially to Mr. Gerald Campbell of the *Times* and Mr. A. M. Broadley of the *Standard*, and other journals. They were indebted to Mr. Broadley not only for his services on the Press, but for a very valuable loan of Johnsonian manuscripts and autograph letters in their memorial exhibition, and for the promise of favours to come in the book which he was shortly to publish on "Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale," which was to contain an unpublished part of Johnsonian history connected with Johnson and the Thrales on their tour through North Wales. (Applause.) They would await that book with no small interest, thank him in anticipation for it, and for coming to Lichfield to take part in their celebration. (Applause.) Then they had with them on that occasion a young gentleman who supplied a close personal touch and renewed a pleasant friendship with their city—a young gentleman who a few short years ago went out from a newspaper office in that city, with

which he was formerly connected, and in an amazingly short time had risen to be Mayor of Darlington. (Applause.) They most heartily welcomed Mr. Bernard Biggs to his native city with the honours he had gained, and many of them rejoiced at the Mayor's reception earlier in the day to see standing by his side his venerable father, so long known to them as Alderman Sylvanus Biggs, looking hale, hearty, and well. (Loud applause.) He had great pleasure in associating with the toast the names of Col. Sir Robert White Thomson, Mr. Broadley, and Mr. Bernard Biggs (Mayor of Darlington). Never had Lichfield more reason to feel indebted to its visitors and never would they drink their health with greater heartiness and pleasure. (Loud applause.)

SIR ROBERT WHITE-THOMSON, responding for the Visitors, cordially thanked the Mayor and all those to whom they were indebted for the hospitality, and for the delightful experiences of the past few days. Referring to Councillor Raby's kindly mention of his own connection with the city, Sir Robert remarked that it went back even farther than the days of his great grandfather, Daniel William Remington, who, as Mr. Raby stated, was vicar of St. Mary's (1772-1788), for Mr. Remington's grandfather, the Rev. William Baker, was also vicar of St. Mary's from 1681 to 1732, a period of 51 years. Thus Mr. Baker probably baptized Samuel Johnson in 1709, and it might be noted that two of his great-grandsons, William and Edward Simeon Remington, were successively incumbents of St. Michael's (1782-1805.) Sir Robert further stated that Thomas White, another of his great-grandfathers, was Prebendary and Divinity Lecturer of the Cathedral, and father of Henry White, sacrist of the Cathedral, whose unique blackletter library was among the attractions of Lichfield until 1825, when it was purchased by Lackington and dispersed. Henry White was the elder brother of Thomas, an ecclesiastical proctor. Their mother, Lucy, was a daughter of Mr. Hunter, Dr. Johnson's schoolmaster, by his second wife, Lucy Porter, niece of Mrs. Johnson. They were thus first cousins of Anna Seward and of Lucy Porter, Dr. Johnson's step-daughter. Thomas White (Sir Robert's grandfather) was executor and residuary legatee of Anna Seward's will. Many valuable possessions of the Seward family thus passed through Thomas Henry White (son of the Proctor) to his nephew Sir Robert, by whom they are treasured in his Devonshire home. [Lucy Porter bequeathed her house and its priceless contents to her cousin, Henry White, but gave the Rev. J. B. Pearson a life interest in it, which Henry eventually sold to Mr. Pearson, and thus it passed out of the family.] Referring to Anna Seward, after premising that he looked upon himself as, in a way, her representative, Sir Robert expressed his obligation to Mr. Clement Shorter, who, in 1906, spoke kindly of her at the Johnsonian dinner, and to Mr. Lucas, who dealt fairly with her as the leader of the literary *colerie* of Lichfield in his interesting volume published in 1907. Neither of these gentlemen ignored her weak points, but brought into prominence the circumstances of her day and of her environment, which tended to give her writings and herself an importance which the superior culture of succeeding generations cannot accord her. Mrs. Oliphant, in her "Literary History of the 19th Century," also does her justice, but some recent writers have failed in this respect, ignoring not only the light which her letters (however fantastic) throw upon the literary life of her times, but the acknow-

ledged merit of some of her poetry, and above all her dutiful affection as a daughter and sister, and her devotion to many friends, especially to her adopted sister, Honora Sneyd, to Capt. Hastings, and to the unfortunate Major André. Sir Robert said that no words of his were needed in addition to those already spoken that evening in proof of his admiration for the great man who was born in Lichfield 200 years ago. He wished, however, to add his testimony to that of Councillor Raby to the great value of the patient and discriminating researches into Johnsonian history which had been made by Mr. Lyell Reade. He concluded by expressing his heartfelt appreciation of the concluding words of Lord Rosebery's great speech and of those spoken that evening with reference to the grand point in Dr. Johnson's character—his deep religious convictions, and humble trust in the merits of his blessed Saviour. (Loud applause.)

Mr. A. M. BROADLEY, who also responded, said two of the visitors that evening came from the kingdom of Wessex, and he must confess that on this occasion the invasion of the kingdom of Mercia by the men of Wessex had been both pleasurable and profitable. (Laughter.) One of these Wessex invaders they had already heard; he was the other. He thanked them for the hospitality that Lichfield, during the past four days had accorded to her visitors. There were celebrations and celebrations. The celebration they had had that week had not been simply one of mere bodily gratification. He ventured to think that there was not one of their visitors who would not take away lessons which he would remember for the rest of his life. He would not allude to the magnificent orations they had heard on three successive days that week which had characterised that most successful celebration. Johnson had been spoken of in various capacities. Johnson was a great pressman; possibly he was the greatest that ever lived, or ever would live, and he thought that if the shadow of Johnson had been hovering over them he must have felt gratified at the homage paid to him, and at the fact that pressmen of all degrees had taken a very conspicuous part in that commemoration festival. The toast of "The immortal memory of Dr. Johnson" was proposed by a most distinguished pressman, and a most distinguished humorist. The toast of "The Visitors" was proposed by a Nestor amongst pressmen in Staffordshire, who had done his utmost to make the arrangements for the Press suitable to that great occasion. A pressman, moreover, had responded to the toast of the Johnson Club. Pressmen were all proud of Johnson, but they would take away with them from the ancient city which Johnson saluted as *salve magna parens* other recollections than those aroused by that great and dominating figure. They had often been told that Lichfield was the birthplace of Garrick. That was wholly incorrect, for he was born at Hereford, though he lived and received his education at Lichfield. That week they had been forcibly reminded that the traditions of Garrick still lived amongst them, by the fact that there, under the able direction of Mr. Parker, and the personal participation of the Sheriff and his accomplished wife, there had been a most successful amateur performance of a play which Johnson described as the most exhilarating in the English language—"She Stoops to Conquer." He ventured to think that the excellent performances they

had witnessed, and the admirable personification given by Mr. and Mrs. Wood of the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Harcastle with such a high degree of excellence were not the least noteworthy feature of the celebration of the two-hundredth birthday of Dr. Johnson. In order to make that play quite perfect, the Sheriff had set a worthy example of devotion and self-sacrifice, by depriving himself of that hirsute adornment with which citizens of Lichfield were familiar. (Laughter.) Most great things came from the energy of four or five well-intentioned individuals, and it was to the energy of a devoted band of Johnsonians in Lichfield that the success of that splendid celebration was mainly due. There were many features in the celebration which were of peculiar interest, but he thought they would readily admit that nothing could well be more picturesque than the presence of those little girls from the Ladies' Charity School at the gathering in the Market Place, and at the reception that afternoon. Wearing the costume of the Age of Johnson, they mutely testified to the softer side of Johnson's nature—his large-hearted philanthropy and sympathy with the sick, the needy, and the suffering. Their presence, he believed, was due to an exceedingly happy inspiration on the part of their worthy Mayor. Very effective, too, was the singing of the Addison hymns. In view of recent developments in Arctic exploration there was surely something prophetic in the lines:—

"Confirm the tidings as they roll,

And spread the truth from Pole to Pole."

(Laughter.) Continuing, Mr. Broadley urged that some memorial should be erected to "Kitty" Chambers, and that a tablet should be placed to commemorate that great celebration in connection with which the Mayor and Sheriff had played a most important part. "Kitty" Chambers was the maidservant of Mrs. Johnson, and the Doctor always maintained great affection for her. In Lichfield they had done wisely in bringing about that celebration. They knew perfectly well that the great American nation across the seas were fast becoming the guardians and the custodians of the traditions of our past. They took a vivid and lively interest in the traditions of this country and in its great historical landmarks. They came to Stratford to pay their devotions at the shrine of Shakespeare, and to visit Oxford, Bath, and other historic places. But what would be the consequence of Lichfield's celebration? It would be that Lichfield, which heretofore had only been treated as a travel centre, would become from that day a travel shrine. (Applause.) The accounts of that commemoration festival would travel across the ocean, and would be read throughout the length and breadth of America, with the result that next year, when the Americans came over in their hundreds and thousands, they would feel that they must not return home without visiting the picturesque birthplace of one of the greatest Englishmen who ever lived—the great John Bull, of whom a marvellous pen picture had been so finely drawn by Lord Rosebery. (Loud applause.)

The Mayor of DARLINGTON, who was cordially received, also briefly responded, and said he was grateful to the Mayor for the invitation to be amongst them. The change from Lichfield, to which he was proud to belong, to a great northern centre of industry was very great. On the occasions when he had visited his native city he had always enjoyed himself and received the most hearty welcome, for which he was grateful. He had

recently visited his father at Leicester, and he was especially pleased that he should be with him at Lichfield on that memorable occasion and share in the welcome accorded him. (Loud applause.)

The concluding toast, "The Mayor," was submitted by the Recorder, Mr. STAMFORD HUTTON, who remarked that his Worship was identified with every interest in the city for the good of his fellow-citizens, and had carried out the memorable proceedings connected with that celebration in a manner worthy of the Mayoralty, of the great man they had been honouring, and of himself as a native of the city upon which Johnson had cast such lustre. (Applause.) Boswell, they must remember, was also a recorder, though at that hour he might not have been so coherent as the speaker hoped he was. (Laughter.) The eyes of the whole literary English speaking people had that week been on Lichfield. Whether Lichfield had come out of that scrutiny successfully or otherwise depended upon the man who, for the time being, was its first citizen. From the speech of Lord Rosebery on Wednesday morning to the oastale on Saturday night the commemoration had been an unqualified success, and their cordial thanks were due to the Mayor. (Applause.)

The toast was warmly received, and his WORSHIP, in acknowledging the compliment, said it had certainly been a memorable week and had involved some arduous work. He had tried to do his duty, and had been ably supported by the Sheriff, to whom he felt specially indebted. He was pleased to announce that the Rector of St. Chad's proposed, as Mr. Broadley had intimated, to erect on the south wall of the chancel of that church, near or below the tablet to Lucy Porter, another tablet to Catherine Chambers, who from 1722 to 1767, when she died, was the faithful servant and friend of the Johnson family. It was of her that Johnson took an affectionate farewell, as recorded in his diary. She was buried on Nov. 7, 1767, and left the whole of her property to Lucy Porter, who in her will desired to be buried in or near the tomb of her friend Catherine Chambers.—The Rev. WILFRID FULLER said his friend and parishioner, Mr. Thos. Andrews, had promised to act as treasurer with him of the fund, and that they would be glad to receive any subscriptions towards the object in view.—A list was at once passed round and most of the money required forthwith raised. In connection with this memorial it should be stated that the suggestion emanated from one of the hon. secretaries of the Bicentenary celebration, that it was warmly taken up by Mr. Broadley, and brought by him before the Rector of St. Chad's, who is praiseworthy carrying it out.

'Overflow' Supper at the 'Three Crowns.'

To meet the wishes of many disappointed by not obtaining tickets for the supper at the George Hotel and in order to maintain the traditions of the house, an "overflow" supper was held at the Three Crowns Inn, adjoining Johnson's Birthplace. The historic room of the inn was crowded, and the gathering was of a very pleasant character, many of the members of the Dr. Johnson Lodge of the Lichfield District of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows, which meets at the inn, availing themselves of the opportunity of taking part in the celebration. The Rev. R. F. Way, M.A. (incumbent of St. Chad's, Burton-on-Trent), presided, and he and Mr. George Whale (Mayor of Woolwich), Dr. Sidney Lee (chairman of Shakespeare Birthplace Trustees), and Mr. John Sargeant, of Westminster School, members of the Johnson Club, delivered excellent addresses. The vice-chair was occupied by Councillor Godfrey R. Benson, and amongst others present were Mr. W. E. Larkin, Mr. W. S. Taylor, Mr. T. Cureton, Mr. C. Thorneloe, Mr. S. Wood, Mr. O. G. Arnold, Mr. W. H. Moore, Mr. C.

George, Mr. I. Dixon, Mr. A. A. Perrins, Mr. W. E. Larkin, Mr. G. E. Larkin, Mr. E. Wiseman, Mr. W. L. Hewitt, Mr. Davoll, and many others.

An excellent supper was provided by Mrs. Hitchens, and consisted of ye olde beefsteake puddynges with kidneys, oysters, and mushrooms, ye haunch of mutton with ye red currant jelly, ye beere of Olde England and ye red wine of France, ye apple pye with cream, mounted in ye olde style; ye tastie cheese yclept ye Cheshire and stewed before ye gridlie fire.

The CHAIRMAN submitted the toast of "The King," which was duly honoured.

In proposing the toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of Dr. Sam. Johnson," the rev. Chairman quoted the 90th Psalm, the Psalm for Dr. Johnson's birthday and probably said at his burial, and remarked that one thousand years or two hundred were as yesterday. So vivid was his figure to them that they would not be surprised to see him walk into that room in his brown coat, black worsted stockings, buckled shoes, and long wig. "Three score years and ten," Johnson was 75, and felt the force of his own words, "Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage," though only three or four years before he wrote one of his best books, "The Lives of the Poets." Johnson kept his birthday himself by going to church in the morning and giving thanks. One of his most delightful traits was his love of children. He loved to think of that great man, poet, novelist, essayist, critic, lexicographer, Lichfield's honoured and loved son, London's lauded citizen, deigning to understand and talk to little children—(applause)—calling them his "pretty dears," and handing them sweets with his great clumsy hands. He remembered and understood his own boyhood. It was delightful to think of him later in life trying again the field fence or the gate. Mr. Way gave instances of his kindness to lads, and his pure and chivalrous attitude to women, instancing his tenderness to his wife nearly double his own age, and loyal memory of her after death. One wondered how he would have behaved to Suffragettes. They talked of Johnson not being up-to-date; think of the ladies pulling the slates off the roof at Birmingham and pelting the Premier's motor and the crowd, and then listen to these lines of Johnson:

"Here falling houses thunder on your head,

And here a female suffragist talks you dead."

He had only substituted "suffragist" for "atheist." He had not great friendships with clergymen, his portentous bow to the Archbishop of York was noted, and his story to Boswell, when advising him to cultivate an orchard, that he knew a poor clergyman who brought up his children chiefly on apple dumplings. His relations with the men, his friends, were tolerant and kindly. His friendship with Boswell was remarkable, he did not always desire to be with those as great or greater than himself. It would be a shame not to speak that night of Boswell and his great biography, it was like one of our Staffordshire coal mines, he would say, but for the name's political suggestiveness, the mine at Fenton, "the Duke's Pit." You could dig away at it and never seem to come to the end of it, and always find something useful and fresh. But his friends at the Literary Club showed them his greatness. Think of David Garrick, the brilliant actor, once his pupil; Goldsmith, the great writer; Beauclerk, the

witty man of the world; Reynolds, the intellectual artist, and Burke, said to be the greatest Englishman of the 18th century, ready to "ring the bell to Dr. Johnson." (Applause.) But they admired his dogged, John Bull fight against poverty, illness, and indolence. Remember his own words:

"There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail,"
the debtor's jail from which he rescued Goldsmith, and from whom Richardson rescued him on his appeal for five pounds. "Awkward at counting money," said he, "because I've had so little to count." His wisdom and wit were essentially English. Dr. Lee said Garrick's brilliance probably came from French blood in his veins, but Johnson they claimed as English; his father was born at Cubley. His saying about the would-be suicide, afraid of his fraud being disclosed, let him go to a distant country where he's not known, "don't let him go to the devil where he is known." The observation on one just left the room, "That young man seems to have only one idea, and that a wrong one." We have only one idea to-night, and that a right one, that Johnson "was a great man." His prejudices were mentioned against Cambridge men, though he had to own a Cambridge man's impromptu about Charles I. the cleverest he had heard:

"The King to Oxford sent his troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force;
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs allow no force but argument;"
against Scotchmen and pensions, yet afterwards he accepted a pension from George III. obtained for him by two Scotchmen; so his prejudices came home to roost. How fortunate Lichfield men were in their almost monopoly of Johnson in Staffordshire! Other districts were proud of the "crumbs;" Walsall was proud on the basis of an old copy of the "Life" to put in a claim for the penance incident generally yielded to Uttoxeter, the Potteries could perhaps only put in a claim to supplying his "little brown jugs," Messrs. Doulton were sending "Lomax's Successors," some very taking artistic jugs with a Johnsonian scene. And Burton had but three small connections. Close by Burton was Bretby Hall, once the seat of that Lord Chesterfield, whose wit Johnson said was chiefly punning, who was to have had the Dictionary dedicated to him, but to whom it was refused because of his neglect of Johnson; then we had Dr. Plant, native of Lichfield, and organist of Burton, whose "Johnson" anthem was to be performed in the Cathedral; and thirdly, there were the brewers; Johnson had as his great friend and patron Mr. Thrale, the London brewer. It was interesting to think that the three centuries had seen at least three great-hearted and great-minded brewers, Thrale, Buxton, and Lord Burton, lately dead; let them give credit where credit was due. Johnson seems chiefly to have drunk wine, but later in life he gave that up and took only water and tea. Once in Scotland, when a lady pressed him unduly, he thought, about his water-drinking, he tried to "move the closure" by saying to Boswell, "Lady So-and-So never noticed it," and it seems to have been effective. Let him end rather solemnly as he began, for after all, at bottom Johnson was a very solemn and serious man, by quoting his very noble saying on forgiveness: "On this great duty eternity is suspended, and to

him who refuses to practise it the throne of mercy is inaccessible and the Saviour of the world has been born in vain." As they thought of Johnson that night they forgot all his faults and remembered only his virtues, and as they drank to his memory they drank to the memory of a great and good man. (Loud applause.) The toast was drunk in punch, all present standing in silence.

Councillor BENSON then proposed "The Chairman," and said they were greatly indebted to him for his excellent address, and that it had added a great deal of knowledge of the man they were honouring that night. He had not been a student of Johnson, but he had read Boswell's life. He had now repented after listening to Lord Rosebery, Dr. Sidney Lee, the Sheriff, and the Chairman, and had resolved to commence the study of Johnson's writings. He admired the independence of the man, and as an illustration of it pointed out that when in a very struggling condition his publisher came to him one day and spoke to him in a brutal way, Johnson picked up a book and knocked the publisher down.

The toast was duly honoured, and the CHAIRMAN briefly replied.

Mr. W. E. LARKIN proposed "The Mayor," which was cordially received in the Mayor's absence.—Mr. O. G. ARNOLD proposed "The Sheriff" (who was not present), and said it gave him the greatest pleasure to do so, as he had worked day and night to bring the celebrations to the success they had attained. The toast was received with musical honours.

The CHAIRMAN gave the toast of "The Hostess," and thanked her for the very excellent supper, a compliment which Mr. T. CURETON acknowledged on her behalf.

Commemorative Services.

For Sunday, commemorative services were arranged at St. Mary's Church and the Cathedral, both edifices closely identified with Johnson's early life in his native city. The father of Johnson was churchwarden of St. Mary's in 1688, and there his son was baptized in 1709. The boy was taken to the Cathedral to hear Dr. Sacheverel preach in 1712, when he was barely three years old, and in after life he often attended its services. For St. Mary's Church, the Rev. Douglas Maclean, M.A., rector of Codford St. Peter's, Bath, the Historian of Pembroke College, Oxford, where Johnson pursued his university career, was the selected preacher; and for the Cathedral, the Rev. H. C. Beeching, M.A., D.Litt., the well-known literary canon of Westminster Abbey, had been chosen. By a remarkable coincidence, both founded their discourses on passages taken from the last chapter of Ecclesiastes, but on different verses, and both sermons were apt and striking tributes to the religious character of Dr. Johnson from similar standpoints. At St. Mary's in the morning the service was conducted by the Rev. Prebendary C. N. Bolton, vicar and Rural Dean, and a large congregation joined most heartily in singing Addison's hymns, "When all Thy mercies, O my God" and "The spacious firmament on high," to the old tunes of St. Peter and "Fulda," which had been sung with such success at the citizens' gathering in the Market-square on the previous day. The service at the Cathedral in the afternoon was attended by the Mayor and Corporation in civic state, and there was

a large and representative congregation. It was a service worthy in every way of the noble edifice and of the occasion. Mr. J. B. Lott, Mus.Bac., the talented organist, had charge of the music, and as the congregation was assembling performed the "Festal Commemoration," composed by Mr. J. E. West. The Dean and Cathedral Body met the Mayor and Corporation at the great West Door, and as they walked up the centre aisle of the nave to their places in the choir and south transept the National Anthem was performed, the congregation standing while the procession passed along. The Cathedral Body included the Dean (the Very Rev. H. E. Savage), the Bishop of Stafford (Dr. Were), the Archdeacon of Stafford (the Ven. R. Hodgson), Canons Bodington and Mortimer, and the Priest-Vicars. The service was intoned by the Revds. H. S. Cresswell, Chancellor's Vicar, and H. L. Muriel, Dean's Vicar, and the lessons were read by the Archdeacon of Stafford and the Dean. At a service in honour of Lichfield's great citizen it was fitting that the music should be reminiscent of local talent, and with the kindly consideration he always shows for Lichfield people, Mr. Lott had selected the settings of Mr. Alfred D. Parker, the organist of St. Mary's Church, who had taken an active part in promoting the celebration, for the Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis. These were given with good effect, and the congregation listened with evident pleasure to the very pleasing compositions. Psalm xxxiv. had been selected for the service, and it was very appropriate to the occasion, containing the words: "The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous; and His ears are open unto their prayers: Great are the troubles of the righteous; but the Lord delivereth him out of all." The Psalm was rendered to the double chant in D by Barnby. The distinctive feature of the musical portion of the service, however, was the Johnson Anthem, entitled "What doth the Lord require of thee," composed expressly for the occasion by Mr. Arthur B. Plant, Mus.Doc., Oxon., organist of St. Paul's Church, Burton-on-Trent, a native of the city, and a former chorister of the Cathedral. It is founded on the last prayer of Dr. Johnson, and the words portray the search for wisdom, fear of death, prayer, and thanksgiving. There are five movements. The first is a descriptive "bell" prelude, in which the strains of the Cathedral peal and the broad tones of the famous "Nun Danket" are intermingled. These are followed by a sweet introduction to the first chorus, reminiscent of St. Chad's bells, the "wisdom" motive being allotted to men's voices in declamatory style, developing into a chorus befitting such a lofty sentiment. Johnson's fear of death is the next movement, a bass solo of high compass and striking descriptive effects. This movement is succeeded by Johnson's last prayer, set as an unaccompanied quartet, very charming and effective, which may be sung as a separate anthem. For the theme of the last chorus the composer has written a dashing, tuneful fugue, which is pleasantly contrapuntal, without detracting in any way from its becoming dignity. At the close of the thanksgiving the "Nun Danket" is repeated on the tubas, the full choir gives out the theme of the fugue to the words "Hallelujah, Amen," and the work closes with a broad, massive, and brilliant *finale*. Mr. Lott ranks high the whole composition, and under his direction it was rendered with magnificent effect by the choir. On the whole, the anthem made a deep impression, and it should remain

for years to come a lasting memorial of the great Bi-centenary Celebration of Dr. Johnson's birth. At the close of the service, Mr. Lott performed Handel's "March in Scipio," and the congregation dispersed to the strains of the last two movements of the Organ Concerto in G (No. I.) by the same great composer.

THE HISTORIAN OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE ON JOHNSON'S HUMANITY AND PIETY.

At St. Mary's the Rev. DOUGLAS MACLEANE selected for his text Ecclesiastes xii., 11—"The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails well fastened are the words of the masters of assemblies (or of sentences)." He said:—"This curious book, Ecclesiastes (or the Preacher) seems to end at the seventh verse with the words, 'The spirit shall return unto God, Who gave it.' And then comes a short epilogue, the writer of which sums up the Preacher's method and teaching. His method was oral, which is the best—for 'of making many books there is no end'—and having sought out words of uprightness, he drove them in, like goads and nails (or tent-pegs) up to the head. His teaching was that every human device for attaining happiness is vanity. Nor does it avail trying by much study to penetrate the secrets of Providence. The conclusion of the whole matter is that we should fear God and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil. Without posing as a preacher, or turning his armchair into a pulpit, this was the conclusion which the author of that 'sad and splendid poem'—The Vanity of Human Wishes, 'drove home by his keen, incisive, dogmatic sayings. Like goads and nails, his talk was always sharp-pointed, often smashing, but never bitter, cruel, brutal, rancorous, or cynical. 'This great mournful Johnson' was no tired-out voluptuary dabbling in a parade of misery—surely 'Ecclesiastes' was not this either—yet human existence really was to him a futile disappointing weariness, made up of labour and sorrow. His powerful, acute understanding struggles vainly to pierce the 'inspissated gloom' which clouds and dims his spirit. His own life, whether in adversity or in days of external comfort, he looks back upon as 'radically wretched.' Its grand business, he told Reynolds, had been to escape from itself. Nevertheless, though utterly fearless by nature, Johnson declares he has 'never had a moment in which death was not terrible to him. He trembles lest in the awful day of doom he may be among the damned. He suffers God's terrors with a troubled mind. He cannot discern the sweet face of Heaven. Yet he suffers nobly, submissively, uncomplainingly. And, though he knows there is a taint of something morbid almost made in him, he denies that such awful fears are the mark of a disordered imagination.' The clearer view, he says, 'a man has of infinite Purity, the more afraid he is of death.' How happy it is to die when one has no reason for self-reproach, were the dying words of Rousseau, the vicious sentimentalist, the friend of the human race who sent his children to the Foundling. His bi-centenary also is at hand. And even to ourselves, in an age of somewhat cheap and breezy optimism and a shallow sense of sin, such an awed apprehensive of eternity as Johnson's seems rather shocking. True,

there is a perfect love which casteth out, not godly fear, but terror. But Johnson's conclusion of the whole matter is, after all, a practical one, namely, that, fearing God, we must keep His commandments, seeing that He will bring every work into judgment. That, not speculation, is the whole duty of man. The famous book with that title was put into Johnson's hands, when a boy, by his mother. Moreover, by God-fearingness and duty he meant what the Gospel means. 'The merits of my Redeemer' was a phrase often on Johnson's tremulous lips. He rebuked Boswell once for saying grace without adding, 'For Jesus Christ's sake, our Lord.' 'Let it not be in vain, O Lord, that Thou hast died.' Johnson never could repeat that line in the *Dies Irae*—"*tantus labor non sit cassus*"—without bursting into tears. The commemorations of famous men are not always the commemorations of religious men. But here, in this holy place, where Samuel Johnson, on the day of his natural birth, received also the new Birth of water and the Spirit—not, of course, in this actual building, for St. Mary's has been twice rebuilt since then—here, I say, we can with utmost sincerity close this eventful bi-centenary, at once local and national, by thanking Almighty God for His servant, whose influence on our age is hardly less than it was upon his own. We seem to know him as well as they did; like them, we love him, and even at this distance of time are rather afraid of him. From childhood till now he has been a king of men. He lives not by his writings, nor even by the racy wit of his brilliant conversation, but by his character and his "great and illumined mind." To us he is not only what his biographer styles 'the awful, melancholy, and venerable Johnson,' but the intensely human friend, the patient and pitiful succourer of the friendless and homeless, the man who shared his home with decayed gentlewomen of peevish temper, who placed pennies in the hands of sleeping gutter children, and who carried a starving and outcast sister of the streets to the shelter of his own home upon his back. We love his manly prejudices, his impetuous beating down of pretence and effrontery, his impatience with whining cant and affectation, and we often wish that this son of honest and wholesome thunder were amongst us to-day. He used the cudgel, but never the bludgeon, still less the poisoned arrow of detraction, shot from behind. He was the oracle and autocrat, but not the bully of his circle. And always under the boisterous vivacity we feel that deep-seated melancholy; behind the sociableness of the clubroom we are aware of a lonely spiritual combat. Why art thou so heavy, O my soul? Yes, we enjoy the Boswell anecdotes, but we do not know the true Johnson till we have read the pathetic and beautiful 'Prayers and Meditations.' I always value a first edition which I bought in Lichfield when a young man, and afterwards I had access to the original MS., which is the great treasure of the library of my College. Johnson spoke often and earnestly to his closest friends about prayer. In dealing with the memory of a man who hated unrealities—one who knew him says that Johnson (his whimsical paradoxes apart) seemed to be always speaking upon oath—we ought to be absolutely sincere. I mean that the sacred self-revelation of the 'Prayers and Meditations'—so far as we may reverently examine it—exhibits the abasement of the penitent rather than the growth in light and holiness of the saint.

True, it is Christ's salutiſicant who have washed His feet with bitterest tears, and have seemed most to themselves to be unprofitable servants. But when Johnson year by year before the Easter festival cries out upon the 'dismal vacuity,' the melancholy and shameful blank,' 'the vacancy and uselessness' of the past twelvemonth: when he speaks of 'gross sluggishness and barren waste of time, of whole mornings spent in bed, of public worship and Bible study neglected, of an entire lifetime spent in resolving, until the possibility of performance seems past and he is afraid to resolve again—' yet surely,' he cries, 'I shall not spend my whole life with my own total disapprobation. O Lord, take not Thy Holy Spirit from me!'—I say as we turn the pages which record this inward agonizing of the heroic, this weakness of the strong, we feel that they were collected by him in order that others after him should learn, unlike himself, to make the way of the Cross—and only his Saviour knows how heavy a cross, both mental and bodily, he had to bear—a discipline of regulated holy living and of daily preparation for a holy death. Johnson admired the strictness of primitive Christianity. He extolled the methodical observances of the rules of the Church, so that Boswell regarded him as a kind of High Church Methodist. His love for his crucified Lord made him keep the annual season of the Passion with fasting and mortified austerity. When the Angel of Death, whom he had so long dreaded, called him, he faced the end with tranquillity and fortitude. But the example he gave to his contemporaries, and gives to us, is one of religious principle, benevolence and piety, rather than ripened sanctity. Must we not think that he lost very, very much by his imperfect participation in the Church's sacramental life, communicating, as he did, but once a year? That communion with the dead in Christ which he strove so loyally and tenderly to realize might have brought him more solace and enrichment had it been sought through communion with the Church's Divine Head, and by pleading the precious Blood, in the appointed mysteries of our redemption. So much sincerity has compelled me to say of one who would not tolerate, we read, a consecrated lie. Yet that rough 'mass of genuine manhood'—how magnanimous he was, how humble, how compassionate; after his stormy explosions, how eager for reconciliation! A man who 'gored' his friends, but never the defenceless. A 'good hater' in politics, yet never the hired gladiator of a party. In the age of Voltaire, Johnson let the world see that an intellectual giant may be a humble worshipper; in a dissolute and freethinking generation that morality and reverence need not be ashamed. Boswell took courage once to ask Johnson whether he might not have done more good if he had been more gentle. Yet elsewhere he uses the expression of him, 'a delicate humanity.' An illustration of this which occurs to me is Johnson's endeavour to restore self-respect to a clergyman who was to be executed for crime, not by saying that he would pray for him, but by asking his prayers for himself. That seems to me a piece of exquisite delicacy and charity. To conclude this very inadequate address on Lichfield's famous son, the characteristic of Samuel Johnson which we especially ought to learn from him, to supply a modern deficiency, is surely *piety*—a word which I will ask you to understand in its original and largest meaning. Piety, in the classical sense, looks

both upward and downward. It embraces every kind of dutifulness, affectionate reverent loyalty and recognition of personal duty—duty to God, duty to the King, duty to the Church, duty to parents, duty to country, kindred and friends, duty to all superiors set over us, duty to all inferiors over whom we are set, duty to the living, duty to the dead. On the other hand, piety is not, perhaps, a missionary idea, for it is bound up with that of neighbourhood and functional subordination. Johnson was a convinced subordinationist. I suppose the word 'dutifulness' is now quite obsolete, and 'piety' has come to mean a rather feeble religiosity. With Johnson it was an attitude towards all beings with whom his life was bound up. Towards the Almighty. When a night of violent storm was called in his hearing a dreadful night, 'No, sir,' replied the Doctor, 'it is a very fine night. The Lord is abroad.' Towards the King. Johnson's loyalty clung to the exiled dynasty which stood for a supernatural basis of government, and was denied to the one which made authority a merely human arrangement of political convenience. Towards the divinely commissioned Church. Johnson declared passionately that, to recover for the Church of England her ancient synodical liberties, he would plant himself before a battery of cannon. Towards parents. We at once recall the touching 'expiatory penance' performed at Utttoxeter for the disobedience of fifty years before. Or think of those exquisitely tender letters written to his mother on her death-bed, which begin 'dear honoured mother' and 'honoured madam.' He wrote 'Rasselas' to pay for her funeral. He gave directions on his death-bed for inscribing the epitaphs on his parents' and brother's graves in St. Michael's Church. Or can we smile at the lifelong devotion to the memory of his ill-assorted wife, the 'Tetty' for whose soul he prayed, thirty years after her death, with tears? His other departed friends also he was accustomed to commend humbly to the mercy of God. And we know he was not ashamed to kneel often with his negro servant, Francis, in prayer. I like to think of his wistful and clinging attachment to friends—even incongenial ones—and to places. When he left beloved Streatham for the last time he kissed the walls of the church. Before one of his last visits to this city he records:—'At Litchfield, my native place, I hope to show a good example by frequent attendance upon public worship.' I hope, then, to have explained what I mean by Johnson's characteristic 'piety.' When I think of that great and bursting heart, crushed by the world's sorrow, yet still clinging to the Cross, there come into my mind two contrasts—one the Latin epitaph on Dean Swift's tablet which says that his heart was lacerated by fierce and indignant revolt, the other the pinchbeck advice of Addison, the elegant and smooth essayist, to 'live easily in this world and be happy in the next.' Some weeks ago I asked a leading theologian to suggest something fresh to say about Johnson. He replied, 'Compare him with St. Theresa.' Perhaps he meant they were alike in massive common-sense combined with an intense apprehension of the mystical realities, of heaven and hell, and of the eternal distinction between right and wrong. There was something of Bunyan, too, in Johnson, who defended 'enthusiasts' and visionaries. His own vision was seen in a glass darkly while in the flesh. May God, Who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, have

shined, and still shine, more and more in his servant's heart, to give him the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. And now he waits, as we wait, the second advent of the dread Judge of all :—

O quickly come, for doubt and fear
Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.
O quickly come, for grief and pain
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.
O quickly come, for round Thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known ! "

CANON BEECHING ON DR. JOHNSON AS MAN AND CHURCHMAN.

At the Cathedral, the Rev. Canon BEECHING selected as his text Ecclesiastes xii., v. 8, 9, 10, 13, and 14—
"Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, all is vanity. And moreover, because the preacher was wise, he still taught the people knowledge; . . . the preacher sought to find out acceptable words; and that which was written was upright, even words of truth. . . . Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep His commandments; for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work unto judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." Canon BEECHING said :—" You will understand at once why I have chosen this text for my sermon in to-day's celebration. Like the author of this book, the great man and great teacher whose birth we are commemorating looked out upon the world in two very different ways—as a philosopher, taking a broad view of the life of men and generalizing about the course of affairs; and as a man of practical experience and shrewd judgment in particulars, able to give wise counsel for the conduct of life from day to day. And the parallel may be drawn closer still. Both were religious men, but in both cases we are conscious of a difficulty in ascertaining the links between their religion and their philosophy. 'The conclusion of the whole matter' in which they concur follows doubtfully in either case from their acknowledged premises. It will be convenient if I say what this place and time suggests under the three heads of Johnson's view of human life, his practical wisdom, and his personal piety. The book in which Johnson made what he and his contemporaries regarded as his main contribution to the serious thought of the day was the romance of 'Rasselas,' a story of an Abyssinian prince, who, with his favourite sister and an aged poet and philosopher, escaped from the Happy Valley, where they were anything but happy, determined to investigate the lives of all sorts and conditions of men in the busy world. In the event, they found everyone they met as unhappy as themselves, and so returned of their own will to what at first had seemed their prison. That, then, is Johnson's considered verdict on human life. It is 'a mighty heap of human calamity.' 'Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, all is vanity.' And Johnson preached the same lesson more directly in the poem to which he gave the title of 'The Vanity of Human Wishes.' He himself, like Rasselas, 'surveys mankind,' and comes to the same conclusion; but in his poem he has made the pessimism more vivid by illustrating it from his own experience of life. This is how from his own personal experience he addresses

the young and enthusiastic scholar who is giving his heart to increase knowledge :—

Are these thy views ! proceed, illustrious youth,
And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth.
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee.
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes
And pause a while from learning—to be wise.
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail—
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.

I need not stop to speak of the famous review of Soame Jenyns's 'Free Enquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil,' in which he overwhelms with ridicule that philosopher's theory, borrowed from Pope, that evil, rightly considered, is only another form of good. But it is important to notice that this view of the world as a place where everyone was wretched was not confined, as pessimism often is, to the author's books. We find it expressed again and again in his familiar conversation. 'He used frequently to observe,' says one of his friends (Maxwell's *Collectanea*, in Boswell), that there was more to be endured than enjoyed in the general condition of human life, and frequently quoted those lines of Dryden :—

Strange cosenage ! none would live past days again,
Yet all hope pleasure from what still remain.

When Boswell objected that men built themselves houses and planted gardens, and went to places of amusement, he replied, 'Alas, sir, these are but struggles for happiness !' and went on to describe how, when looking at the crowd at Ranelagh, it had gone to his heart to consider that 'there was not one in all that brilliant circle that was not afraid to go home and think.' 'Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher.' Such, then, being the sadness of life, such the unsatisfactoriness of all human enterprise, yet because the Preacher was wise he still taught the people knowledge. It is here that we find Johnson's second point of likeness to the ancient sage. They were at one in thinking that although no one could find lasting happiness, much might be done by wisdom to alleviate the human lot. And he himself was wise. He had spent the strength of his manhood and all the vigour of his intellect in the task of studying the great book of mankind. He had an eye that looked quite through the deeds of men, and he had known men in every society. And the wisdom that this experience brought him he was ever ready to put at the service of whoever asked for it. In this ministry of wisdom we find one of Johnson's most striking characteristics. Perhaps no one except Jowett in our own generation ever realized so keenly that his gift of wisdom implied a special mission to advise others to the best of his power. What, then, were the practical lessons for life preached by this second Ecclesiastes ? They are curiously like those of his ancient predecessor. He saw the paramount need of three things to mitigate the vanity of the world—the need of truth, the need of a strong will, the need of a tender heart. The first need was truth—to see things as they are. As the Platonic Socrates had deprecated the 'lie in the soul' as being the worst form of lie, so Johnson warned his disciple to 'clear his *mind* of cant.' That incessant dialectic in which he, like Socrates, passed his days, had for its object the discovery of truth ; and though, human nature being imperfect, he may now and then have talked for victory, as he allowed, and he had his prejudices,

yet he also tells us that he had all his life made it a principle to talk on all occasions as well as he could, in matter as in manner. 'That which was spoken was upright, even words of truth.' 'Let us endeavour,' he writes to Langton, 'to see things as they are. Whether to see life as it will give us much consolation I know not; but the consolation which is drawn from truth, if any there be, is solid and durable.' To know the truth, then, was the indispensable preliminary for one who would minister to the ills of life; the second deed was courage and patience, a strong will to face fortune. This is a lesson which example teaches better than precept; and it would be hard to over-estimate the debt that his own generation, and especially his own profession of letters, owed to the sturdy resolution and independence of Johnson's character. The young scholar who threw away the boots left at his door in charity, the poet who had the hardihood to enrol a 'patron' in the list of an author's calamities, the playwright who felt 'like the Monument' when his play was damned, had learned and so could teach the inestimable lesson of self-reliance. And he taught the need of courage not only in suffering, but in doing. He had a firm notion that it was the duty of every man to make himself tell, by his opinions and character and actions, and not 'be so much a man of the world as to be nothing in the world.' He had a great contempt for the would-be philosopher's question—'What is the use of this or that ordinary pursuit?' and thought it answer enough to say—'It is driving on the system of life.' It is the voice of Ecclesiastes once more, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' But out of the strong came forth sweetness. The seeker after the absolute fact, the champion of undaunted independence, was also the vindicator of natural affection. 'The longer we live,' he says, 'and the more we think, the higher value we learn to put on the friendship and tenderness of parents and friends.' And, again, 'a man ought to keep his friendship in constant repair.' And again, 'To cultivate kindness is a valuable part of the business of life.' And here also he practised what he preached. Of his reverent affection for his parents I will not speak—you all here in Lichfield know the beautiful epitaph upon them in St. Michael's church; nor will I speak of his devotion to his wife and to her memory after death. Most of us perhaps find our hearts responsive to those claims. Let us rather call to mind his unflinching tenderness to his step-daughter, a lady with more than Cordelia's reticence; his affectionate guardianship of all old dependents of his family, such as his mother's servant, Kitty Chambers, by whose deathbed he prayed. Let us remember the household he gathered round him of the world's waifs and strays—a blind gentlewoman, two other gentlewomen always quarrelling with the first, an unsuccessful medical practitioner, an incapable negro servant. To have been considerate day after day to commonplace people of this sort was a greater test of his principle of humanity than those often-quoted and more impulsive deeds of kindness which yet we wonder at. These, then, were the medicines which both the Jewish and the Christian preacher prescribed for the ills of an unhappy world—truth, courage, tenderness; but Johnson adds one other, the greatest of all—the hope of the world to come. 'We hope,' he says, 'for a future state of compensation: that

there may be a perfect system.' 'The one solid basis of happiness is the reasonable hope of a happy futurity.' And so, in his poem on the 'Vanity of Human Wishes,' after bidding men pray for the virtues which help to mitigate the misery of life—

A healthful mind,
Obedient passions and a will resigned ;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill,
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill—
he bids them ask also—

For faith, that panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat.

I come, then, to speak of the third parallel between Johnson and Ecclesiastes—the final declaration of their personal religion. 'Fear God and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man ; for God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil.' In both cases, as I said, the connection of the religion with the philosophy is not easy to trace ; but it seems to mark a passage from the outward to the inward, from the observation of other men to the consciousness of self. What most impressed both observers in the world without was the misery of mankind ; and so the counsels they give are for the increase of human happiness. But when the eye is turned within they use other categories, and speak no longer of happiness, but of goodness ; no longer of misery, but sin. That, at any rate, is the case with Johnson. And the message of his religion is very much that of the ancient preacher—'God shall bring every work into judgment.' Of course there are differences between the two, for Christianity has come between them ; but it would perhaps be true to say that at no time in the history of Christianity had its temper so nearly reverted to that of Judaism as in the middle of the eighteenth century before the Evangelical revival. Sincere Christians as Johnson was, it must be allowed that, through fear of death, he was all his lifetime subject to bondage. Believing that obedience and repentance were the only passports through the gate of judgment, the anxious solicitude with which he weighed his obedience and scrutinized his repentance were more like those of Paul the disciple of the Pharisees than Paul the Apostle of Jesus Christ. It is the custom to attribute Johnson's horror of damnation to his morbid melancholy, but he himself was accustomed to defend it on Christian principles. [e.g. In one of his last letters : 'Goodness, always wishing to be better, and imputing every deficiency to criminal negligence, and every fault to voluntary corruption, never dares to suppose the condition of forgiveness fulfilled, nor what is wanting in the crime supplied by penitence.'] And the fact is that he held the current eighteenth-century theology with a clearer view of its logical consequences than most theologians of his day. Where Johnson's religion suffered most from his morbid illness—the corruptible body pressing down the soul—was in the indisposition it bred in him to read the New Testament for himself—for there he would have found a very different theology from what was generally current. Every now and then what he called his 'obstinate rationality,' and we may call his deeper faith in God, enabled him to escape into a larger and freer air, as when he assured the self-tormenting soul of Boswell that 'God would not take a catch' of a man. But it is not for Johnson's theology.

It is for his noble life and character that we here to-day in the Cathedral church of his native city are met to give God thanks. We thank God for the gift to England of his mighty soul, for that great-hearted love of all things true and honourable and just and pure; that hatred of all meanness and selfishness and insincerity; that persistent occupation of an unmatched intellect with the deep and serious things of life which in a superficial age steadied men and taught them to think and feel. More especially must we give thanks who belong to the Church of England and recognize his strong and devout spirit as belonging to a type of piety—may I not say of saintliness?—trained in our own system of discipline. Who can read without emotion the story of the old man's penance in Uttoxeter market at the close of his life, standing bareheaded in the rain, amid the sneers, it is said, of the bystanders, to atone for an act of disobedience to his father fifty years before? Who can read without pity and admiration the story that his book of meditations reveals to us of the stubborn struggle he waged his whole life long against the terrible lethargy that oppressed him?—

He fiercer fighting in his worst defeat
Than I or you
Did ever fight in our best victory.

And who can read the prayers which he wrote from time to time for his private use—the nearest in spirit and expression to the Prayer-Book Collects of any that we possess—without feeling that we have at last come upon the secret of the wisdom and the strength and the sweetness in that strong and wise and tender spirit; that he lived his life 'as ever in his great Taskmaster's eye.' 'There are many good men,' he said, 'whose ear of God predominates over their love;' and perhaps he was one of those. Certainly the *Dies Irae* was more often in his thoughts than the *Jeau, dulcis memoria*. But the *Dies Irae* itself has love at its centre. In reciting it, this was the verse at which he broke down:—

Quaerens me sedisti lassus.
Redemisti crucem passus:
Tantus labor non sile cassus.

We trust his prayer is heard; and we pray God that we with him may have our perfect consummation and bliss in His eternal glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

JOHNSONIANS AT STOWE HILL.

After the Cathedral service a select party of Johnsonians assembled at Stowe Hill, the residence of Mr. F. H. Lloyd, and partook of tea. The ancient house and grounds are closely associated with the visits of Johnson to his native city. It was the residence of Sir Thomas Aston in Johnson's day, and it was there he met Molly Aston and her sister, climbed the gates, ran races, and played leap-frog under its beautiful avenue of trees, and wrote some of the "Lives of the Poets," surrounded by five or six ladies engaged in work or conversation." The house and grounds remain in much the same condition as in Johnson's time, and the surroundings are most charming and picturesque. The evening was beautifully fine, and the Johnsonians were received in the most hospitable manner by Mr. and Miss Lloyd and their friends. On a quiet, balmy autumn evening it was a rare treat to stroll through the house and grounds so closely identified with the great Cham of letters in his native city, to whose

honour so much had been ascribed during the week, and it was peculiarly fitting that the proceedings of the Bi-centenary should be brought to a close on such a classic spot.

CANON HENSON ON THE CRUCIBLE OF TIME.

Preaching on Sunday afternoon in Westminster Abbey, Canon HENSLEY HENSON made reference to Dr. Johnson. In the course of his sermon he said that no celebration of Johnson's memory would be complete which limited it to his native town. In London, where he lived, and loved to live, and in the Abbey, where he sleeps, and hoped to sleep, among the illustrious writers of his race, some voice, however unworthy, must be raised in his honour. None of his contemporaries combined in the same degree, if they combined at all, the conflicting elements of moral greatness and secular disadvantage, Divine power and human weakness. His scorn of popular politics was born of his disgust of the fashionable advocates of popular politics; and his robust common sense rebelled against the favourite fallacy of the tribe, that the deep and continuing ills of society could be removed by legislation. He knew that the joys and sorrows of men lie too deep for the surface handling of life by politicians. Johnson's prejudices, inborn and inbred, were often absurd, sometimes violent, never contemptible or base. His religious bigotry was partially excused by the general association of tolerance with loose living and lax belief. His political creed was at least virile and sincere. Still, when all was said, such prejudices as his were a great weakness. It must be allowed that much and strange superstition was mingled with his profound and genuine piety. Sir Leslie Stephen drew a comparison between Swift and Johnson, whom he regarded as "the two most vigorous representatives" of the tendency of all strong natures to press the importance of preserving the moral law at a time when the formal creed is dying. The sorrow and cruelty of the world which burnt themselves into both souls, scarred the one and made it hard as the nether millstone, but only softened the other. Why did the rough old man, with his almost intolerable habits, and his strangely violent prejudices, attract and hold the reverence and love of such men as Burke and Reynolds? Why was his name to-day the most widely revered and the most deeply loved of all the names which Englishmen cared to re-call from his age? The answer was given in a word—character. His secret was that of the saints. He laid us under the never-failing spell of sheer goodness. In the crucible of time all the unworthy elements in him had been consumed and only the pure gold remained. These were days when personal independence was threatened from many sides. The standing enemies of liberty, licence, and tyranny were pressing on the citadel of civil and religious freedom with unexampled energy and in unaccustomed ways. Loyalty to sects and parties was being set above the duty of self-respect; and the silent applause of a man's own conscience was readily bartered for the noisy approbation of public opinion. In Church and State the same spectacle met the eye. The days of Johnson had returned, but with every circumstance of spiritual peril intensified. The delusions which held the generation upon which the hurricane of the French Revolution broke with the dismaying shock of sudden

and unwelcome surprise had reared their heads again, and were holding our generation also. Might the memory of the great moralist help to open our eyes and "clear our minds of cant!"

Dr. Johnson's Wife.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, the donor to Lichfield of the Boswell statue, and the well-known Johnsonian scholar, wrote to the *Times* as follows:—"It would be pleasant if the Johnsonian Festival were to bring with it a reversal of the unjust, unfavourable opinion held of this worthy lady. She is affirmed to have been very plain—painted, full of affectation, without fortune or connections. This legend was set on foot by Garrick, who went to Johnson's school, and, with other mischievous lads, used to listen at the bedroom key-hole to the odd talk of the pair. For Boswell he would mimic the whole scene; though he did not think fit to reproduce it in his book. He described it, however, to his friend Cradock, whose MS. account I have now before me. Johnson, it seems, began to work on his play 'Irene' when his lady was in bed, and, to her many requests that he would leave off, he would answer in sonorous recitations of choice passages. In his growing excitement he would irraw away the covering sheets till the poor lady was left bare and shivering. Garrick contended that Johnson thought that it was his shirt that was escaping, and so stuffed the sheets into his pocket. Mrs. Johnson was a woman of good family, as her husband took care to inscribe on her tomb. She was nearly double her husband's age, and was burdened with three grown-up children, while Johnson had his aged mother to support. An improvident marriage, if ever there was one; but the robust, heroic soul of Johnson compelled it to be a happy one. As to her looks, we have her portrait—preserved at a mansion in Wales. Mrs. Thrale saw it, and pronounced that it was the face of a pretty woman. The blind Mrs. Williams, who knew her well, gave her the highest character and spoke to Miss Knight of her wisdom and goodness and general capacity. Her daughter, Lucy Porter, is also deplored as a fair, attractive girl; while her father—Porter, the silk mercer—actually sat to Hogarth. A careful search through the various memoirs—such as those of Hawkins and his daughter—will show that all are agreed as to her merits, the best tribute to which is that the Doctor literally doted on his Tetty. A surprise for this jubilee year is the discovery by that 'Dungeon of Learning,' Mr. Lyall Reade, of a vast and ever ramifying pedigree of Johnson, proving that he was not of low extraction, but well born and connected with many important families. We could call him a gentleman. This explains his taste for good society and genteel folk, whom he sought from the very beginning."

Greene's Museum at Lichfield.

A correspondent has contributed to the *Times* the following interesting article on this old Museum :—" Amid the rapid increase of local museums, libraries, and picture galleries, one sometimes wonders what there was in the old days for the tourist to see in most of the English provincial cities and towns. It is true that the tourist is the comparatively modern invention of Mr. Thomas Cook ; but we have many proofs that he has existed in fact for two or three centuries, for he has left evidence of his activity in the form of printed books recording his travels—a habit which will probably exist until suppressed by Act of Parliament. There were the habits, customs, and local architecture to be studied ; the churches to be visited, and untruthful epitaphs on the tombstones to be copied ; but beyond these things there was little or nothing, and the tourist of a century or more ago must often have had a good deal of spare time on his hands.

" Lichfield at least had something to attract, to amuse, and to interest the traveller, during the last quarter of the 18th century, in the form of the ' Rarities in Mr. Greene's Museum '—a museum which derives a certain amount of immortality from the fact that among its benefactors was the great ' Dr. Samuel Johnson, London.' Richard Greene was a surgeon or apothecary, whose span of active life is indicated by the years 1716—1793 ; he was only seven years younger than Dr. Johnson, and the two were probably friends in early youth, as they certainly were in advanced life. Moreover, they were relatives.

" Boswell visited the Museum in 1776, and tells us that the collection was 'truly a wonderful' one, 'both of antiquities and natural curiosities, and ingenious works of art.' Greene had 'all the articles accurately arranged with their names upon labels, printed at his own little press ;' and on the staircase leading to the Museum was a board with 'the names of contributors marked in gold letters'—a public form of gratitude for past favours, and a polite hint to future donors, common in our own day in this country and elsewhere. Dr. Johnson is reported to have said to Greene, 'Sir, I should as soon have thought of building a man-of-war as of collecting such a museum,' an admission which Mr. Greene took as a compliment, though its meaning is a trifle dubious. Greene's own engraved portrait had as a motto '*Nemo sibi vivat*,' which Boswell describes as 'truly characteristic of his disposition.' In 1779 Boswell again visited the museum, 'from which it was not easy to break away ;' Mr. Greene was at this time busy attending the Bishop of Sodor and Man, 'who was then lying at Lichfield very ill of the gout.'

" Before glancing at the museum, we may look through the list of benefactors, of whom there were nearly 100. The most generous of all apparently was 'Ashton Lever, of the County of Lancaster, Esqr.'—'from whose noble Repository some of the most curious of them had been drawn.' Lever was a kindred collecting spirit, and his museum was for long one of the great attractions of London. To him Greene dedicated his printed Catalogue, of which the first edition was published in 1773 and the third in 1786. Many of Greene's benefactors were people well known to-day. Thomas Astle, the antiquary, for

instance ; Matthew Boulton, of ' So-Ho, Birm., ' the engineer and partner of Watt, was another ; then we have Dr. Darwin and Charles Darwin, both of Lichfield ; Peter Garrick, brother of the much more famous David ; Dr. Samuel Johnson, already mentioned ; Thomas Pennant, the traveller and naturalist ; the Rev. Dr. Percy, of the ' Reliques ; ' and the Rev. Mr. Pegge, Prebendary of Lichfield ; with many others not so well known at the present time. The majority were of Lichfield and neighbourhood, but many lived in London, whilst one, ' Mr. Jos. Thropp, ' hailed from ' New-Castle, Virginia. ' Unfortunately, the nature of each particular benefactor's donation is not indicated, so we do not know in what way Dr. Johnson contributed to the edification of his fellow-citizens.

" Of what was the composition of the museum from which Boswell found it so difficult to ' break ' himself away ! From the catalogue it is evident that Mr. Greene's taste was agreeably catholic. Everything was fish that came into his net. ' On the ceiling ' were to be seen, among other things, a ' scale or sea dog, ' a crocodile, 4ft. 3in. long, three saws of the sawfish, an ' Orbicular Sea Hedge-Hog, ' a ditto divested of its spines, the head of a pike ' taken at Burton-upon-Trent, which weighed forty pounds ; ' a dolphin, 3ft. 6in. long, an ' armadillo, or hog in armour ; ' three file-fish, a sea porcupine, and a ' censer or Incense Pot. ' Over the fireplace, we may have seen a vertical anemoscope or wind dial, a picture, ' which being viewed in one point represents a Clergyman in his canonical dress ; in another a Dutch fishmonger in his stall ; ' a model of a Gothic tomb in card paper ' by the ingenious Mr. Jones, ' a variety of ' creepy ' and other animals, ' a flying squirrel from America, ' a cock goldfinch, and a canary-bird. On the right and left of the fireplace were glass cases with various stuffed specimens of wild birds and their eggs ; whilst over the entrance, with five other rarities, were a cocoanut ' with its outside covering, ' and one ' divested of its covering. ' In a long case there was, with other things, an earthen vessel found (with several others of a smaller size) in the walls of ' the late conventual Church of Fair-Well, near Lichfield, at the time it was taken down in order to be rebuilt. ' On the left-hand of this case there were many curious things, including the model of a double pump, ' work'd by Rarefaction and Gravitation of Spirits in a Glass Tube, &c., ' a ' Chinese Pagod somewhat in the shape ' of a lion, ' ancient arms, Indian arrows, and a powder-flask of Buffalo's horn ' on which is curiously engraved a plan of the Havannah, &c., executed in America. ' What would not an American collector to-day give for such a ' rarity ! ' On many of the shelves were various exotic snakes, ' centipes, ' and a ' remora or sucking fish. ' Minerals, too, from England and abroad formed the contents of more than one cabinet ; and these varied from a ' Petrified crab from the Isle of Sheppey ' to a ' sprig of virgin silver in its Native Spar from Christianburg in Norway. '

" We may pass over the extensive collections of coins, eggs, shells, butterflies, casts, and so forth. Some of the ' rarities ' excite a good deal of interest, for it is probable that to-day a few of them would be of great monetary value. ' An ancient painting, on board, of the head of our Saviour, supposed to be the work of Leonardo da Vinci, ' may have been an important picture. The ' ancient crucifix in copper, formerly gilt,

weighing four pounds and twelve ounces, 27in high,' from 'the ancient seat of the Norris's in Lancashire,' would certainly be a valuable article. Some of the articles were of Shakesperean interest. There was, for instance, a vase formed of the wood of the mulberry tree planted in a garden at Stratford-on-Avon 'by the hand of the poet Shakespeare,' and ornamented with festoons of metal gilt, and placed on a pedestal of black and white marble, 'on the dye or front of which is a plate of silver engraved 'Sacred to the Memory of William Shakespeare, Born 1564. Died 1616. We ne'er shall look upon his like again.' There was also a tooth-pick case, "on the top of which is carved the Head of Shakespeare, of the wood of the famous mulberry.' One of the most conspicuous articles in the collection was a 'musical altar clock,' of which a description and an illustration appeared in the 'Universal Magazine' of August, 1748, but 'since that time several additions and improvements have been made, particularly in the musical part, by Mr. Donisthorp, of Birmingham.' The description of this clock takes up over three pages of the catalogue. In the way of personal relics of celebrities, there were a pair of gloves worn by King Charles I., and a muslin, 'flower'd with silk, the work of Lady Raleigh, during her attendance on Sir Walter while a prisoner in the Tower of London.' Greene being a surgeon, there was also a small display of rather gruesome anatomical specimens.

"Mr. Greene's Museum contained something to interest all tastes, and the first edition of the catalogue spread its fame far and wide; naturally it led to very considerable additions to its contents, which were arranged in ancient registry offices of the Bishops of Lichfield. The subsequent fate of Greene's Museum is briefly described by Mr. Courtney in the 'Dictionary of National Biography;' but the institution and its owner will always possess an interest as touching the life of Lichfield's greatest citizen, the bi-centenary of whose birth is now being celebrated."

The author of this article has since presented a copy of the catalogue of the Museum to the Johnson Birth-place.

A Johnson Exhibition at Manchester.

A Johnson Exhibition was arranged at the Reference Library, King-street, Manchester. Show-cases were filled with books and prints dealing with aspects of Johnson's life and works. A volume of "Seneca's Tragedies" bears Johnson's autograph signature, two other volumes were once in his possession, and there are various first editions of his writings. The "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1736 showed Johnson's advertisement for pupils, and another volume was open at the "Debates in the Senate of Lilliput." An autograph of John Wilkes and the book-plate of David Garrick were included, also first editions of Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," which was dedicated to Dr. Johnson, and "The Good Natur'd Man," to which he wrote a prologue.

An American Judge and the Bi-Centenary Celebrations.

His Honour Judge Parmenter, of Boston, United States, addressed the following letter to the Sheriff on the eve of his departure for the States, enclosing £5 :—
 "Angel Hotel, Liverpool, Sept. 21, 1909.—My dear Mr. Wood,—Before I leave England, I wish to do something—even if it is not very much—that may serve to express my interest in Lichfield, where I have been treated with such kindness. So I enclose this £5-note to be used to buy books—any that you and the Head-master may select—for the library of the Grammar School, or in any other way that you may prefer for the benefit of the school.—Congratulating you again upon the success of the bi-centenary celebrations, I remain, yours most sincerely, J. P. PARMENTER."

Tributes of the Press.

The *Times*, in a highly appreciative article in its Literary Supplement of Sept. 16, said :—The two hundred years that have passed since Samuel Johnson was born at Lichfield have given him a secure and unique position in the affections of his countrymen. He has almost become the tutelary genius of the English people. He embodies all that we most admire in ourselves. When we pretend to laugh at our national character, we call it John Bull; when we wish to glorify it, we call it Samuel Johnson. There have been greater writers among the English, but none of them would be so readily accepted as a public trustee. The supremacy of Shakespeare is not to be challenged, but Shakespeare is too great, too catholic, and, when all is said, too unintelligible, to stand for the typical Englishman. Moreover, Shakespeare is first of all a poet; his business is a kind of universal sympathy, and we do not know how to count on the man who exercised a faculty so illimitable and so chameleon-like. Johnson was an author almost by accident; it is the man who is dear to us, the man with all his dogmatic prejudices, his stoical courage, his profound melancholy, his hatred of sentimental palliatives, his fits of narrowness, his tenderness to all human frailty. If he has had less reputation than he deserves as a writer, it is because he has overshadowed his own fame. His success with the pen is like the success of a personal friend; it pleases us, and enables us to vindicate our affection in the presence of those who have not yet learned to love him. As for ourselves, we know that he was capable of this, and more than this. He writes noble prose, but we read between the lines to find a more intimate delight. The splendid confident march of a reasoned paragraph is less to us than the traces we detect in it of our boon-fellow and teacher, with his exuberances and petulances and impulses of love and hate. It is a wonderful triumph of character, and we feel it to be as creditable to us as to Johnson himself.

The *Guardian*, the representative journal of the Church of England, in an article on "Dr. Johnson as Churchman" on Sept. 15, said :—It is not surprising that the Johnson Bicentenary celebrations at Lichfield should be exciting considerable interest on both sides of the Atlantic. The many-sided personality of Samuel Johnson was eminently calculated to command universal

respect. He was the central figure of a distinguished literary coterie as well as of a great literary movement. He helped to liberate the struggling author from the thralldom of patronage; he consolidated the English language, and in his "*Lives of the Poets*," left to posterity a monument of strong, masculine, and dignified prose. To such a man as this, foibles and even follies may easily be forgiven. In the hearts of English Churchmen the celebration, and particularly the last phase of it, will awaken feelings of gratitude and satisfaction. Johnson was one of the best friends of the Establishment in a period of latitudinarianism and carelessness. In his own way, both by precept and example, he helped the work done by "the righteous few," who bravely upheld the standard of spiritual teaching and purity of life against the assaults or the apathy of an indifferent generation. The influence for good of the man whose memory is this week being honoured was immeasurable. Nor was the good he did in his lifetime altogether buried in his tomb. As he helped to consolidate the English language, so, in a lesser degree, he assisted in consolidating the English Church, and in preparing for that revival of religious thought, feeling, and earnestness which characterised the century that began while many of Johnson's contemporaries still lived.

The *Church Times* and the *Church Family Newspaper* also devoted special articles to Dr. Johnson's religious views, and in commendation of him as a Christian and a Churchman; and the *British Weekly*, as representing the Free Churches, in a critical article of Lord Rosebery's speech, set forth Johnson as "a great Christian man," and as "something of a seer and a mystic."

The Johnson Bi-Centenary in America.

Advices received from America show that the bi-centenary of the birth of Dr. Samuel Johnson was celebrated at Yale University from Nov. 1 to 6. These dates had to be chosen in preference to Sept. 18, Johnson's Birthday, because the college was not then in session. A Johnson exhibition was opened in the Old Library Hall on Nov. 1, and there was an interesting collection of manuscripts, first editions, early engravings, and various literature, arranged by Mr. C. Brewster Tinker, assistant professor of English at Yale College. The exhibition comprised first editions of Boswell and Johnson from the University Library's unusually complete collection, together with interesting Johnsoniana from private libraries in New Haven. Messrs. Keppel, of New York, showed contemporary engravings from portraits of Johnson; Mr. A. E. Newton, of Philadelphia, contributed several first editions of Johnson's works; Mr. J. P. Morgan lent from his library some Johnson manuscripts; and Mr. R. B. Adam, of Buffalo, sent the manuscripts, autograph letters, and other Johnsoniana gathered by his father, the late Mr. R. B. Adam. Of these, Professor Tinker prepared a very neat and attractive catalogue, a copy of which has been sent to the Johnson Birthplace at Lichfield for preservation. On Wednesday, Nov. 3, the two hundredth anniversary of Dr. Johnson's birth was commemorated by a gathering in the Osborn Hall, under the auspices of the Pundit Club. Professor Tinker delivered an address on Dr. Johnson's place in English Literature, and a poem by Mr. Brian Hooker was recited.

Lichfield City Council.

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS.

The accounts for the celebration were submitted to the City Council, and duly passed at their meeting in October, as follows:—

RECEIPTS.		£	s.	d.
Subscriptions and Interest allowed by Bank		202	12	3
Admissions to Exhibition.....		15	5	0
Sale of Guides, Medals, and Anthems		16	16	8
Managers of "She Stoops to Conquer" ..		11	15	0
Tickets for Public Luncheon.....		66	6	0
Tickets for Anniversary Supper.....		35	5	0

£347 19 11

EXPENDITURE.

	£	s.	d.
Presentation of the Freedom of the City to the Right Hon. the Earl of Rosebery, K.G.	33	19	0
Public Luncheon in St. James's Hall, including hire of room, decorations, &c..	75	9	7
Exhibition in the Art School.....	43	14	5
Gathering in the Market Square, including Medals for School Children, &c.....	30	5	6
Printing, Advertising and Postages.....	84	14	4
Anniversary Supper, "George" Hotel..	38	2	0
Anthem	17	11	10
Miscellaneous	22	3	3

345 19 11

Balance 2 0 0

£347 19 11

Examined and found correct,

C. F. WIGHAM, *Mayor's Auditor.*

J. FERNEYHOUGH, } *Elective Auditors.*

J. A. THOMAS,

Oct. 22nd, 1909.

THANKS TO SUBSCRIBERS AND WORKERS.

Together with a statement of the accounts, the following official recognition of the services rendered was in due course forwarded to the subscribers and workers:

My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen,

Before my term of office as Mayor of this City terminates, I think it only right that I should, on behalf of my fellow Citizens and myself, tender to you our warmest thanks for the very great help which was so willingly given in many ways, towards making this Bi-centenary Celebration the happy and successful event which it proved to be.

Without wishing to draw invidious distinctions between individuals, when such a large number have assisted so ungrudgingly, I cannot refrain from giving our especial thanks to the following, viz.:—

- (a) To the Subscribers, notably Sir John Thursby, Bart., for his handsome donation, and for the great assistance he so willingly rendered to the Committee;
- (b) To all who gave articles to the Johnson House, and especially to Mr. Alderman Lomax and Mr. Percy Fitzgerald for their valuable gifts;

- (c) To the many friends who sent articles on loan for the Exhibition, particularly the Right Hon. the Earl of Rosebery, K.G., Mr. Richard Harrison, Brighton, and Mr. A. M. Broadley, Bridport;
- (d) To Mr. Spencer Madan and Mr. William Morrison, the unwearied Hon. Managers of the Loan Exhibition, which was a great feature of the Celebration;
- (e) To the Sheriff, his wife and family, and all the ladies and gentlemen who took part in the excellent amateur performance of "She Stoops to Conquer"; also to Mr. A. D. Parker, who so successfully managed and produced the Comedy.
- (f) To the Mayoress and the ladies who assisted her on the Committee of Guides.
- (g) To the Dr. Johnson House Committee, presided over by Mr. Councillor Coleridge-Roberts, in the much-regretted absence of Mr. Alderman Lomax; and to the Chairmen and Members of the other Committees;
- (h) To Mr. W. Perry (Architect) for his gratuitous services;
- (i) To those Citizens who displayed during the week, flags, banners, garlands, and other decorations;
- (j) To the Masters and Mistresses of the various Schools for the help they gave in marshalling the School children on Saturday, Sept. 18;
- (k) To those ladies and gentlemen who allowed inspection of their historic homes, and to the ladies and gentlemen who so kindly entertained visitors;
- (l) To the distinguished Scholars for their interesting and instructive addresses;
- (m) To the Dean and Chapter, the Vicar of St. Mary's, and the Cathedral Organist, for the delightful services which were so much appreciated;
- (n) To Dr. A. B. Plant for his beautiful Anthem;
- (o) To the Press, generally, throughout the Country, for the accurate and most interesting accounts which were given of the Celebration;
- (p) To the hard-working and never-tiring Hon. Secretaries, viz.:—Mr. Wood (Sheriff), Mr. Councillor Raby, and Mr. Walter Brocksom; also to Miss Amy Wood, who kindly took charge of the Enquiry Office;
- (q) To the Town Clerk and his Assistants, the City Treasurer, the City Surveyor, the Superintendent of Police and his men, and the Captain and members of the Fire Brigade;
- (r) To the City Auditors for their examination of the accounts of the Celebration.

In conclusion, may I say that, whilst we had to regret the absence (from various causes) of several of our neighbours and Citizens, we were most grateful for the presence and support of so many distinguished visitors.

I remain,

My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen,
Your obedient and grateful servant,
HERBERT M. MORGAN,
Mayor of Lichfield.

Guildhall,
Lichfield,
Oct. 25, 1909.

City and County of Lichfield.

THE JOHNSON BIRTHPLACE Memorial Library and Museum.

The House in the Market Square, Lichfield, in which DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON was born on September 18th, 1709, was purchased for preservation for public purposes in 1887, presented to his native City in 1900, and dedicated to his memory as a Johnson Library and Museum in 1901.

It is governed by the Johnson Birthplace Committee, under the direction of the Mayor and Corporation, and maintained as one of the public institutions of the City.

Municipal resources not being available, in the present state of the law, for such Memorials, it is entirely dependent upon Voluntary Contributions, and the public are earnestly asked to assist the Corporation, by gifts and subscriptions, in its preservation and maintenance.

Manuscripts, Books, Pictures, and Relics of Johnson and his contemporaries are desired, and carefully guarded within its walls.

**The Birthplace is open daily (excepting Sundays) to Citizens
and Visitors.**

Donations, Subscriptions, and Gifts of Manuscripts, Books, &c., will at all times be welcomed, and any information given, by—

THE TOWN CLERK,

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